

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. CXVI.

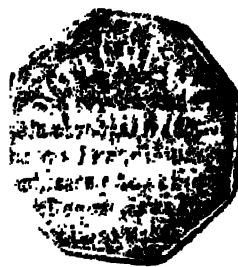
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JULY—DECEMBER, 1874. *17*



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH ;
AND
37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1874.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCXI.

JANUARY 1875.

VOL. CXVII.

GIANNETTO.

CHAPTER

It was one very lovely evening in the early autumn that I first became acquainted with the little village of San Jacopo.

I was staying at Nice with my two daughters, the youngest of whom had been ordered abroad for her health; and occasionally, when wearied by the monotonous routine of our life, I used to amuse myself by making excursions of some days' length in the neighbourhood.

These journeys often brought me upon beautiful and secluded villages, unknown to the ordinary traveller, and passed by as merely far-off features of the surrounding landscape; but seldom have I beheld a more picturesque scene than that presented to me by my first sight of San Jacopo.

The village lies in a bay, huge rocks closing it in on every side except on the south, where the sea ripples to its feet, intensely, wondrously blue, as only the Mediterranean can be. The sole access to it is by steep paths, cut in zigzag lines down the cliffs, in some places

so steep that they become rugged steps, only to be trodden by man and the sure-footed mule. The main road of the Riviera runs some miles inland, and the fisher population live on from year to year undisturbed by visitors.

The sun had just gone down, and the after-glow of the warm south tinged every object with its golden light. The sea lay calm and still as a lake, scarcely ruffling itself into little glistening wreaths of foam, as it played with the base of the rocks. Myrtle and arbutus, and masses of emerald vegetation, grew down to the very water's edge.

It was growing late, but I could not resist the temptation of going down into the village; and I was well rewarded. Through quaint, narrow streets, overhung by the wide projecting roofs of the houses, I walked till a sudden turn brought me into the piazza of the village. It was large for so small a place. On one side the little church, with its tall slender belfry, and in the midst a large fountain—the clear

world too small; and he sighed that he had no son to inherit it. Also a pair of old buckskin breeches, fitter for his arms than his legs just now. The moths were in both; they were growing scurfy; sentiment must give way to sense. So Bonny got coat and breeches; and the maids with merry pinches, and screams of laughter, and consolatory kisses,

adapted them. He showed all this grandeur to his donkey Jack, and Jack was in two minds about snapping at it.

This matter being cleared, and the time brought up, here we are at West Lorraine in earnest, in the month of October 1813; long after Hilary's shocking disgrace, but before any of his own people knew it.

CHAPTER IV.

"What a lazy loon that Steenie Chapman is!" said the rector, for about the twentieth time, one fine October morning. "He knows what dreadful weather we get now, and yet he can't be here by nine o'clock! Too bad I call it; too bad a great deal. Send away the tea-pot, Caroline."

"But, my dear," answered Mrs Hales, who always made the best of every one, "you forget how very bad the roads must be, after all the rain we have had. And I am sure he will want a cup of tea after riding through such flooded roads."

"Tea indeed!" the parson muttered, as he strode in and out of the room, with his shot-belt dancing on his velveteen shooting-coat, and snapped his powder-flask impatiently; "Steenie's tea comes from the case, not the caddy. And the first gleam of sunshine I've seen for a week, after that heavy gale last night. It will rain before twelve o'clock, for a guinea. Cecil, run and see if you can find that boy Bonny. I shall start by myself, and send Bonny down the road with a message for Captain Chapman."

"The huntsman came out of the back-kitchen, Cecil, about two minutes ago," said Madge, who never missed a chance of a cut at Bonny, because he had thrashed her pet Bible-scholar; "he was routing about, with his red coat on, for

scraps of yellow soap and candle-ends."

"What a story!" cried Cecil, who was Bonny's champion, being his schoolmistress; "I wish your Dick was half as good a boy. He gets honest every day almost. I'll send him to you, papa, in two seconds. I suppose you'll speak to him at the side-door."

At a nod from her father, away she ran, while Madge followed slowly to help in the search: and finding that the boy had left the house, they took different paths in the garden to seek him, or overtake him on his homeward way. In a few moments Cecil, as she passed some laurels, held up her hand to recall her sister, and crossed the grass towards her very softly, with finger on lip and a mysterious look.

"Hush, and come here very quietly," she whispered; "I'll show you something as good as a play." Then the two girls peeped through the laurel bush, and watched with great interest what was going on.

In an alley of the kitchen-garden sat Bonny upon an old sea-kale pot, clad in his red coat and white breeches, and deeply meditating. Before him, upon an espalier tree, hung a tempting and beautiful apple, a scarlet pearmain, with its sleek sides glistening in the slant of the sunbeams.

"I'll lay you a shilling he steals

was, above all, honoured—the altar, apse, and wall being quite covered with votive offerings,—little pictures of wrecks and storms, of miraculous draughts of fish, of broken boats, &c., with silver hearts of every size and weight, and, in front, a whole row of lamps burning, each in its little red glass.

Over the altar hung the famous picture, covered by a faded green curtain. After lighting two of the tall candles before it, the good priest drew aside the curtain, and allowed me to behold the treasure of San Jacopo.

It was a curious, very old specimen of Byzantine art—the Madonna and Child, almost black with age, and made more so by the huge flat crowns of beaten silver on the brows of the sacred figures. Something there was about it dignified and grand, as there often is even in the inferior specimens of that school.

The *Curato* was just beginning his explanations when a sound from without arrested his attention; shouts of laughter, and a curious sort of noise like the inarticulate roar of some enraged animal—then a shrill woman's voice, talking loudly.

"Allow me, allow me, Signore! a little moment," he exclaimed, hurriedly quitting the church. Presently I heard his voice loudly remonstrating, and the sounds ceased. For some time he did not return, and I sat down on a bench in front of the sacred picture. After about ten minutes I got tired of waiting, and went to the door, intending to go out; when, rather to my consternation, I found that it was locked. I could not help smiling, for it was very evident that the priest was so afraid of my escaping without hearing his story, that he had locked me in. There was nothing for it but patience, and I philosophically resigned myself to my fate.

The after-glow faded away; the short southern twilight was over, and the little church grew darker and darker.

After an absence of about three-quarters of an hour, the priest returned through the sacristy, followed by Gian-Battista Nencini, the dumb lad.

Gian-Battista—or Giannetto, as he was usually called—seated himself in a corner of the church, sullenly twisting his broad-brimmed hat between his knees; while, as if unconscious that a moment had elapsed since he left me, the good priest continued his discourse just where he had left off.

"Behold, Signore, what grace! what benevolence! how natural the attitude! The picture has not always been here. Heaven knows that San Jacopo might have been a great and flourishing town by this time had it always been with us. No, no! in the fourteenth century it was carried off by a certain Ceccolo degli Orsini, one of the Roman princes, they say, a great *condottiere* by sea and land. He carried it as a banner for years; but, by the intervention of the saints, it was preserved from spears and swords, and it won for him the battle of Turrita, in the Valdichiana, when he was in the service of the republic of Siena. Some eighty years ago it was sold in Rome (by whom, it is not known), but it was bought for a French convent, and sent off by sea from Civit  Vecchia. By the miraculous ordinance of heaven the ship went down, and the picture was washed ashore. It was found on the beach by the fishermen, and brought back once more into the church. Alas! some of the drapery was damaged, but it has been well restored by a young artist who passed through the town; and behold, the principal parts, the two faces, are intact. Since it has been

here, many are the good deeds it has done. Look at this picture"—pointing to one of the votive offerings—"see the raging sea, the sinking boat, the man swimming for his life! That man was Pietro Nencini, father of Giannetto yonder. At the moment he was sinking he called on the Santa Madonna of San Jacopo, and just as he called, he felt dry land! He lived to die in his bed, and leave his widow to be my housekeeper. Ah! it was a wonderful preservation! Many a time has poor Carola entreated the intervention of Madonna and San Jacopo to restore speech to her son; but—what will you?—'tis the will of Heaven."

The priest paused to take breath, and I asked him what had been the cause of his leaving me so abruptly. He bent down, and spoke low, that Giannetto should not hear.

"It was those lads," he said. "In their idle hours they are always laughing and mocking Giannetto; and when I am not there, they drive him half mad. Heaven help me! at such times he is a wild beast, and even I can scarcely calm him. Cruel! cruel! Why cannot they leave the poor boy alone?"

The priest turned angrily round, looking at Giannetto. He continued, with a sigh, "Sometimes I have thought that some doctor might cure him. I have heard that such things are not impossible; but I have not the means of paying one, and his mother still less."

Poor Giannetto sat still in the dark corner of the church, leaning back against the wall. The sullenness had faded out of his face now, leaving on it a look of depression which went to my heart. I felt the most profound pity for one so young, writhing under so grievous a burden, evidently chafing and rebelling against it, unable to resign himself, and growing more and more

embittered by his isolation. But for that look of bitterness he would have been very handsome. Slightly made and tall, his figure was muscular and active; and I learnt afterwards that he was one of the most skilful and successful fishermen on the coast.

The priest remained silent for a moment or so, and then, with a short sigh, he turned away, and began replacing the curtain over the sacred picture, saying, as he did so, "Vossignoria should visit us on our great day, the feast of San Jacopo. Ah! then he would see great things; for the pilgrims come from far and wide, and the flowers and garlands are many. Behold, that large silver heart was given by a lady from near Mentone—a great and rich lady. Her husband had been at sea, and she awaited his return; but for three weeks after his vessel was due at Marseilles it did not arrive, and Signora Francesca vowed a silver heart to every church dedicated to San Jacopo (his patron saint) within fifty miles, if he should return safely. At the end of forty days the ship came in; but the husband had lost one leg, so she naturally reduced the number of miles to twenty, and our church was happily within the distance."

The priest would have run on for ever in this strain; but the gathering clouds warned me that I must not linger if I hoped to regain the little town where I had slept the previous night before total darkness.

I took out what money I had with me, and offered it to the priest for his poor. He took it in his hand, jingling it for a moment, and then, in a half-hesitating way, he said, "A thousand pardons, Signore; but if Vossignoria did not object, I have a little fund in hand which I am trying to raise to send Giannetto to a great doctor at Nice; and we

have not any really in need at this moment. San Jacopo be praised! the fish came asking to be caught this year. So if you do not object, might I?"

I was about to give a ready assent, when a sudden idea struck me, and I said, "Why should not Giannetto return with me to Nice, see the doctor, and hear whether anything can be done for him?" The priest caught at the offer with great eagerness, and I could see how much his good heart was set on the poor lad's cure.

While I was speaking, I had forgotten that we had moved towards the door of the church, close to the corner in which Giannetto sat, when suddenly I felt my hands seized and kissed with all the fervour of Italian gratitude; and looking round, I saw a pair of large dark eyes fixed upon me, changed in expression, mute and imploring, shining with the light of a new

hope, so intense and eager that they haunted me long after. Alas! at that moment it flashed across me what a cruel disappointment I might be preparing for these poor, simple folk. Could dumbness such as this be cured? I felt a strong conviction that it could not; and I was almost angry with myself for having suggested the idea. "But remember," I said, "do not hope too much. The most learned and cleverest of doctors can do no good if it be not the will of God."

The priest answered me very gravely, "True, true, Signore. And if this fail, Giannetto will know that it is God's will, and we will pray for patience for him."

Before an hour was over, Giannetto had taken leave of his mother, we had mounted the hill, and were on our road towards Nice—a large lamp-like moon turning the gentle sea into a sheet of silver.

CHAPTER II.

Nothing could be more attentive than Giannetto's manners to me during our three days' walk back to Nice. He seemed to think constantly of my comfort, sheltering me from the sun, insisting upon carrying my knapsack, and evidently most anxious to show that he was devoted to my service. We carried on a sort of conversation, he answering my questions either by signs or by writing on a slate; for, unlike most of his equals, he could both read and write well. I learnt in this way something of his former history.

Pietro, his father, died when he was a child but two years old, leaving him and his mother Carola dependent on the charity of the village. The good priest made her his housekeeper, paying her a very

moderate sum weekly for services which hitherto had been done for him voluntarily by the village women. Perhaps his little allowance of meat was curtailed in consequence, and it certainly was all that Carola could do to make the threadbare cassock hold out as long as possible while this weekly payment lasted; but, when Giannetto was still a very young boy, he began to earn something for himself; and at the age of sixteen he bought a share in a fishing-boat, and was able henceforth to support his mother by his own exertions.

Giannetto's partner in the ownership of the boat was a certain Pietro Zei, a man about ten years older than himself, and of him he spoke (or, I should rather say, wrote) with a hatred that almost

amounted to ferocity. Pietro was a clever fisherman, and was looked upon by his younger companions as a leader and wit among them. Unfortunately, all his tastes were those of a tyrant; he would laugh and torment Giannetto unceasingly, imitating the inarticulate sounds the poor fellow made, jeering and taunting him, till he worked him up into fury. The village lads were only too ready to follow his lead, and the consequence was, that Giannetto's temper, never very gentle, became more gloomy and morose every day, too often varied by fits of unbridled passion. In vain for many years had the priest striven to repress this spirit of cruel railery; although controlled in his presence, it broke out universally when he was not near. It is fair to say that I believe that Pietro and his fellow-tormentors little realised the pain they inflicted. They were cruel, partly from thoughtlessness, and a good deal from utter inability to understand the acute sensitiveness of the dumb boy, who, proud and disposed to be vindictive by nature, suffered from the humiliation of his infirmity to an unusual degree.

At the age of nineteen, three years before I first came across him, Giannetto had saved money enough to buy a boat, and release himself from his partnership with Pietro. He succeeded well in his trade, and his mother and the *Curato* had great hopes that he would settle down resigned to his fate, and live, if not in content, at least in submission to the decree of heaven; but, to their sorrow, it proved far otherwise. The good priest would often hold long conversations with him, telling him of the duty of resignation; but the truths of religion seemed to have no effect upon him—his heart was one wild rebellion, untamed and unruly; and it was in

this condition of mind that I first found him.

We reached Nice before the great heat of the day set in, on a Sunday morning; but it was already hot and very dusty, and I was not sorry to consign Giannetto to the care of my Italian servant Beppo, and retire to wash and change my clothes. My daughters, not expecting my return till the following day, had gone to church; and so, tired with my early start, and rendered drowsy by the increasing heat, I lay down on Helen's luxurious sofa and fell asleep.

I was awakened by the entrance of Beppo, who came to ask for orders. I told him I had none to give; but he still lingered, and at last said, "Does the Signor Conte know anything about the young country lad he has brought home?"

Knowing that Beppo was the kindest-hearted fellow in the world, I told him briefly the history of Giannetto. I saw that he was touched.

"Poor boy, poor fellow!" he kept repeating; "and I smiled at the queer noises he makes, beast that I am! And the Signore says that they mocked at him? *Diamine!* they deserve to have their tongues cut! If you will excuse me, I fly to see that they have not stunted him in his macaroni. They are misers in this hotel, veritable misers—and their wine of Asti no better than a *vin du pays*."

Beppo was darting off, when I stopped him, being anxious to know what Giannetto was doing with himself down-stairs. Beppo twisted his hands together—"It was for that I asked the Signor Conte if he knew who and what he was. He is strange! but very strange! First, he sits down, then he stands up, then he walks backwards and forwards thus"—and Beppo shambled about the room, till I could scarcely

forbear laughing; "then he sits again, till a new idea strikes him—he leans out of the window, he walks anew. *Corpo di Bacco!* what a restless individual it is! One or two have spoken to him. Misé Brown, the maid of the Signorine, said something to him—a compliment, a remark, who can tell?—but he made such a scowl at her, that she fled to me for protection, and has not ventured into the room since."

"Never mind, Beppo," I said; "you now know that it is all the restlessness of suspense. You see that he hopes that this may prove the turning-point of his whole life."

"But must he wait?" asked Beppo, with his usual energy. "Will not the Signor Conte write at once? There is the Doctor Bartolommei; to be sure he always goes into the country on Sundays. Then the Doctor Simon—he might come! But no, he is this day at Mentone—a consultation—an English Milord is there ill; and this morning he was sent for even out of his bed, and went off in a vetturino-carriage at full gallop. But how about the English doctor who attends our young lady? The Signor Conte has but to command—I speed to the English church; he will be there with his wife; I wait till he comes out; I bring him with me. Have I your permission?"

"Patience, patience, Beppo! the dinner! Man of energy, you forget the dinner!—*Chi va piano*——"

"*Va sano*; the Signor Conte is right—he is quite right; the poor lad must wait."

Early in the afternoon I wrote to the English doctor who was attending my daughter, briefly stating the case, and begging him to come as soon as possible. I received an answer that I might expect him after the afternoon service, which,

as the weather was hot, began at five o'clock.

About half-past four, Amy and I left our villa, intending to go to church; but as it was still too early, we lingered on our way, unwilling to arrive too soon. A curve in the road brought us in sight of Giannetto, leaning moodily against a tree, and I went up to speak to him. I could see by the expression of his face that the strain on his nerves was very great, and thought it kinder not to leave him quite to himself; so, telling Amy that we must give up the afternoon service, I asked her if she could think of anything we could take him to hear or see that would prevent his mind from dwelling too much on the subject of his anxieties. Amy thought for a moment, and then said, "I have heard that the famous Franciscan Fra Geronimo preaches at Santa Lucia this afternoon at four o'clock; the sermon must be going on now, and it is said that the effect he produces is wonderful. Why not take him there?" I thought that at all events we might try it; so, desiring Giannetto to follow us, we took our way to Santa Lucia. The streets were crowded as we passed; all the happy-looking peasants from the country round seemed to have flocked together to enjoy the Sunday afternoon; they chattered gaily as they strolled along, interchanging merry greetings, delighting in their well-earned holiday. A little child, with his hands full of flowers, passed us with his mother, a comely peasant-woman: the child looked wistfully over his shoulder at Giannetto; something on his face gave him a wish to comfort him, for suddenly darting back, he thrust the flowers into his hands.

We reached Santa Lucia, and found it full of people, who had thronged from far and near to hear the celebrated Franciscan preach.

The sermon was apparently half over, but I would not for worlds have missed the part of it we heard. The theme was Patience; the text, "Wait ye upon the Lord."

The face of Fra Geronimo was refined, and thin to attenuation; the large eyes hollow and sunken, but gleaming as if the very soul looked through them upon this outer world; his thin, nervous hands gesticulated incessantly; his voice, powerful and somewhat harsh, now resounded through the church, now sank to a whisper so thrilling that it penetrated to the farthest corner.

"For what are we sent into the world?" he was saying as we entered—"for what are we here? To what end are we created? Some say, to eat and drink; some say, to make money; some say, to love. There are who say, for pleasure; there are who say, for sin! I say—to suffer. Yes, brethren; I see you turn away your heads! For what are we sent, but to suffer? Look at the infant wailing as he comes into the world; mark the career of that child. Suffering begins at once; he suffers as he grows, he suffers as he learns, he suffers as he loves; behold, he suffers as he lives, he suffers as he dies! What would you? By suffering, the world was redeemed; by suffering, heaven must be won! And wherefore rebel? I say to you, brethren, take suffering to your hearts; bid it welcome. It is the greatest blessing that can be sent to you; it will wean you from this world, and raise your thoughts, your hopes, your prayers to heaven. You are men now—suffer, and you may be saints! Look on St Catherine, St John, St Peter—what were they but men and women like ourselves? Did not they, too, pass through the furnace of suffering? What are they now? Who can tell of the glory of

the Kingdom? Who can describe their robes of many colours, the jewels that adorn their brows? Behold," he cried, in a voice of thunder, bringing forward the large crucifix which stood in the pulpit—"behold, and see! Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow? Alas! the flesh is weak, and crying and wailing abound in the land—Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not. The dying wailing because they must die; the living weeping that they must live; the strong man laments that his strength endureth not, the weak that he has not known strength; the lame man bemoaneth that he cannot walk, the deaf that he cannot hear, the dumb that he cannot speak" (I felt Giannetto start and shiver). "I tell you, brethren, that for every pain endured here, a jewel is added to the crown, a joy to the heaven to come!"

The friar sank upon his knees, his face hidden in his hands. No mortal ear heard the prayer that was going up to God; but we knew that he was interceding for the multitude around him—"I pray, not that ye may be taken away, but that ye may endure unto the end."

Slowly, and in awed silence, the crowd dispersed; and out of the dark church, from the faint smell of flowers and incense, we passed into full sunshine again. I looked at Giannetto: the beads of perspiration stood on his brow; his hands were clenched with a force that must have given actual pain. I longed for the power of reading what was passing in his mind. Was it still rebellion that vexed his spirit, or had even a faint idea of the preacher's high and lofty meaning penetrated into the bitter, saddened heart? Amy was struggling with her tears.

Calm and lovely it all looked in the throbbing light, silent but for

the quiet, even plash of the sea ; the air was heavy with odours from the gardens of violets and roses, and the warm scent of the sweet-bay rose up as we trod the branches which had been allowed to grow too luxuriantly, almost across the path.

Under the verandah, overhung with cool, shadowy vine-leaves, Helen's couch had been drawn out ; and there she lay, basking in the warmth, and looking better and stronger this evening than I had seen her for many a long day. The doctor had just arrived, and, with a strange feeling of anxiety and excitement, I called Giannetto, and led the way indoors.

The interview was not long. As I had feared, he held out no hopes whatever. Dumb from his birth ! who had ever heard of such being cured ? The fact which seemed to debar all hope was, that the doctor found the organs of speech perfect, only the power of utterance absent. He added, "You had better undeceive him at once—science is of no avail here ; nothing but a miracle could impart a power denied by nature."

My conscience smote me when I heard the verdict. I could not help feeling that it might have been better to have left Giannetto undisturbed, vaguely hopeful, in his village-home, rather than thus to have crushed all hope for ever.

After the English doctor's departure, I told Giannetto, as gently as I could, what he had said, adding that he should see Dr Simon on the morrow, so that he should have more than one opinion on the matter. He stood without moving while I was speaking, and then, with a gentle, subdued manner, that went to my heart and brought the tears to my eyes, he took my hand and kissed it.

When Beppo came up to put out the lights that night, I asked anxiously what Giannetto was doing down-stairs. "He sits like a statue," was the reply. "I spoke to him ; I told him the English doctors knew nothing—were ignorants—bah ! one must tell lies sometimes—and I tell him the Doctor Simon, whom he will see to-morrow, is a marvel—a wonder ; and I think he still hopes."

Beppo's sympathetic eyes were almost overflowing ; so I did not reproach him, as perhaps I ought to have done, for still holding out delusive hopes.

The next morning M. Simon, the French doctor, called and saw Giannetto, at an hour earlier than he had appointed, and unfortunately while I was out. When I returned home I was met by Beppo at the door, with a face full of consternation—Giannetto had disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

I was very much alarmed when the whole day passed, and I heard and saw nothing of Giannetto. I could only hope and trust that he had gone straight home again. Beppo told me that the French doctor had been very harsh and rough. "Why could he not wait till my return ?" I asked ; for I felt that my presence would certainly

have made things easier. "Ah, Signor mio, so I said ; but he would not wait. I told him you would be in at once ; but he would not wait. That doctor is a beast—a heart of stone—a horror ! 'Morbien !' he said, 'do you take me for a saint, that I can cure a man who is dumb from his birth ? Or would you make a fool of me ?' They are all alike,

these doctors; they think if a poor fellow is of the lower class they may be as insolent to him as they like."

"And Giannetto, how did he bear it?"

"Poor fellow, he ground his teeth and clenched his hands; he went off to the kitchen, took down his bundle, and walked off without so much as good-day to you! I called after him to bid him be in for dinner, for I was sure that the Signor Conte would wish to see him again; but he paid no attention, and walked straight on."

This was all I could learn from Beppo. I next went to see Dr Simon, whom I found very much disposed to be impertinent. I could not help reproaching him strongly for his harsh treatment of Giannetto, and finally told him of his abrupt departure, and asked him what he would feel if he heard that he had committed suicide? He looked as much scared as I had hoped he would be, notwithstanding his "Ah, bah!" and I left him to digest the unpalatable idea.

I was met by Beppo in a sort of triumph, brandishing a broken piece of slate. Before leaving, Giannetto had written a few words on it, broken off the piece, and left it lying on the kitchen table. "Dear and noble Sir," were his words, "receive my thanks a thousand times; it grieves me not to see you again. I hasten home; for the heart will not bear to wish you good-bye.—GIOVAN-BATTISTA NENCINI."

There was nothing to be done. I determined to make another expedition to San Jacopo before finally leaving Nice, and meantime to do my best to forget the sad eyes that constantly haunted me.

The late autumn waned into winter, and it proved a bad, wet season. Helen caught fresh cold, and for some time we were very anxious

about her. We grew tired of bustling, dusty Nice—Amy especially hated it; the perpetual sameness of the tideless sea wearied and dispirited her. It was quite a relief when, one night, a frightful storm came up: the sea lashed itself into waves mountains high, which broke roaring on to the beach; the lightning played hissing over their foam-crowned tops; and a never-ceasing roll of thunder shook the purple pall-like sky. I stood out on the balcony, watching the sea, till the rain came on, suddenly, tremendously; it fell more like the breaking of a waterspout than mere rain—drenching, pitiless, tearing down shrubs and trees, turning the roads into running rivers, and the garden into a sheet of water.

I stood watching it for a long time, wondering whether it would do much harm, when it flashed across me that San Jacopo must be suffering severely, closed in as it was by rocks and sea. Before going to bed, I resolved to pay another visit to my friends there. But *l'homme propose, Dieu dispose*. It was more than a month before I was able to leave Nice and carry out my intention. As before, I walked there, knapsack on my back, spending about three nights on the way. The storm had done considerable damage to the main road, portions of which had been washed away, and only rudely mended to allow the diligences to run; some of the bridges appeared actually dangerous, torn and shaken as they had been by the fearful force of the swollen torrents. Seeing these signs of devastation, I became more uneasy than ever as I drew near San Jacopo.

It was on a bright sunny morning that I arrived, and at sight of me a general shout was raised by children of all sizes and ages, who went rushing off to tell the *Curato*

that the English Signore had come back.

I walked on through the streets, when I was suddenly met by Carola, running as fast as she could; she had heard from the children of my arrival. She caught hold of my hands, she kissed them, crying between sobs and laughter, "Thanks! thanks be to God, you are come again! And you bring me news? You have seen him? You know where he is? Did he return to you? Ah, answer! answer, Signore, for the love of heaven! my boy, is he with you?"

My very heart turned cold within me. What! had he never returned? Where was he, then? Just as I was about to speak, a gentle, firm hand was laid on Carola's shoulder, and the good *Curato*, parting the little crowd of children who were gaping round us, took me by the hand and drew me into the nearest house. Carola followed, repeating constantly, "Answer, Signore!—dear Signore, answer! where is he?"

I turned breathlessly to the priest, "And do you mean that he has never been home?"

"Yes, yes—he has been home; but he has gone again, and you then have not seen him lately?" "Alas! no"—and poor Carola sank down on a chair, sobbing as if her heart would break. Another woman, the owner of the house, whom I had not noticed before, but who, I afterwards learnt, was Pietro's wife, Baldovinetta Zei, sat down by her, and, unable to offer any consolation, stroked her hand and cried also.

The *Curato* looked sadly changed, as if years had passed over his head in those few months. He glanced pityingly at the women, and then said, "Since Vossignoria has nothing to tell them, perhaps he will follow me. I should like to tell

him what has passed, and hear what he thinks of it."

I rose and followed him. As we left the house, I heard a little low cry from Carola. Alas! she saw in my departure the vanishing of another hope.

The streets were crowded with people, watching me curiously as I followed the priest, who led me straight through the piazza to his own house. We entered, and with a movement of his hand he bade me be seated.

It was a small square room, the walls washed with yellow paint, and adorned with a series of coloured prints of the stations of the Cross. Over the little stove hung a rudely-carved wooden crucifix. The only ornament in the room consisted of a little coloured wax figure of the infant Saviour asleep, lying under a glass case, and with two brass vases of gaudy artificial flowers on each side of it. The furniture, a square deal table and two wooden chairs, was of the roughest description.

The priest seated himself opposite to me, and leaning his arms on the table, fixed his eyes on my face, and said, very impressively, "Will Vossignoria tell me exactly what the doctors said?" I repeated their opinions as nearly, word for word, as I could recollect. The priest shuddered slightly, and repeated, to my surprise, "And Vossignoria assures me, on his sacred word of honour, that the doctors declared a cure to be impossible?" "It is too true," I answered; "they laughed at the very idea. They pronounced the dumbness to proceed from a defect, an incompleteness (if you may so call it), which no science can remedy—that it is impossible, in short, that he should obtain the power of speech now, or at any future time."

The priest was silent for a moment, evidently thinking deeply;

then he turned to me and said, "Vossignoria will be astonished at what I have to tell him, and perhaps he may be able to help me to understand it. He remembers, doubtless, that it was on the Monday morning that poor Giannetto left Nice: well, he must have walked night and day; for on Wednesday, after I had finished celebrating low mass, I found him crouched upon his knees in a corner of the church, having stolen in unobserved. He looked ill, but very ill, with a somewhat of despair in his face, which alarmed us all. For days he crept about his work like one in a dream. At that season the fish came in in shoals, and the village was very prosperous. I had at this time many talks with Pietro—I entreated, I implored him to let Giannetto alone, and I believe that he did; at least, he promised me he would do so: but, alas! youth is youth. I have reason to think that there was occasional ridicule at Giannetto's folly in having hoped to be cured, and that more than once he overheard it. On one occasion, for instance, a man came to the village who had been a singer in the chorus at the opera at Florence. He was a good-natured, merry fellow; he laughed, and joked, and sang incessantly. Alas! my poor Giannetto, he has a passionate love for music! He was never tired of listening; and when the singer sang, his face became quite softened and happy. The man only stayed two days, and then went away. The fishermen, I fear—I am sure—laughed at Giannetto a good deal about that; but they did not see him afterwards as I did, lying face downwards in the vineyard, weeping his very heart out. I was glad—yes, Signore, strange as you may think it, I was glad to see him weep, for I hoped that it would soften the hardness

of his despair. Alas! has Vossignoria ever seen a torrent burst its bed and tear down shrubs and trees in its headlong career? *Santi Apostoli!* such a torrent was the grief of my Giannetto. It left the rock more bare and hard than before, and swept away the small herbs and flowers, the little charities of life, till I scarcely knew him again. Alas! he was to me as a dear son, and I have borne with him in patience and in tears."

Much moved, I held out my hand to the priest, who pressed it gratefully, and resumed his story.

"Without doubt, Vossignoria saw something of the frightful storm we had; it is now a month ago. Alas! it has put an end to the prosperity of the place for a long time to come. Has the Signore observed more than half the olive-trees are gone? and we looked much to them for help when times were bad. Old Nicolo's cottage, that stood near the hill in its own little vineyard, was completely washed away. Has Vossignoria remarked a little thread of water which comes down the hill just above the town? Well, that stream became a raging river. By the mercy of God it did not burst the embankment behind the church, but it carried away Nicolo's cottage and many a shed, and destroyed the gardens, and, worst of all, drowned two of the poor mules; their bodies drifted out to the sea, and we saw them no more. The storm began about five o'clock in the evening, and at the first sign of its approach, the boats all came homewards swiftly as birds on the wing. I stood on the shore and counted them as they came in, one after another, and the women stood with me watching. The morning had been fine and clear, and many of the boats had gone far out to sea—much further than usual—

and we were very anxious. About seven o'clock the sea rose frightfully, and three or four of the boats were still missing—Masaniello's, our oldest fisherman, Pietro's, Andrea Castagno's, and Giannetto's. The wind was so high, that many a time we had to lie flat on the beach to avoid being blown off our feet; and the women wept and wailed incessantly. About half-past seven the broken timbers of a boat were washed ashore. Ah! if you had seen how the women flung themselves upon them, and almost fought as they strove to recognise the fragments. Alas! a fearful cry from poor Andrea's wife told that she knew only too well that she was now a widow. Andrea's boat had been old and crazy, and he was building a new one—poor fellow! He was not a good man, but she loved him, after the fashion of women. His body was washed up on the bank the next morning, about a mile from here along the coast. Later still, Masaniello came in: he had fought hard for his life, and was quite exhausted. We were now but three on the beach; and it was so dark, that but for the fitful glare of the lightning we could have seen nothing. The two women, Carola and Baldovinetta, clung to each other, and I stood by them. Santa Maria! it was a fearful night! All through those long hours we kept the church-bell ringing—I hoped it might be some help in guiding the boats. About twelve o'clock we heard a loud shout, which resounded even through the roar of the thunder, and a flash of lightning showed us a little boat, tossed like a nut-shell from wave to wave, but coming steadily onward. It was hard to bear the long pauses of complete darkness in that terrible suspense, and I could only help by kneeling and praying aloud. At last there came a crash

on the shingle, a cry of exultation, and Pietro and Baldovinetta were in each other's arms. Thanks be to God! thanks, thanks, O Madre Santissima, he was saved!"

The priest paused in his narrative, and I could scarcely control my impatience. To my surprise, he suddenly turned to me again, and said, "Vossignoria is quite certain about what the doctors said?—there can be no mistake?—other doctors would have said the same?" "(Quite certain," I repeated—I fear somewhat impatiently. "It was a fool's errand from the first; the case is absolutely an incurable one. But finish, I beg of you, finish your story."

The priest looked at me wistfully. "Alas!" he said, "there is, then, no doubt that it could not be cured? But pardon, a thousand pardons: you wish me to continue. Well, all night long Carola and I waited on the beach; she seated herself on the ground, clasping her hands round her knees, and watching in agony. About two o'clock the storm began to abate, and the clouds broke; a wild moon broke out, and shone fitfully on the boiling waves. The moon grew paler, and the first sign of dawn began to streak the heavens; the wind sank to a hollow moaning murmur, and we sat on, waiting and watching, Maria Santissima! it was fearful! As the light increased, I could see Carola's face—it was like that of the dead; she could scarcely speak—her voice sounded faint and far off.

"As the morning drew slowly on, it became bitterly cold; and, worn out and drenched as she was, I tried to persuade Carola to go indoors, but she would not; she sat rocking herself backwards and forwards, and moaning. At last—and how long it was it is difficult to tell—I heard a sound from the sea

as of singing, the strange wild singing of something that was rather a sound than a song! Carola shuddered violently and grasped my arm, 'What is that?' she cried; 'Santa Madonna! what can that be?' I know not why, but an indescribable horror seemed to seize on me also. 'It is nothing, Carola, nothing at all,' I kept saying. We, however, strained our eyes through the gloom, and, oh heaven! we saw a boat coming towards us, at one time riding on the waves, at another disappearing in the deep trough. Heaven help me, I cannot think of it now! It was washed in to our very feet; and Giannetto, our Giannetto, stood safe and in life before us! Signor Conte, Signore, you shall not say—you cannot say—it was incurable! His tongue was loosened. I repeat, it could not have been incurable—for he spake plain!"

The perspiration stood like beads on the brow of the priest, and he grasped my arm—"What do you think of it? Answer! say—will you not tell me what you think of it?"

What could I say? I never was so astonished in my life. I could only repeat, "Cured, you say? cured?"

"Yes, yes, cured—why not? I repeat, why not? Nobody can say a thing is incurable!"

"It is wonderful, marvellous! And Giannetto, he is happy? he is enraptured—grateful?"

"Alas!" answered the priest, loosening his hold on my arm, and sinking back in his chair, "a very strange and fearful change has come over Giannetto. The day after our wonderful deliverance, I held a thanksgiving service. I had services all day long. My parishioners flocked into the church—they knelt all day; all were there, from Masaniello down to Tonino, Pietro's youngest child. Giannetto alone

was missing. I went in search of him; I pointed out to him that, of all, he was the one from whom most thanks were due. He refused; he turned on his heel with a scornful gesture; nothing would induce him to enter the church. Not a word of thanksgiving has he offered since, nor would he listen to counsel from myself. The neighbours who had mocked him before now shunned and avoided him, and even Carola grew terrified. It is now a week that he has been gone; he kissed his mother coldly, as if all love for her was dead in his heart; he passed Pietro in the street with a low-breathed curse; and we have neither seen nor heard of him since. God forgive him! terrible fears haunt me at times that all is not with him as it should be—that God has for a while forgotten him, or given him over to the powers of evil. But, for pity's sake, do not repeat that the doctors said that it was incurable; it could not be that it was incurable. Giannetto, my son, my son! rather had I seen thee washed dead to my feet, than have lived to hear thee forswear the God that made thee!"

I was horrified by the strange words of the priest; the more I thought of it, the more it puzzled me.

"Then Giannetto gave no account of the manner in which he recovered his speech? no explanation whatever?"

"None. He absolutely refused to answer any questions; it was his own affair, he said. Poor Carola! At first her joy was very great, but it was soon dashed to the ground; for Giannetto was no longer the dutiful and tender son she had loved so well. I cannot, cannot understand it. I try not to think about it, for it makes me hard and bitter towards Pietro and his friends. I cannot help fearing that it is to a

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great degree owing to their cruel taunts that he has been tempted into something wild and accursed."

It was indeed a strange story, and left me with an uneasy feeling—a vain wish that my own part in

the tragedy had been left unplayed. I left money with the priest, who was very grateful, for times were no longer so prosperous at San Jacopo as they had been; and I returned to Nice sad and bewildered.

CHAPTER IV.

Five or six years passed in England of a busy life had almost effaced any recollection of *Giannetto* from my mind; or, I should perhaps say, had reduced the whole strange story to a sort of dream.

Amy was married; Helen had quite recovered her health; and nothing had occurred to cause our return to Nice, when we suddenly made up our minds to go to Italy for the winter, for the pleasure of the change. For a long time I hesitated between Rome and Florence, finally deciding in favour of the latter, as being the best for masters for Helen. We at first thought of going by the Riviera route, in order to revisit our old haunts; but, hearing that we were likely to be delayed by the badness of the roads, we changed our minds, and crossed Mont Cenis, taking our way straight to Florence. Some friends had already secured us a villa half-way up to Fiesole, and there we took up our abode.

Those who know Florence as it is now, can scarcely realise what it used to be before the innumerable changes and innovations, especially on the side of Fiesole. It is sad to miss those grand old walls, throwing their deep cool shadows over the houses; and your recollections are confounded by finding yourself wandering in streets and squares, where in former days the country, as it were, kissed the town.

Our villa was lovely. About half-way up the ascent to Fiesole you come upon a little village,

grouped picturesquely round its church, San Domenico by name. The road leading up to it is bordered by cypress hedges; and here, as one walks, one invariably finds a small flock of lean, bearded goats stretching their almost unnaturally long bodies to crop the uppermost shoots. Before reaching the church, you turn to the right down a rather steep lane, and about a quarter of a mile brings you to the gate of our villa.

The view over the Val d'Arno was a constant source of delight to us; for hours we sat on the terrace outside our windows sketching, impatient at the impossibility of transferring to paper those soft and delicate tints. I have heard some people complain of the sameness of Florentine colouring, and it is possible that it may be so; but the sameness is inexpressibly beautiful, the cool grey of the dusky olive-trees giving the tone to the whole country. Every evening the setting sun flooded the valley, till it seemed to float in lilac and crimson; and far away on the clear horizon, faintly shadowed out, you have the broken lines of the Carrara mountains. That was the hour for hopelessly throwing brush and easel aside, and drinking in the scene with an ecstasy one seldom knows out of Italy: it fades, it passes away, that wondrous glow; and far and near, from the great bells of the Duomo in the plain, to the faint tinkling sound from the convent high above us on the heights of Fiesole, comes the sum-

mons to prayer, and every peasant removes his hat, and lays down his tools, to cross himself and mutter an "Ave Maria."

We led a quiet, uneventful life that winter. Every morning Helen drove down into Florence to her lessons, or had masters at the villa; and we sometimes spent the rest of the day sight-seeing in the town, or wandering in the country round.

One day Beppo came into my room, flourishing a paper wildly in his hand. "Signor Conte, Signor Conte!" he shouted—"mad that I am, I forgot to show you this; and now it will be too late to take tickets. It was that cook; he has been worrying again with his eternal demands for more cognac for his puddings. Little enough of it goes into our dining-room, I tell him. And I forgot to show the Signor Conte this"—and he began reading in a loud voice, "'For two nights only. The famous *primo tenore*, Signor Giovanni.' And the Signore has never heard him! What a chance—and thrown away owing to that *maledetto* cook!"

"What is it, Beppo? who is he?"

"Who is he? What! has not the Signore heard of the new tenor—the singer who has made such a *furor* in Russia, and who has now come to sing for the first time in Italy, though he is an Italian born and bred?"

"I have heard of him, papa," cried Helen, "and I should so much like to hear him. My master gave him some lessons two years ago, and he says that he is the most magnificent *tenore di forza* he ever heard in his life."

"True, it is quite true, Signorina. It is said that when you have heard him sing, you can listen to no one else. And he has studied both at the Scala and in Russia. But speak only, and I fly to see whether it is too late to

secure places. The Grand Duke himself is to be there."

I gave Beppo permission, and he darted off. Alas! it was too late; every seat was taken in the Pergola theatre. Helen was much disappointed; but she insisted upon my walking down on the chance of being able to get in, to stand at least for a quarter of an hour, and report whether the new tenor was really as great a singer as he was supposed to be. In vain I assured her that wherever we might go, these great singers were sure to appear in time, in all probability in London, the very next season. She insisted, and—prevailed.

It was such a fine, cold, frosty evening, that I enjoyed the walk down to Florence very much. I went rather late to the opera-house, and found, as I had expected, not a single vacant seat—some, indeed, had been doubly let for half the night to each person. Just, however, as I was turning away, the box-keeper called me back. "Look you, Signore," he said; there is a little space—a *very* little space—within the door, where I have not yet put a chair. Would the Signore mind having a stool—a *very* little stool—put in there for him to sit on? He will not see very well; but, after all, one comes to hear these things, not to see." At this moment a burst of applause, loud and long, resounded through the house; and, my curiosity vividly excited, I accepted the offer of the box-keeper, and seated myself on the stool—the truly "very little stool"—he provided for me.

Every one knows how critical is a Florentine audience—how unforgiving if time and tune are not perfect—how chary of their applause, how lavish of their hisses; but to-night the whole house was carried away by its enthusiasm.

The piece was 'Lucrezia Borgia;'

and as I came in, Giovanni was singing "Di pescator ignobile." It was the most lovely voice I could have imagined—round, and full, and sweet—evidently having reached its full perfection; the style also was highly finished; there was no rawness, no want of study,—all that art, combined with the rarest natural gifts, could do, made the new tenor's singing the most beautiful thing I could have dreamt of.

The time passed only too quickly, and the first two acts were over before I began to look about me. At this moment the head of the box-keeper was suddenly thrust in at the door, and he broke in abruptly on my meditations.

"Signore, Signore Inglese! will he look at that box at the end?—no, not that one—the stage-box. Does he see a lady there—a young lady, with an old lady beside her? That is Signora Giovanni, the wife of the *primo tenore*. Beautiful, is she not? And that is her mother, Signora Celeste. They have taken that box for both nights—they say she always goes to hear her husband sing; and she waits in the carriage for him to come out when it is over."

"Is she an Italian?" I asked.

"Italian? Most certainly. She is Florentine; her father is an *impiegato*; he holds office under the Government—a man of position here, the Cavaliere Mattei; and it was thought a poor marriage for one of his daughters, when, two years ago, she took an opera-singer as her husband. But, *Cospetto!* she is likely to be the richest of the family."

The man withdrew his head as abruptly as it had been protruded; and, with enhanced curiosity, I raised my glass to look at the occupants of the stage-box.

Signora Celeste was what most Italian women become after a certain

age, singularly ugly and haggard, a perfect foil to her daughter who sat beside her. Signora Giovanni could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen at that time, but she looked older. The contour of her face was perfect, her eyes very large, and so dark, that they made the clear olive complexion yet paler by the contrast. She was dressed in black, and wore the heavy masses of her hair turned back from her brow, after the fashion of almost all Florentine women. But I was even more charmed by the extreme sweetness of her expression than by her beauty, which was very considerable.

Giovanni was ill supported on the stage. Binda, the bass, was a loud and rather rough singer; the *prima donna* sang well, though her voice was past its prime; and the contralto was mediocre: but the public had only eyes and ears for him, and good-naturedly ignored their shortcomings. Giovanni was a fine-looking man, and apparently made no use of the paints and artificial helps to good-looks generally supposed to be indispensable on the stage.

While I was looking at him, it suddenly occurred to me that somehow—somewhere—I had seen him before, and I could not get rid of the impression. So strong was it, that I determined to wait outside after the performance for the chance of seeing him in plain clothes, and satisfying my curiosity.

The piece ended, and the people flocked out. I stood in the lobby, idly watching them as they passed, and listening to their remarks. The crowd gave way a little, and Signora Celeste and her daughter passed through and entered their carriage, which drove off a little way, and then stopped (as the box-keeper had told me) to wait for Giovanni.

At last the whole audience had slowly dispersed, and I began to think myself a fool, and prepared to start homewards, when I heard voices behind me, and the *prima donna's* carriage was called for. She came sweeping forward, her scarlet *bourous* thrown over one shoulder. "Bravo, Signor Giovanni!" she said as she passed, glancing back at the rest of the singers who were following her.

Giovanni bowed gravely.

"*Corpo di Bacco*, what bitter cold!" muttered Binda, as he took Giovanni's arm and drew his cloak round him. The truth flashed across me, and suddenly, without thinking, I exclaimed aloud, "Giannetto!" The great tenor started violently and looked round at me. He made, however, no sign of recognition, but walked on down the street with his companions. I heard Binda's deep voice—"Good night, my friend," and Giovanni's short answer, "The same to you;" and then, concluding that I was mistaken, and had been deceived by a casual resemblance, I lit a cigar, and turned towards Fiesole.

I heard swift steps behind me, and felt my hands grasped suddenly. "Signore, Signor Conte! is it really you?"

"Then it is Giannetto!" I exclaimed; "will wonders never cease?"

"Hush, hush!" said the tenor, looking uneasily round him, and especially at the carriage, which still waited a little way down the street. "The Signore will understand—circumstances alter. There are times when it is best not to remember too much—he has understood?"

"I understand," I answered rather sadly. "But, Signor Giovanni, come and see me at home; I should like to see you again where we can converse more easily."

"Willingly, most willingly," he answered. I gave him my address; and, grasping my hand cordially, he left me. I watched his slight active figure as he went down the street, jumped into the carriage, and drove off; and, hardly believing that I could be in my right senses, I returned home.

The next morning I told Helen what had happened. She was astonished beyond measure. We tried once more to get seats in the opera-house for Giovanni's last performance, but did not succeed, much to her disappointment.

When three or four days had passed without my hearing or seeing anything of Giannetto, I began to think that he wished to avoid me. I heard of him everywhere in Florence, received and courted in society, and very popular. His wife went with him, and was in the habit of accompanying him on the pianoforte when he vouchsafed to sing in a private house—a favour but seldom conferred.

One day, however, towards the end of the week, a little open fly drove up to the door; and Beppo, in a slightly awe-struck voice, announced Signor Giovanni.

I looked at Beppo, and saw that he felt very much puzzled. I fancied he had recognised Giannetto, and hastily sent Helen after him to warn him not to say a word to his fellow-servants till I had had time to speak to him.

I motioned to Giannetto to seat himself, which he did so much with the air of a gentleman and equal, that I was more and more astonished.

"I must apologise, Signor Conte," he began, "for not having sooner availed myself of your permission to call upon you; but you are doubtless aware that a man in my position has engagements he cannot escape from—and I study much still,—for

I have had to combat with a certain inflexibility of voice, which at last begins to yield."

"Inflexibility!" I exclaimed, "surely——"

He smiled. "I am rejoiced that you did not remark it."

At the risk of being thought inquisitive, and possibly impertinent, I could not help saying, "Giannetto, ever since I first saw you, I have felt the deepest interest in your career; would it annoy you were I to ask how you attained your present position—in short, what your history has been since you left San Jacopo?"

"Signor Conte," he answered, "you have but to command—I will tell you."

"First," I began hesitatingly—"believe me, it is not idle curiosity that prompts my question—can you not tell me in what manner your voice was restored?"

He made a haughty and impatient movement, and the red blood mounted into his face, dyeing it to the very roots of his hair.

I saw I had gone too far. "I ask a thousand pardons," I began; but he cut me short. "It is unnecessary," he said. "The Signor Conte has a right to ask what he pleases. I must also reserve to myself the option of answering or remaining silent as I think necessary, and on this sole point I cannot satisfy him."

"When I left San Jacopo I had but a few *lire* in my pocket. They were, however, enough to enable me to get to Turin, walking all the way. I was at first almost starved; but I kept up heart, learnt one or two of the popular songs of the year, and sang them in the *cafés* of the poor people for a few *soldi* at a time. The Signor Conte has heard my voice—it was as good then as it is now, though, certainly, it was quite

uncultivated. It gained me a small reputation which spread rapidly.

"At last, one day I was sent for by an American gentleman, who had heard of me through his servants. Who or what he was I know not; he was a certain Smit of Boston. He made me sing to him, and then offered to pay for a musical education for me, at Milan, at Florence—in short, wherever I would—provided that I would bind myself ten years to pay him the half of all I should gain from the time when my education should be completed. I asked for time to consider his proposal, and consulted a certain Nicolini, a music-seller, with whom I had made a sort of acquaintance. He strongly advised me to refuse, which I did, though it was much against my own inclination.

"The American left Turin. I then offered myself at the opera as a chorus-singer, and in that way earned enough to get through the year. At last, to my astonishment, the manager of the theatre offered to pay for my education if I would undertake to sing in his theatre for three months a-year for five years, after I became a singer.

"I again consulted Nicolini, who this time advised me to accept. I chose the Scala by his advice, and studied hard, supporting myself meanwhile as I best could. Vos-signoria knows that I can write, thanks to the priest of San Jacopo; and I taught myself to copy music, and was much employed by musicians as a copyist. But it was difficult to support myself at that time.

"I used to copy music a good deal for the Cavaliere Mattei, a political agent of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Milan.

"The Cavaliere was a great *diletante*, passionately fond of music, and a violinist himself. When he found out how very poor I was, he helped me with both money and

good advice. Ah! he has a good heart, that Filippo Mattei! He allowed me also to consort with his family; his wife, Signora Celeste, was kindness itself, and many a word of encouragement she has spoken to me since I first made acquaintance with her. The children—there were four—became my friends. The eldest of them, Elvira, was then still a child; she was fourteen years old, but she was so good, so dear, that even then I began to hope that at some future time her father might give her to me. I never concealed my birth," he continued, proudly; "they all know that I was but a poor fisherman. But more than that I have not told, and none can say that I have done an injustice. But patience! do I not weary the Signore? It is too good of him to be thus interested."

"No, no; pray, Giannetto, go on."

"Well, my education was completed—that is to say, the Scala pronounced it completed—within a year; and I returned to Turin, and sang there for the first time in public, with a certain success. The manager was generous; he allowed me a good half of the three months' gains, and by his recommendations enabled me to obtain a first-rate engagement at the Court of St Petersburg for two years. After I had been there awhile, I made much money—a real fortune; and I wrote to the manager asking him for what sum he would release me from my engagement. He named a very large one. But I paid it, every *soldo*, and rejoiced in feeling that I was once more my own master."

"Two years ago I came to Florence, having obtained a short holiday. I found the Mattei returned here. Elvira was not yet betrothed; she was seventeen, beautiful as an angel, and good as she was beautiful. I hardly dared ask Mattei, but he gave a free consent; and my

Elvira accompanied me back to St Petersburg as my wife. I am happy, Signor Conte; do you not look on me as the happiest and luckiest of men?"

He laughed a curious little grating laugh.

I looked at him hesitatingly, and then said, "And, Giannetto, can you tell me nothing of the mother—of Carola? She must be getting old now, and feeling lonely—a widow, bereaved also of her child."

He answered hastily, "She is very well; I occasionally hear of her from the *Curato* of our village. She is a great lady now," he added, smiling, "and need do no work but for her own pleasure; but I hear that she still lives in the little old house."

"And the *Curato*, he also is well?"

"Yes, yes, quite well—that is, I believe so; but I have not been there myself, and he is the only man in the miserable little place that can read and write, and he is not a man to say much about himself."

He spoke irritably, and I could well see that he disliked all allusion to his former condition.

Again I felt tempted to apologise, when a feeling of indignation cut me short. What right had he to feel like this towards his best and earliest friend? and, but for curiosity, I should hardly have prolonged the conversation. In spite of myself, there was a fascination about him, or rather in connection with his history, which I could not resist.

When he next spoke it was in a very different manner—"May I ask the Signor Conte if the young ladies are well? Are they settled in life, or still with you?" And on hearing that Helen was still with me, he said, rather doubtfully, "I scarcely dare to ask it; but if you permitted it, might I present my wife to you and to the Signorina Helen? She would esteem it a

great honour, and dies already to kiss your hands, for I have told her that I lie under great obligations to you."

"Indeed," I interrupted hastily, "I must disclaim all gratitude from you. I have often regretted——" I stopped abruptly, for the dark flush once more rose almost painfully into Giannetto's face. He bowed gravely and said, "I must hope, Signor Conte, that my future career will give you no reason to regret having been the first to awaken my ambition. Will you consent to my request?"

I told him that Helen and I would call and pay our respects to his wife, and asked for his address.

"We are at present staying with the Mattei, No. 12 Borgo Pinti," he answered. "And the Signora Celeste will feel much gratified at the honour you will confer upon her, in visiting Elvira at her house. And now, Signore, I relieve you of my presence." He rose and took up his hat. "I have the honour to wish you good morning."

And bowing low, he took his leave in the same gentlemanlike manner with which he had entered.

CHAPTER V.

Helen and I called at the Palazzo where the Mattei family were living a very few days after Giannetto's visit.

Up a long, carpetless stair we climbed, and arrived at an iron grate on the third floor, where we pulled, or rather shook, a dilapidated bell. For a long time no one came; then the face of a housemaid looked through the opposite door, and a shrill voice shouted the usual Italian question, "Chi è?"

"Is the Signora Mattei in the house?" inquired Beppo, in reply. "Of course she is, at this hour," answered the woman; and drawing a key out of her pocket, she proceeded slowly to open the grate.

Beppo gave her my card, and she hurried away with it, leaving us standing on the landing-place. After a few moments she returned, and saying, "Enter, enter, Signore!" she led the way through a large empty anteroom into what was evidently used as a music-room.

It was a large room, the centre occupied by a grand piano, on the extremity of which lay masses of music, songs, accompaniments, and what looked like manuscript violin-music. Round the room were long

red-covered seats or divans. The walls were painted a pale-buff colour, and the curtains matched them in hue. Two or three tables stood at one end of the room, and on these were carefully arranged various trifling ornaments, such as photographs in cases, Paris *bonbonnières*, bits of Florentine mosaic, &c. &c.

Bidding us be seated, the servant fidgeted about the room a little, and then said, "Vossignori are foreigners?" Much amused, I told her we were English. "Ah!" she said, "doubtless, the Signori have come a long, long way. La Signora Mattei dearly loves the English. She once, years ago, knew an English lady, and stayed two days——" She broke off; for a shrill voice shouted from the inner room, "Violante, O Violante!" "I come, I come!" she cried; and making a sort of deprecating shrug at me, as much as to say, "You see we can have no more conversation just now," she hurried out of the room.

We again waited some moments; then a door on the opposite side of the room opened, and a gentle, venerable old gentleman came forward. "S'accommodino—be seated, I beg,"

he began; "these Signori do us too much honour to call on us—on my daughter, I should rather say. La Signora Mattei is a woman of much spirit; she is busy at this hour, but she will be here directly." He was a fine-looking old man, with long, silky, white hair, and a very sweet, courteous expression, particularly when he smiled. His hands were covered with brown cloth mittens; and occasionally he kept up the old custom of slowly fumbling in his pocket for a large tortoise-shell snuff-box, which he made use of with much zest.

"I hope," he continued, "that the Signorina diverts herself in Florence? There is much that is interesting if she has a love of art. Perhaps she is herself an amateur, and occasionally studies in our galleries?"

I told him that we were staying at Florence much for purposes of study, and then proceeded to make him my compliments on the reputation of his son-in-law.

He bowed, laying his hand on his heart. "The Signor Conte is too good. Without doubt, Giovanni has talent; he will be a great singer. I tell him he should go to England. I was there myself once—it is now twenty years—and I know London well. Yes, yes; it is there he would make a fortune. They know nothing of our language, those English,—the Signor Conte is *Scozese*, he speaks like a native,—but they appreciate the talent, and they pay well. I myself heard the Pasta sing, and heard the English say, 'Beautiful, beautiful! but what did she sing?—was it not German, or was it French?' Still, not the less do they pay well."

"I hope Signor Giovanni will come to England," said Helen, rather timidly; "at least he will find better support there in the theatre, for all the best artists find their way to London."

"Ah, it is a wonderful place!" continued the Cavaliere Mattei. "Without doubt, Florence appears very small to you; and my son-in-law tells me that St Petersburg——"

He was interrupted by the door flying open, and the abrupt entrance of Signora Celeste, followed by her daughter. It was as if a whirlwind had burst into the room. "Good morning, Signor Conte. Signorina Elena, I have the honour to salute you. I hope I see you in good health. It grieved me to hear from my son-in-law that you are not strong. Be seated. We have heard much of you from Giovanni. He tells me," she continued, without taking breath, "that he made acquaintance with you some years ago at Nice, and that he lies under obligations to you. We are grateful," she added; "you do us great honour in visiting us thus, and the opportunity of offering you our thanks we shall hold very dear."

I endeavoured to disclaim all thanks, but she did not pause.

"And the Signorina, does she divert herself in Florence? I fear but little goes on at this moment. She has without doubt visited the Cascine every Sunday afternoon? The Grand Duchess is almost always there, and it is very gay. Do the Signori contemplate being here for the Carnival? There are to be great doings this year; and certain Signori of the principal families are to have balls. The Signorina without doubt loves dancing? She is of an age to do so. Elvira loved it much formerly; but since she is married she is quite changed,—she thinks of nothing but her husband and child, and the music. Really, it is a trial of patience—a weariness—when she and her father and Giovanni begin with their everlasting music. Not a word can one get in. And what with the violin and the pianoforte, and now Binda, now La Caprera, coming in to practise with

Giovanni, life is a burden. The people in the streets come under the windows to listen, but I hope I may have put a stop to that; for when they are all listening, Violante and I are often obliged to throw water and vegetables out of the window. Can I help it?—bah! one must keep one's house clean!"

"Assuredly," said the Cavaliere, mildly. "But wherefore thus outrage their feelings? Poor souls! it is to them a great diversion."

She quietly ignored his words. "And the Signor Conte has taken the Villa Vacchini?" she continued. "La Signora Vacchini is one in a thousand! an excellent person; she is much my friend. Without doubt, it is her agent Signor Ettore Bonifazio who has arranged with these Signori? He is a good man; but, Santa Maria! what fat! he is a hill—a mountain! La Vacchini at one time had it in her mind to marry him; but I said to her, 'Lucia, my dear, beware; it is a sack—a mountain—you would marry. An agitation—a slight fright—he is seized with an apoplexy, and you are again a widow!' Had I not reason? And she is in good circumstances. She has a large hotel in the Piazza Nuova, which foreigners frequent much; and she has also the Villa Vacchini, and certain olive and vine yards in the hills near the Certosa. I hope," she continued, suddenly breaking off, "that you remain satisfied that she does well by you?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "All I have had to ask for has been done excellently by Signor Bonifazio."

"I rejoice to hear it; for if it had not been so, I would have said to her, 'Lucia, it is a shame, a wickedness, that you have not attended better to these foreigners that are so kind and so good.' My second daughter L'Adelaide is betrothed to her eldest son; he wanted Elvira, but even at that time, when Gio-

vanni was in Russia, I could see that her heart——"

"Mamma, for pity's sake," broke in the sweet voice of Giovanni's wife, the first words I had heard her speak. My attention had been fully occupied by the mother, while Helen had been equally busily engaged in extracting gentle monosyllables from Elvira.

The young wife looked very pretty and very shy, but there was somewhat of an air of sadness about her that troubled me. She had not that quiet look of repose which speaks of a heart at rest. Her large eyes looked anxious, and even careworn; and when she was not smiling, her face assumed a gravity unnatural in one so young. It brightened up prettily when Helen asked to see the baby, and she brought it into the room. It was a pretty, brown, Italian baby, with large soft eyes and abundance of dark hair; and Elvira evidently loved it with all the fervour of her southern nature.

"It is a little angel, a darling!" said the old Cavaliere, tenderly patting its little head. "And the Signor Conte, has he also little grandchildren? The English children are beautiful!"

I told him that my daughter Amy had two little ones—the youngest might be about the age of Elvira's. Elvira looked pleased and interested, and I heard her begin to question Helen in a low voice about the English children.

Signora Celeste turned to me again—"It is curious," she said, "but it is said that English children live upon milk. I suppose, then, that they are very small and thin, and have not much strength till they get older? Elvira would never have reared that child upon milk. But doubtless it is not true."

I answered her that it was quite true.

"Indeed!" she said; "would you

believe it! And you mean to say that you never give them wine at all? What support can they have?"

I could only repeat that the children were very healthy and blooming. She evidently looked on my saying so as the ignorant assertion of a man.

It was some time before we could get away—there was so much to be said on Signora Mattei's part. Altogether, for a first visit, it was an unusually long one.

"Well, Helen, and what do you think of Giannetto's pretty wife?" I asked, as soon as we were seated in the carriage, and fairly started on our way home.

"Very pretty, very fascinating, but not clever, I should think; and, papa, did you notice how very sad she looks? I hope he is kind to her."

"She does indeed look sad, poor little thing! I was especially charmed with the old Cavaliere. What a thorough gentleman of the old school he is, with his white hair and his gentle venerable face!"

Before very long our visit was returned by the ladies of the party. We were sitting out on the terrace, —Helen putting the finishing touches to a drawing she had been making of a great bunch of yellow *nespoli*, or medlars; I myself lazily smoking, and reading a very stupid Italian novel,—when Beppo announced them. More chairs were brought out, and we resealed ourselves.

After a few moments of general conversation, Signora Celeste leant forward and said in a very loud whisper, "Signor Conte, with your leave, will you do me the great honour of permitting me a little conversation with you in private?"

I could see Elvira colour violently, and give an imploring look to her mother; but that good lady was not to be suppressed by looks. I could not imagine what she could want,

but politeness compelled me to bow, and lead the way into the house. She followed, sweeping along in a silk gown, which I could not help thinking made more rustle than any gown I had ever seen, or rather heard, before. I had an uncomfortable feeling that she was very close at my heels—a feeling increased by the sharp way in which she shut the door behind her with a click, and established herself on a tall old-fashioned arm-chair in front of me.

She began the conversation herself. "And now, Signor Conte," she said, "I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will have the kindness to tell me what you know of the former habits and pursuits of my son-in-law. It is not merely from curiosity that I ask," she added, seeing my natural hesitation; "but if the Signor Conte is able to tell me, it concerns me to know."

"It is, I fear, but little that I can tell you, Signora Mattei," I answered. "My acquaintance with Signor Giovanni was very slight, and of short duration. You are, he tells me, aware that his birth is not equal——"

"Yes, yes, I know that," she exclaimed. "He was but a peasant, a fisherman; is it not so?"

"You are right; and it was through a conversation with the priest of his village that I first became interested in him. He was very handsome, and—and I am an admirer of beauty. I was enabled to do him some slight service, which he makes too much of by far; and there our acquaintance for the time came to an end. It is an unexpected honour," I resumed, at my wits' end what to say, "that I have renewed it so advantageously."

Signora Celeste appeared to be thinking deeply, and not to remark my little speech, which was meant to be complimentary. She spoke again, with an abruptness which made me feel as if I was being

snapped at. "And this *Curato*, was he a friend of Giovanni's?"

"He was very good to him," I answered. "The father was dead, and the priest not only helped his mother with money out of his own very small store, but he also gave him an education which made him superior to his fellows."

"And his voice? Did the priest also teach him to sing?"

"His voice, his voice," I stammered; "it developed late in life—unusually late. No; the priest had nothing to do with training that."

"Then he never sang in the choir?" she asked.

"Not to my knowledge," I replied, wishing her anywhere—at the bottom of the Red Sea.

"And is his mother alive?"

"She is—that is, I believe so; but it is so long since I have been at San Jacopo, that the Signora will comprehend that I can give no exact answer to her question."

Signora Celeste suddenly rose, drew her chair closer to mine, and folding her hands (clothed in black net mittens) together, she fixed her eyes upon me, and proceeded: "Signor Conte, I am afraid you have indeed but little to tell me; but I will explain to you the reason of my question; for, without doubt, you consider me indiscreet and impertinent—nay, it is but natural that I should so appear to you."

Of course I endeavoured to disavow the supposition; but she interrupted my attempted civilities ruthlessly. "Listen, Signor," she said—"listen. Giovanni has no doubt told you that he came first under my husband's notice as a copyist who was working out his musical education at Milan. At that time we resided much at Milan. My mother was alive, and a great invalid; so we spent months with her at a time. My

husband had not then obtained his present appointment at Florence. The Signor Conte knows that the Cavaliere is a great *dilettante*, has a veritable passion for music; and where there is a music-seller's shop, there he is to be found, at times, for hours in the day. Well, he had at that time a fanaticism for very ancient music, forgotten altogether at this present time, and much of this he had transposed for the violin. It is difficult, this old music, and has to be understood, or the transposing makes it often almost ludicrous. My husband found that Giovanni could do it well, and employed him constantly. The poor boy was at that time so destitute, that I could see that very often he had not enough to buy a good meal; so it ended in our taking him into the house.

"My mother, poor soul, took a great fancy for Giovanni, and would have it that he was to be one of the greatest singers of the day; and it is certain that his voice was of a beauty, a quality, that one does not meet with often.

"The only times he would never spend with us were his Sundays and his saints' days. On such days, when friends and neighbours meet, going and coming from the churches, he would never consent to be with our family party. At first, when I asked him, he would not say where he went, but latterly he walked into the country to see some old friend of his mother's, who was a Milanese; so I remained satisfied. The Signore knows, I presume, that he obtained an engagement of much distinction, and left us for Russia. By that time we had become so fond of him that it was a sorrow, a grief, to part from him; and it was to us like the return of a dear son when he came home and asked the Cavaliere for Elvira.

"Elvira was not without suitors—several times I could have established her well in life; but the poor child had a veritable little passion for Giovanni—and the Signor Conte can understand the feelings of a father. What could he do? He consented. The day for the wedding was fixed; but instead of looking happy, the bridegroom looked gloomier every day, and Elvira did nothing but cry. We could not imagine what was amiss. At last I compelled Elvira to tell me—Giovanni wished for a civil marriage without the blessing of the Church. Of course Elvira would not agree; and the Cavaliere was very angry, and wished at the eleventh hour to stop it all. They are all alike, these men, with their impatience! I told Elvira that I took it on myself. I sent for Giovanni. I asked him if he could give a clear and sufficient reason for his wish; and he had nothing to say except that he disliked the ceremony, and other such frivolous pretexts, worthy of no consideration. I told him so. I asked him to talk it over with some priest; but that he refused to do: and after a few more expostulations, he gave way. Signor Conte, there is something, I know not what, of mysterious about him. When the moment came that the wedding procession should enter the church, he became pale as a corpse, the perspiration stood on his brow, he seemed as if in a mortal agony, and so it continued during the ceremony; and when he had to speak, it seemed to us all that his voice was gone—he mumbled his answers as if he knew not what he said; and at last, when all was over, he had to be supported out of the church more like a dead than a living man. Ah! we were much frightened; but the outer air seemed to revive him, and he became himself again. It was strange, un-

accountable, was it not? I myself cannot understand it—for I never saw a malady at all resembling it; and, as a rule, his health is excellent—he knows not what it is to be ill.

"Now, alas!" she continued, "we find that Giovanni never enters the door of a church; he has never once confessed since his marriage, never says a prayer, and will not even use holy words, or sing songs addressed to divine personages. Alas! it is this that makes my poor child so unhappy. He is very kind, kindness itself to her, except on this one subject—and on this he will hear nothing; and she, poor child, has always been a good Christian—a saint, I may say, in all her ways. He cannot even endure the sight of her crucifix, her little images, and sacred pictures; so she grieves much. In short, where the holy faith is concerned, and there only, he is utterly unlike his better self.

"When the child was born, she had hoped to dedicate it to the blessed Mother, and call it Maria; but he would not have it so named, and had it baptised Felicità—a name of good omen, he said. There is a small saint of the name, a Santa Stravagante, without a fixed day in the calendar, which made us give our consent. But, Signore," she continued, rising, "I have trespassed long upon your time. I had hoped," she added, sadly, "that you would have been able to help us—to tell us something that would account for this strange evil in Giovanni; but I see that you can tell me no more than we know ourselves. A thousand thanks for the kind interest you have shown in what I have ventured to tell you; and I must beg many pardons for having thus taken up your time."

While this conversation was going on, Helen had been growing

much interested in her companion, whom she found more intelligent than she had expected.

Elvira told her a good deal about their life in Russia, and Russian ways and customs. She spoke of her husband's success with much pride, and detailed many of the compliments and favours showered on him at St Petersburg. Helen was amused, and thought the time had passed only too quickly when Signora Mattei returned; and they took their leave with the usual compliments.

To myself, the time had not seemed so short. The whole conversation had been painful to me, from the consciousness of having something to conceal. I told Helen what had passed. She grieved for

the poor little wife. "I am sure she feels it dreadfully," she said. "She looks to me as if she had cried till she could cry no more—and no wonder! But it seems to me curious that she should not have thought of all this before she married him." "I thought so at first," I answered; "but consider, these Italian women know little or nothing of the men they are destined to marry, and are never by any chance allowed to hold conversation with them alone; so that I do not think it so wonderful. Besides, in this case the only thing she had had to startle her was his wish to have a civil marriage only; and that point, we know, he yielded." Helen sighed, "Poor little thing! poor Elvira!"

CHAPTER VI.

Giannetto and his wife called on us once more, when unfortunately we were out, leaving highly-glazed cards, after the Italian fashion, with P.P.C. in the corner. They went on to Venice, where he had accepted an engagement.

The Italian spring set in, and the cold weather passed away. Florence, as the year advanced, began to justify her beautiful flowery name: tall tulips, crimson and white and yellow, countless purple and scarlet anemones, turned the olive and vine yards into carpets of wonderful brilliancy; the scent of orange and lemon blossoms in the garden became almost overpowering; and large magnolias slowly unfolded their wax-like leaves.

We used to return from our long drives in the cool of the evening, the carriage laden with flowers; at one time with irises, tulips, and roses—at another with myrtle and sweet-bay, and long branches of the purple Judas-tree, and orange-flowing arbutus. Helen revelled in

them; and would turn our large cool drawing-room into a perfect bower, much to the disgust of Dep-pio and some other of the Italian servants, who, like all their countrymen, dread sweet-scented flowers indoors, believing that they produce fevers and all sorts of harm.

We grudged every week as it passed; and the heat increased, warning us that the season was at hand in which Italy chooses to be left in peace with her children, and the foreigner must fly.

One evening we accomplished an expedition we had had in view for a long time—a drive to the top of Fiesole, to visit the Franciscan monastery.

The glare of the day was quite over, for the heat was very great when we started, and the ascent was slow in consequence. Up we toiled along the broad white road on its zigzag course, meeting few people by the way—now passing a group of peasants with their large white-haired dog or sprightly spitz,

now being passed by a carriage making a spurt up the hill, containing two or three Russian ladies and gentlemen, on their way probably to dine at Villa Mozzi; then, as we rose higher, the Fiesole women crowded round us, begging us to buy their straw-plait work, long rolls of it beautifully twisted—and queer straw cocks and hens with long tails. Helen was very weak-minded, and bought right and left.

We reached the old Etruscan town, with its lovely church-tower, and watched a line of seminarists in their long black cassocks pass us and descend the hill from their home, diminishing in size as the distance increased, till it appeared like the twisting of a small black serpent far below.

We had brought some large heavy packages of coffee, sugar, and snuff, as a present to the friars; and bidding Deppo follow with these, we took our way to the monastery.

We were received with a warm welcome by the Father Superior, who told us that it was a great treat to them to receive visitors, and was most attentive to us,—showed us the chapel, and the various points from which the magnificent view was best to be seen, and even allowed Helen to peep into the *clausura*—the inner cloister, where no woman may tread.

He told us that most of his friars were absent on their special missions, and at that time not more than twelve in all were at home. "One of them," he said, "has just returned from our mother home at Assisi. The cholera was at Perugia, and a great panic prevailed, especially as two of the brethren had died, and they sent for some from here, to bring fresh hands to the work. They asked for a good preacher, and I sent our best—Fra Geronimo, and a young brother, full of zeal, who had lately joined, Fra Martino. Alas! Fra Geronimo

returned alone; the young brother had finished his work, and obtained his crown of martyrdom. He is doubly blessed, having been buried near the shrine of the holy Francis himself; but he was very young."

"Fra Geronimo!" I repeated. "Was it he who was at Nice some five or six years ago, preaching in the church of Santa Lucia?"

"It is possible; I cannot tell," was the answer of the Superior. "Our friars go far and wide. Yes, assuredly he has been at Nice often; but when, I cannot tell. Perhaps the Vossignoria might like to ask him?"

"I should, very much," I replied eagerly.

The Superior beckoned to a lay brother, a pale, bowed-down-looking man—"Ohi, Gian-Maria, when the Padre Geronimo enters, pray him to come to me."

Meanwhile Helen had taken out her drawing-book, and was sketching rapidly, seated on a little rough step, a group of friars in their picturesque brown habit gathered round her, making their remarks aloud—"Look! look! there is old Pietro's cottage; how natural it is! What a wonderful talent! And there is old Mariuccio in her red apron! what a marvel! And a woman can do thus! Verily, who would believe it? Look! look! there is the black cat. Santa Maria! but it is wonderful!"

"The Signora is English?" asked one, rather timidly. "She is doubtless an artist?"

Helen told him that many English women sketched very well, entirely for their own pleasure.

"Indeed! truly it is wonderful! Who would have thought that women could thus?" they repeated, much to her amusement.

Here the Superior offered her a pinch of snuff; and knowing that a refusal would hurt the kindly feelings of the fathers, she took it,

and submitted to the frightful fit of sneezing which was the natural consequence—the friars all saluting her, and wishing her *buona salute* and *felicità*, as she did so, after their courteous, old-fashioned custom.

They then begged her acceptance of various little treasures made of wax, manufactured by themselves, chiefly long coils for lighting candles, twisted in all sorts of fantastic shapes. Helen professed great admiration for them, much to their delight; and she promised to take some home to her little nieces, her sister's children. On hearing this, one of the monks quickly retreated into the monastery, and returned with a little paper parcel. "See, Signora!" he cried, "I have brought you something for the little children—see!" and, with a flourish, he drew a wax bird from the paper, and triumphantly presented it. "See! it has eyes, black eyes, and can move its wings; but you will be very careful of it!"

Helen accepted the treasure with as much pleasure as it was given, and put it very carefully into her drawing-bag. Presently she rose and came up to show me her sketch. While doing so, she suddenly caught hold of me—"Look, look, papa! what a picture!"

What so much attracted her attention was the appearance of two Franciscan monks slowly mounting the hill, in the taller of whom I at once recognised the Fra Geronimo who had so much excited our admiration by his preaching at Nice.

They formed, as she said, a very picturesque group. Fra Geronimo walked with a long and firm step, his noble head erect, and the fine proportions of his tall attenuated figure undisguised by his rough brown habit. His companion was a much older man, but appeared to be bowed by infirmity and care even more than by the weight of years.

He walked with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his long grey beard reached down to the hempen cord which formed his girdle. Each carried a sack over his left shoulder, containing the gifts of charity that day received for the convent.

They parted at the foot of the chapel steps, the older Father going on to the cloister—the other, Fra Geronimo, obeying a sign from his Superior, and advancing to where we stood.

"Have you had good speech, brother Geronimo?" was the first question.

"We have walked far," he answered, "and Fra Pietro is very weary; few asked him to rest in their houses. There is little charity abroad."

The Superior looked rather wistfully at the sack, and did not answer. Fra Geronimo turned to me, and saluted me gravely.

There was a certain sternness and severity about the man. He gave me the impression of being uncompromising in everything—a face of singular power, of one who would grapple with sin in mid-career, and force shame and remorse on the most hardened sinner.

I asked him whether he recollected having been at Nice the year that we were there? He remembered it well; he had been there for some months, preaching a great deal. A sudden idea struck me. I would tell Giannetto's whole history to this man, and ask him what he thought of it. The tall friar was standing before me, calm and motionless, waiting for me to speak. Should I do harm in trusting him? I knew nothing of him. I raised my eyes, and scrutinised his face with care. As if conscious that much depended on that look, he bent his large hollow eyes on me for one moment; but in that moment all hesitation passed away, and I felt that the man who stood

before me was indeed a fit instrument for God's will—pure in single-mindedness, strong as steel; and I determined to trust him implicitly.

It was now growing late, and knowing that I should scarcely have time for my long story then, I begged Fra Geronimo (if it should be possible) to visit me at the villa within a few days, as I had occasion to ask his advice. He told me that he would do so; and, calling Helen, we took leave of our kind hosts, and started on our return home.

Merrily the horses trotted down, swinging the carriage round the zig-zag corners, the sharp drag making the seats vibrate as we went. A few fire-flies were dancing about (though it was still early in the year for them), and now and then a glimmering spark from the ground revealed a glow-worm, almost emerald in its green light. Helen had a fancy that the glow-worms were the wives of the fire-flies, and insisted that it was true, and that the fire-flies were ill-conditioned, wild gallants, who left their estimable wives to mope at home by themselves. The grasshoppers made such a noise that, at one time, we could not help fancying that one must have got into the carriage.

We seemed to reach home only too soon—too soon, indeed, in sad earnest; for on the table lay a packet of letters, sent by express—a summons home on important business. Alas! how the few business-like explanatory words of my correspondent brought us down from the world of fire-flies and romance to the dull routine of everyday life! Our happy holiday was at an end. Helen went up-stairs in a very disconsolate humour, and, some time after, confessed to me that she had cried herself to sleep.

During the few days that followed, we had so much to arrange and to think of, that I had almost forgotten my appointment with the

Franciscan. The letters arrived on Friday, and the following Tuesday was the day fixed upon for our departure. On Monday evening our arrangements were completed, and we had time to sit down and rest, and look ruefully round our dismantled rooms. All the purchases we had made at Florence, which had served to beautify our pleasant villa, had been removed that afternoon, to be packed in Florence and sent off to England. There were two or three fine old gilded *cassoni* or chests, carved chairs, large majolica pots, innumerable odds and ends, and, the greatest treasure of all, an exquisite little David, by Donatello, under a white marble baldacchino, standing about two feet high,—all were gone!—nothing but the original bare furniture remained. No wonder that we felt disconsolate.

It was beginning to grow rather late, when Beppo came in to say that a Franciscan wished to speak with me. I was very glad, having greatly feared that I should not see him again. He came in, and apologised for not having been able to come before.

"I have had much to do," he said. "Much preaching also has fallen to my lot; and, alas! the flesh is weak. After preaching, I am often unable to do more."

He seated himself, enveloping his hands in the loose sleeves of his habit, and bending his eyes to the ground. Helen had left the room, feeling that it might be easier for the friar to talk to me in her absence.

I began at once by telling him how and in what manner I had come across the village of San Jacopo, and had first been interested in the unhappy Giannetto. I told him of our coming to Nice together, and of the impression made on us all by his sermon on human suffering; of the verdict of the doctors,

—in short, all the whole strange story. He remembered the storm well, and had had much to do in helping and consoling the sufferers from the effects of it. When I told him of Giannetto's return, and the wonderful change wrought in him, he crossed himself repeatedly, and muttered something in Latin, too low for me to hear; and he could scarcely conceal his astonishment under the usual perfect calm of his demeanour when I told him that this young fisherman, whose history I had been telling him, was no other than the famous tenor (Giovanni, who had lately been making such a sensation in Florence.

"And now, Father," I concluded, "tell me what you think of this strange story. Is there, can there be any unnatural, or rather unhal- lowed, cause which has driven Giannetto from Church and God?"

"I know not," replied the friar; "strange and unaccountable things sometimes occur in nature. Signor Conte"—he lowered his voice almost to a whisper—"sometimes desperate men have been known to sell their souls."

It was evident that his suspicions pointed in the same direction as my own.

"Anyhow," he exclaimed, "there is a soul to be saved for God. I will, God give me grace, do my part. For yours, pray for me. God will give me the power, if it be His sacred will."

His large eyes flashed with a feverish, enthusiastic fire; and as he rose to his feet, and drew the hempen girdle round his loins, he looked like some prophet about to go forth inspired on his way.

"You go?" I asked, somehow

feeling scarcely worthy to address him.

"I go to Venice. I follow him through the world. There is a soul to be saved for God."

Awe-struck, I stood aside to let him pass; and he went straight out, only pausing on the threshold and raising his hand in the act of blessing. I watched him till a turn in the road hid him from my sight, and then, lost in thought and bewildered, returned into the house.

The next morning dawned, the day of our departure. Helen came down to breakfast in her travelling dress, and we both felt very sad. The carriage was announced, and we went out to it. All our cottage-friends were assembled under the long, broad portico: Pippo, the gardener, with an enormous stiff bouquet for Helen; Adele, his wife; Colomba, the wife of the *contadino*, who managed the vines and *podere*, or farm; and all the children, also holding bouquets; Carola, Anna, and the old father, the patriarch of them all; and last, but not least, the villa watch-dogs, Giotto and Solferino.

It was a mingled scene of crying and kissing of hands, and shouts of "A pleasant journey, a most happy journey!" &c. We got away at last, and I thought our partings well over; but at the station, as I slipped a last *scudo* into the coachman's hand, to my dismay he clasped mine to his lips, and burst into tears.

We were seated in the carriage, the train began to move, when a shower of bouquets was thrown in at the window, and a shrill voice shouted a last *buon viaggio*. It was Signora Celeste herself, who stood gesticulating on the platform as we steamed out of the station.

(To be continued.)

IDAS; OR, ANTICHRISTUS BRITANNICUS,

Inter Pocula.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA, BY JOHANNES BOUSTROPHEDONIDES,

Solutus Aratro.

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑποφρασθεὶς μεγάλην ὕπλ' εἰκέσεν Ἰδας· κ.τ.λ.

—*Apoll. Rhod.*, i. 402 seq.

PROLEGOMENA.

IN days gone by, the frogs, weary of the mild sovereignty under which they lived, petitioned Zeus that he would give them a King; and he flung them down an inanimate Log to be their new governor. They worshipped it for a time in distant reverence; but it was not long before they learned to condemn and mock at the impotence of the dull mass of matter,—and we all know the retribution that followed. Will the reign of Materialism, now apparently installed in the high places of thought, enjoy a longer tenure of observance, or escape a similar deposition? And are we not in danger of undergoing a corresponding chastisement through our growing impatience of legitimate control, and the sacrifices we are daily making of the most sacred bequests of the past to the devouring Moloch of change?

The predominant feature of thought in the present day is an almost fanatical Scepticism in Theology, Philosophy, Politics, and in some departments of Science, the tendency of which is to enthrone Matter, that is, brute force, as the regent, or rather the final cause, of creation, to the blotting out of God, and the rejection of Revelation. The broad line drawn by the wisest philosophers from Socrates to Bacon between the twin worlds of Law and Liberty, Sense and Spirit,

Nature and Miracle, Knowledge and Faith—each of these worlds existing independently of the other, while the conditions under which their respective truths become cognisable by man are radically distinct—has been utterly lost sight of; and thus it comes to pass that crude and indigested theories, based upon data belonging exclusively to one or the other of the two worlds in question, and almost invariably of the Materialistic type, are set forth to the popular apprehension as the key to the enigma of being by some of our ablest pioneers in science, in utter disregard of the inferences that must logically be drawn from such partial presentments, and of the shock to religion and morality which invariably ensues under such conditions. No one can deny the genius of these men, or dispute the value of their discoveries in physics: their misfortune is, that they know not where to stop; and their fault, that, shutting their ears to the warnings of the great teachers above mentioned, they restrict existence to the sphere comprehended by their finite intelligence, and repudiate the World of Faith altogether, with all its independent yet congenial claims upon mankind. From that moment—and it is the experience of all ages and in every branch of human thought and activity—error sets in, with its disastrous consequences alike to

scientific inquiry and public morality: Spirit is subordinated to Sense, Deity to Humanity; one-eyed Doubt, the "wit oblique" of the poet, disturbs and blinds us to that "steady light" sent down from heaven by which we are enabled to contemplate Truth as she is: the sanctions of morality are thus subverted; and the body corporate of Society breaks up in rottenness, and crawls away limb by limb. Meanwhile the intellectual march of the champions of Materialism is like that of the Titan race of old,—

"Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas;

Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia;"

while their exemption from the "iracunda Jovis . . . fulmina" is best pleaded for in the words applied to the Jews by one wiser than Socrates—"They know not what they do." It is the depravation of social and political morals consequent upon the Materialistic theory, thus developed far beyond the contemplation of its modern sponsors—the wildest excesses springing generically from the confounding of things essentially distinct which that theory is grounded upon—that we have to deal with in the ensuing pages.

IDAS has himself sufficiently discriminated between the ultimate tendency of the doctrines he advocates and the unconscious agency of the men whom he boasts of as coadjutors in his work. He claims them, it will be observed, as dupes, while making use of them as tools. Accepting the imaginary IDAS as the incarnation of the pseudo-philosophy now once more in vogue, the claim must be regarded as just; and it therefore becomes the duty of Society not only in the first instance to denounce a system of teaching which tends to subvert

her very foundations, but, further, to warn her members against the influence of those who take the lead, many of them (I repeat) in blind unconsciousness, in what has become an avowed crusade against her.

Except from the basis of a sound and comprehensive philosophy, inclusive, like that of Socrates and of Bacon (as that great man contemplated it), of both worlds of thought and action, it is impossible to contend effectively against either Idealism or Materialism; and such a philosophy has been long out of date. Nor would such high argument touch the popular apprehension; and now that the school-master is abroad, the masses are more than ever exposed to every breath of empty doctrine. The only really effective means, therefore, towards opening the eyes of the million, is to exhibit the tendencies of such theories as are now in question in their extreme issues; and for this good service the Muse has been the accredited agent in all ages, from the days of Aristophanes to those of Canning. A shower-bath of practical common-sense is the best prescription for clearing away cobwebs and expelling illusions from the popular brain, when blown up with vain conceits, and disinclined to walk in the old paths of sobriety, as at the present time. The world is—with only just such isolated exceptions as prove the rule—wiser than any one man, or any clique of men; and will not for ever tolerate doctrines which, however specious in the germ, lead directly towards the dissolution of those constitutional bonds which link man together with man, and mankind with God,—substituting, in effect, licence for order, and vice for virtue, as the law of our being. Experience is the great test of theory. Every

aberration from central and constitutional truth, originating in exclusive devotion either to the world of Sense or that of Spirit, has hitherto landed its votaries in the mire. The present will be no exception to the rule.

That irreparable mischief may be done to our national institutions by legislation under the pressure of mere numbers, always liable to delusion or passion, is most certain, and the evil has already made itself felt; but in regard to the broader interests of thought and of the human race as children of Heaven, I entertain no despondency. The Spirit of God that once moved upon the waters—the “*vis medicatrix nature*” in its highest sense—a force more potent than that either of Materialism or Idealism—promotive always of virtue and truth, and restorative of harmony when the sweet bells of humanity have been jangled out of tune—invariably intervenes to propel us back into the right path, after such extravagances as those now protested against have run their course.

A word or two may be added with reference to some obscure allusions in the following poem.

The *IDAS* of ancient song was a brother of *Lyncæus* and son of *Aphareus*—characters, all of them, of mythology, not history. While *Lyncæus* was the keenest-sighted of mortals, *Idas* was obtuse, voracious, dogged, and insolent—confident in himself, contemptuous of dignities and of the Gods. During the feast of the *Argonauts* on the shore below *Iolcos*, the evening before they started in quest of the *Golden Fleece*, *Jason* had fallen into thought, pondering anxiously on the responsibilities he had undertaken; when *Idas* broke out with reproachful words, taunting him with cowardice: “*Fear not!*” he

exclaimed; “by this spear I swear—which helps me far more than *Zeus* in battle—our adventure shall be successful, even though *God* himself strive against us!” Long afterwards, in the war with the *Dioscuri*, *Castor* and *Polydeuces* (or *Pollux*), sons of *Zeus* and “*God’s Saviours*,” *Idas* slew the mortal *Castor* with his spear, and stunned (but of course could not kill) the immortal *Polydeuces* by a vast stone, a pillar torn from his father’s tomb—whereupon *Zeus* terminated his intrepid career by striking him dead with a thunderbolt.

The *God Consus* was the ‘*Nep-tunus Equestris*’ of the Romans; whom the *Stoics* (more particularly) viewed as the Spirit or Breath of Intelligence shed abroad on the waters; while *Maximus Tyrius* extends his influence over the sea and earth alike, as regulating and maintaining their equilibrium. In a more limited sense the Romans qualified *Consus* as the God of Secret Counsels. His altar was situated in a sharp angle projecting beyond the *Pomerium*, outside of *Roma Quadrata*, towards the *Vallis Murcia*, afterwards the *Circus Maximus*; or, according to others, lay near the goal of the *Circus*, and close under the *Palatine Hill*. It was kept covered with earth throughout the year, except at the festival of the *Consualia*. It was first disinterred, according to the Roman tradition, by *Romulus*. The writer has no authority for addressing him as *God of Geese*; but he came to the conclusion some time ago, from a variety of concurrent circumstances, that the goose was his symbol, and even that the sacred geese of the *Capitol* were originally kept there in his honour.

The bird alluded to as accompanying the ship *Argo* was a dove sent by *Athena* to conduct the *Argonauts* between the *Symple-*

gades,—vast rocks floating at the entrance from the Bosphorus into the Euxine, and which alternately clashed against each other and recoiled. Every vessel which had hitherto attempted to pass through during the period of recoil had been ground to powder. The dove was intrusted to Euphemus, one of the heroes, with orders to loose her at the proper moment and watch her flight; if she emerged from between the rocks, they should follow; if not, the adventure was not for them, and they should return. The bird passed safely through, although losing some feathers from her tail; and Argo passed with the like success, the clashing rocks merely depriving her of the top of her ἄφλαστον, an ornamental appendage to

her stern. The Symplegades remained henceforth fixed and harmless for ever.

The EPILOGUE is founded on the custom of the γαφύρισιμός, or 'chaffing' showered upon the 'Epoptæ,' or newly initiated, on their return home, by those standing on the bridge over the Cephissus, which separated the sacred soil of Eleusis from the hardly less sacred soil of 'Attica.' The 'chaff' was liberally responded to by the 'Epoptæ'—in the reaction to levity which constantly follows upon religious excitement—'epoptæ,' indeed, less tongue-tied than those of Idas.

I think I may now close these preliminary, perhaps superfluous, observations.

FLORENCE, November 1874.

PROLOGUE

Hail, Consus, God of Geese! Not without warrant
 Did the old Romans honour thee—thy march
 Straight to the point, of all by-paths abhorrent
 Right hand and left, through the triumphal arch
 Of Purpose, to the Capitol—each torrent
 Of popular impulse stemming; stubborn, starch,
 Stupid, obstructive,—caring not a pin
 So thou couldst stablish truth, and empire win.

What is thy lesson? Wisdom's pathway lies
 'Twixt Law and Liberty; the Constitution
 Weds them, and bridles,—he that casts goat's eyes
 At one or t'other fathers Revolution:—
 Order consists but in their compromise,—
 Divorce them—'tis a crime past absolution!
 'Tis but in following Consus, silly geese,
 Like us, can 'scape the fell Symplegades.

There sits a little bird and sings aloft,
 Perch'd on our British Argo's central mast;
 And they that will not heed that tender, soft,
 Inspiring strain, will come to grief at last:—
 That bird is Christ's—he cares for us,—if, scoff'd,
 The bird takes wing, then Britain's hope is past:—
 IDAS may mock, but poor Jack loves his song,
 And hates the miscreant who would do him wrong.

This Idas is the scoffer 'mongst our crew—
 A frog unclean, that croaks at all John Bull
 Holds sacred,—fire from heav'n his namesake slew ;
 His own explosive windy belly-full
 Will for our batrach the like office do !
 Altars and thrones he fretteth to down-pull
 In hate like Cain's, obdurately persistent :—
 But what shall the Muse say to those whose distant

Orbits revolve round his ? That they have miss'd,
 Like wand'ring stars, their courses ? That they know
 The port they drive at ? That they've loosely kiss'd
 Sin, and enjoy the morsel ? Nay, not so :—
 But rather, " You've mistaken chaff for grist,
 False Gods for true ! Like parrots in a row,
 You've learnt the prate that Doubt is Wisdom's tooth,—
 Unlearn it !—and you yet may feed on Truth."

Now, gentle reader ! do not, pray, suppose,
 Because I point "*ex sociis hominem*"
 At certain errant knights, whom by the nose
 Duessa leads, I charge her guilt on them !
 Solon in blinkers knows not where he goes :—
 'Tis wilful Error moves Thalia's phlegm.
Au reste—'tis Idas trots them out, not I, no !
 Hear him ! mark, learn—there's "*veritas in vino* !"

ANTICHRISTUS, &c.

(*At the 'Pauperam tabernas.'*—*Αντροφία.*)

I'm IDAS ! I'm the Iconoclast !
 Whom timorous fools the Atheist call ;
 Before my nostrils' scathing blast
 Faiths, Charters, Constitutions fall !
 My gospel heralds a new world,
 A paradise for working men,—
 All powers from earth's high places hurl'd,
 And Saturn's Golden Age again.

I'm the ideal working man ;
 I care for nought and nobody,—
 Model the world upon my plan,
 Or else you're not the lads for me !
 No judge, no priest, no lord, no king—
 Nations submissive to my nod—
 The lion's share in everything—
 On earth no law, in heaven no God.

My creed is simple. All proceeds
 From Matter and to Matter tends ;

Man's appetite's a wolf; our deeds
 Are worthy as they serve its ends:—
 Life's nothing if not gratified;
 All stands by individual might;
 The stronger shoves the weak aside,
 And what he wills and does is right.

Order and Peace are empty names,—
 Let each man fight for food and fire!
 Marriage sets up exclusive claims
 To common food for man's desire;
 Schooling breeds up rebellious sons,
 Would wiser than their fathers be,—
 Better my boy should be a dunce,
 Or, better still, no son to me.

Let men and women herd at will,—
 'Twas so when we were apes of yore;
 Superfluous brats 'twere well to kill,
 Or you may find their wants a bore,—
 They do't in China:—like the Turk,
 When worn out strangle their mammas;
 And if they live and cannot work,
 Eat, like the Battas, your papas!

Down with the rich—we'll all be rich!
 Down with the noble—all are peers!
 Down with all false opinions, which
 Affront our pride, or wake our fears!
 Down with the weak, the privileg'd!
 To you, the young, the brute, the strong,
 My gospel promises are pledg'd,—
 To you life's sweets of right belong.

No capitalist henceforward save
 The Publican shall own a rap;
 To brew for us our common slave,
 And make us cozy at the tap;
 But all beyond the cost shall be
 Divided 'mong the master sex;
 And woe betide the knave if he
 Draw it less strong than X X X!

One hireling, too, shall still survive—
 The Doctor; casual wounds to dress,
 And check disease, that we may live
 Fearless of injury from excess.
 Grudge not *his* fee! with bated breath
 Cap him i' the street,—tush, tush! 'tis folly
 To dream of . . . something after death!
 There's nothing.—Pass the jug—be jolly!

Credit not what the parsons preach ;
 I know, I know there is no God ;
 Our span of being doth not reach
 Beyond its starting-point, the clod :
 Or, grant there be a judgment-day,
 We are the sheep and they the goats ;
 They're paid, poor beggars ! Doubtless they
 Believe as we—*don't* cut their throats !

Fear not our rulers ! They're a band
 Of cowards, impotent for war ;
 One spark of pluck, the law's strong hand
 Would crush us, like the rats we are,—
 Ay, rats ! there is no shrowder beast !
 But since the Whigs unseal'd our eyes,
 Shirking St George's-in-the-East,
 We know their terrors, and despise.

There's an old Book the story tells
 Of One the so-call'd Devil withstood,
 Heal'd broken hearts, work'd miracles,
 And died to save us by His blood ;
 But Pyrrho, Timon, and their crew
 Have disabus'd us of such stuff ;
 Old things are perish'd, all things new—
 Eat, drink, and—*verbum sap.* 's enough !

It says the man that in his heart
 Saith there's no God is stamp'd a fool ;
 That those who choose the better part,
 And serve with Christ, with Christ shall rule :
 Vain hope ! false tale ! devis'd to blind
 Our sires and breed obedient youth,—
 Mine's the new Advent for mankind—
 I'm the Hierophant of Truth !

Ye are my chosen friends, who know
 My inmost soul ; the mass of men,
 E'en British workmen, are not so,—
 As yet they're sucklings ; but to train
 Their budding minds I've men of mould,
 Charter'd respectabilities,
 Who'd smile derisive were they told
 They're my poor cousins ! and, 'mong these,

First-rate decoy-ducks ; some in Art,
 In Letters more, in Science most ;
 Whose teaching's mine, if not their heart,—
 As Hylax, in himself a host ;

Spurcus, my poet ; Hems too,
 My new Arcadia's Philip Sidney ;
 Strong-minded women not a few,
 And critics of the Zulu kidney.

Mine too the Stentors hoarse that stun
 Our ears with fierce denunciation
 Of all who scout their scheme of Un-
 secta—no, Secular Education ;
 The old cant echoing, " Power resides
 In "—Wisdom ? nay, forsooth—" in Knowledge !"
 —Thanks to the maxim that provides
 Such touters for my Training College !

" Let God," they say, " His own look after,
 We after Cæsar's ! Adam Smith,
 Sic vult, sic jubet : "—Food for laughter
 To us, whose int'rests jump therewith !
 I smile, and cheer, and trump their text :—
 By metaphysic vivisection
 Spirit and Flesh they part,—what next ?
 'Tis ours betwixt to make election.

I love to hear these sceptics talk,
 I love to see the pranks they play,
 To watch them stumbling as they walk
 Through deep'ning night in quest of day :—
 They grope, nor find,—they've flung aside
 Their early faith ; but, one by one,
 They'll see and shudder—me their guide—
 When Sense stalks naked in the sun !

Then follow, follow, follow me,
 Great Ignis Fatuus of the age,
 Prophet of unzon'd Liberty,
 Turner of Time's exhausted page
 I lead you on a path sublime—
 My cry, my gathering-word is this,—
 Restraint alone is henceforth crime,
 And Lawlessness alone is bliss !

Hurrah ! the blood-red banner streams—
 The old sun sets, the new arises !
 All sanctions of the past are dreams—
 All rags of virtue mere disguises :—
 Hurrah for Vice, for Change, for Chance !
 There is no Hell—let life be free !
 —I've piped, and now, ye blackguards, dance !
 But kneel down first, and worship—ME !

EPILOGUE.

(Ad Cephissi Pontem-Submarinum ; adhuc, imperpetuum sit ! in nubibus.)

CHORUS OF GEPHYRISTÆ.

Through this tunnel— Fraternal funnel
For the good things transmitting
Of England to France— The Epopts must advance ;
And we, as of custom befitting,

Must assail them with battle Of banter and rattle ;
For none may refuse his
Due share of jobation After initiation
In the shows of the British Eleusis.

EPOPTÆ (*approaching*).

Kk, kack, whack, quack, kōïx, wax !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

We are French Communists, God-haters, humanists,
Comtists, and what not ;
And we own none as kin Whom the Father of Sin
On the goddess of Reason's begot not.

So now for fraternity ! But, Time and Eternity !
How they come tumble topsy
And turvy along, With their Bacchanal song,
From their happy and nappy Epopsy !

EPOPTÆ (*nearer*).

Hiccupedickupe, konxompax,
Idas, sing Idas ; and stick like wax !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

Good evening, fair brothers ! Methinks it, your feathers,
Are woefully ruffl'd ;
And every man's eye— I should like to know why ?
Is in bandages mournfully mull'd !

EPOPTÆ (*in presence*).

Brekekekex, kōïx, kōïx !
Hiccupedickupe, konxompax !
Idas, sing Idas ; and stick like wax !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

Come open your heart ! You'll have much to impart—
 Though your rig's but a rum one !
 Of Satyric experience To us, your Hyperions
 Of the Cosmopolitan Commune !
 What deeper rascality— In potentiality—
 You've learnt from the teaching
 Of Citizen Idas,— No better guide as-
 es like you for suitably teaching !

EPOPTÆ.

Brekekekex, koïx, koïx !
 Hiccupedickupe, konxompax !
 Idas, sing Idas ; and stick like wax !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

What, dumb every one of you ? Each mother's son of you ?
 Won't you be civil ?
 Then, gobblers and guzzlers, Beer-barrel muzzlers,
 Go to pot, with your swine-herd, the Devil !
 But, *en passant*, just listen To my admonition ;
 You've mistaken your trade !
 Who deals in deep potions Owns human emotions—
 Not of such is the Communist made !

EPOPTÆ.

Brekekekex, koïx, koïx !
 Hiccupedickupe, konxompax !
 Idas, sing Idas ; and stick like wax !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

Not of soft paste ; But sober, even chaste,
 Cold and hard as a Roman,
 Remorseless and cruel, Like me—he's the jewel
 For the brow of Our Lady, the Commune !
 Butchers and bakers ! Dung your fat acres—
 Hatch eggs for your hens !
 Tailors and weavers ! They're arrant deceivers,
 Would persuade you your calling is—men's !

EPOPTÆ.

Brekekekex, koïx, koïx !
 Hiccupedickupe, konxompax !
 Idas, sing Idas ; and stick like wax !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

'Tis not for John Bull In the same boat to pull
 With the gay sons of France ;
 Nor to flourish his legs Among heads—I mean, eggs—
 In the merry-go “Ça-ira” dance !

Such as you'll never dish up A martyr'd Archbishop
 At Antichrist's table ;
 Yours not the sluice is To purge from abuses
 Prescriptive the Augean stable !

EPOPTÆ (*departing*).

Hiccupedickupe, konxompax !
 Idas, sing Idas ; and stick like wax !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

Get along, get along With your pottle-pot song ;
 We scout such assistance ;
 Epopts, *saristic* ! You're but milksops of *myster* ;
 So off with you, scornfully hiss'd hence !

Ciel ! how they draggle, Waggle and straggle !
 Saw you e'er such a swab array ?
 But they're out of hearing ; The last's disappearing,—
 So now let's back to the *cabaret* !

EPOPTÆ (*in the distance*).

Wax, koïx, quack, whack, kack, kk !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

(*Manet CORYPHÆUS*).

I'm sorry for Idas,— I'm certain he's tried as
 Hard as man could
 To send us recruits ; But—these English brutes !
 Not one of them but has a brood
 Of brats and a wife ; And leads a better life
 Than any of us, even sober ;
 Content to plod In the ways of God,
 And only getting drunk in October.

[*Exit.*

E N V O I.

(JOHANNES *moraliseth.*)

Not every son his own sire knows ;
 Not every sire his own by-blows,—
 And Words, seditious or schismatic,
 Got, glibly, in Thought's windy attic,
 By law unsanction'd or propriety,
 Are bastards loos'd upon Society,
 To gen'rate their own adder brood
 Of errors, pois'ning Nature's blood,
 And then return, with well-earn'd titles,
 To claim their dad, and gnaw his vitals.
 Oh that we all thought more of this,
 That Self is still Self's Nemesis ;
 That idle Thoughts are serious things,
 That reckless Words bear scorpion stings
 Which turn suicidal on their sire
 When Time rings round his guilt with fire !
 Our pleasant vices are the whips
 That scourge us ; and the fruit o' the lips
 Blisters them when we taste the wine
 We fondly laid up as divine,
 Press'd from the grape of sceptic licence,
 Not in God's vineyard grown, but Python's,—
 Stern Retribution crowns the cup,
 And bids us drink the venom up.

Such Idas' fate ! I don't suppose
 He sees six inches 'fore his nose ;
 But crops grow fast while sowers sleep,
 And he that sows the wind must reap—
 Would the poor wretch had ne'er been born !—
 The whirlwind of the Muses' scorn.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PART X.—CHAPTER LI.

It may perhaps be said, without any painful exaggeration, that throughout the whole course of this grand war, struggle of great captains, and heroic business everywhere, few things made a deeper, sadder, and more sinister impression than the sudden disappearance of those fifty thousand guineas. On the other hand, it must not be supposed that the disappearance of guineas was rare. Far otherwise—as many people still alive can testify; and some of them perhaps with gratitude for their reappearance in the right quarter. But these particular fifty thousand were looked out for in so many places, and had so long been the subject of hope, as a really solid instalment of a shilling in the pound for heroes, that the most philosophical of these latter were inclined to use a short, strong word of distinctive nationality.

Poor Hilary felt that for this bad verb his own name must be the receptive case; and he vainly looked about for any remedy or rescue. Stiff as he was in the limbs, by reason of the straps of Don Alcides, and giddy of head from the staff of that most patriotic Spaniard, he found it for some time a little hard to reflect as calmly as he should have done. Indeed it was as much as he could do to mount his horse, who (unlike his master) had stuck to his post very steadfastly, and with sadness alike of soul and body to ride down to the fatal ford. Sergeant-major Bones and Corporal Nickles also remounted and followed the bewildered captain, keeping behind him

at a proper distance for quiet interchange of opinion.

"Corporal, now," said the sergeant-major, sliding his voice from behind one hand, "what may be your sentiments as consarns this very peccoliar and most misfortunate laxident?"

"Sergeant, it would be misbehooving," replied Nickles, who was a west-country man, "as well as an onceremonious thing for me to spake first in the matter. To you it be-longeth, being the one as fore-told it like a book; likewise senior hoffer." "

"Corporal, you are a credit to the army. Your discretion, at your age, is wonderful. There be so few young men as remember when a man has spoken right. I am the last man in the world to desire to be overpraised, or to take to myself any sense of it. And now I wants no credit for it. To me it seems to come natteral to discern things in a sort of way that I find in nobody else a'most."

"You doos, you doos," answered Corporal Nickles. "Many's the time as I've said to myself—'Whur can I goo, to find sergeant-major, in this here trick of the henemy?' And now, sergeant, what do 'ee think of this? No fear to tell truth in spaking 'long of me."

"Corporal, I have been thinking strongly, ever since us untied him. And I have been brought up in the world so much, that I means to think again of it."

"Why, sergeant, you never means to say—"

"Nicklos, I means just what I means. I may be right, and yet again I may be altogether wrong; as is the way of every man. 'Let me alone' is all I say. But if I was sure as you could hold your tongue, I might have something to say to you. Not of any account, you know; but still, something."

"Now, sergeant, after all the thumps us has seen and been through together, you never would behave onhandsome to me."

"Corporal Nickles, if you put it upon that footing, I cannot deny you. And mind you, now, my opinion is that this is a very queer case indeed."

"Now, now, to think of that! Why, sergeant, you ought to be a general!"

"Nickles, no flattery; I am above it. Not but what I might have done so well as other people, if the will of the Lord had been so. Consarning, however, of this to-do, and a precious rumpus it will be, my opinion is that we don't know half."

Speaking thus, the sergeant nodded to the corporal impressively, and jerked his thumb towards the captain in front, and winked, and then began again.

"You see, corporal, my place is to keep both eyes wide open. There was a many things as struck me up at the old Don's yonder. A carrying on in corners, and a going to lamps to read things, and a winking out of young ladies' eyes, to my mind most unmilitary. But I might a' thought that was all young people, and a handsome young chap going on as they will, only for what one of they dirty devils as drives them mules have said to me."

"No, now, sergeant; never, now!"

"As true as I sit this here hoss, when us come back with the sun

getting up, what did that pagan say to me? You seed him, corporal, a-running up, and you might have saved me the trouble, only you was nodding forward. 'Senhor captain,' he said to me, and the whites of his eyes was full of truth, 'the young cavalier has been too soft.' That was how I made out his country gibberish; the stuff they poor beggars are born to."

"It gooeth again the grain of my skin," Corporal Nickles answered, "to hearken them fellows chattering. But, sergeant, what did he say next?"

"Well, they may chatter, or hold their tongues, to them as cannot understand them. Requireth a gift, which is a denial to most folk to understand them. And what he said, Corporal Nickles, was this—that he was coming up the river, while the carts was waiting, and afore the robbery, mind you; and he seed a young woman come on to the bridge—you knows how they goes, corporal, when they expects you to look after them."

"Sergeant, I should think so."

"Well, she come on the bridge for all the world like that. Us have scen it fifty times. And she had a white handkercher on her head, or an Ishmaelitish mantle; and she were looking out for some young chap. And our young cap'en come after her. And who do you think she were? Why, one of the daughters of the old Don up yonner!"

"Good heart alive, now, Sergeant Bones, I can't a'most belave it!"

"Nickles, I tell you what was told me—word for word; and I say no more. But knowing what the ways of the women is, as us dragoons is so forced to do, even after a marriage and family——"

"Ah, sergeant, sergeant! we tries in vain to keep inside the strick

line of dooty. I does whatever a man can do; and my father were a butcher."

"Corporal, it is one of the trials which the Lord has ordered. They do look up at one so, and they puts the middle of their lips up, and then with their bodies they turns away, as if there was nothing to look at. But, Nickles, they gives you no sort of a chance to come to the bottom of them. And this is what young cap'en will found out. The good females always is found out at last; the same as my poor wife was. But here us are. We have relaxed the bonds of discipline with conversation. Corporal, eyes right, and wait orders!"

While these two trusty and veteran fellows had been discussing a subject far too deep for a whole brigade of them, and still were full of tender recollections (dashed with good escape), poor Hilary had been vainly spurring, here and there, and all about, himself not come to his clear mind yet, only hoping to know where the money was gone. Hope, however, upon that point was disappointed, as usual. The track of the heavy carts was clear in the gravel of the river, and up the rocky bank, and on the old Roman road towards Merida. And then, at the distance of about a furlong from the Zujar, the rut of the wooden wheels turned sharply into an elbow of a mountain-road. Here, on the hump of a difficult rise, were marks, as if many kicks, and pricks, and even stabs, had been ministered to good mules labouring heavily. There was blood on the road, and the blue shine of friction, where hard rock encountered hard iron, and the scraping of holes in gravelly spots, and the nicks of big stones laid behind wheels to ease the tugging and afford the short relief of panting. These traces were plain, and becoming plainer as the road grew worse, for nearly a mile

of the mountain-side, and then the track turned suddenly into a thicket of dark ilex, where, out of British sight and ken, the spoil had been divided.

The treasure-carts had been upset, and two of the sturdy mules, at last fundered with hard labour, lay in their blood, contented that their work was over, and that man (a greater brute than themselves) had taken all he wanted out of them. The rest had been driven or ridden on, being useful for further torment. And here on the ground were five stout coffers of good British iron; but, alas! the good British gold was flown.

At this sight, Hilary stared a little; and the five chests in the morning sun glanced back at him with such a ludicrously sad expression of emptiness, that, in spite of all his trouble, the poor young captain broke into a hearty laugh. Then his horse walked up, and sniffed at them, being reminded, perhaps, of his manger; and Hilary, dismounting, found a solitary guinea lying in the dust, the last of fifty thousand. The trail of coarse esparto bags, into which the gold had been poured from the coffers, for the sake of easier transport, was very distinct in the parts untrampled by horses, mules, or brigands. But of all the marks there was none more conspicuous than the impressions of some man's boots, larger and heavier than the rest, and appearing, over and over again, here, there, and everywhere. For a few yards up the rugged mountain, these and other footprints might be traced without much trouble, till suddenly they dispersed, grew fainter, and then wholly disappeared in trackless, hopeless, and (to a stranger) impenetrable forest.

"Thou honest guinea that would not be stolen!" cried poor Lorraine, as he returned and picked up the one remaining coin; "haply I shall

never own another honest guinea. Forty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine prefer the ownership of rogues. Last of guineas, we will not part till gold outlives humanity!"

"Now, sir, is there anything us can do?" cried Bones and Nickles, or one of them. "We has followed all the way up this here long hill, for want of better orders."

"No, my good fellows, there is nothing to be done. We cannot follow any further. I must go with all speed to report myself. Follow me, if you can keep up."

The sergeant nodded to the corporal—for, loyal and steadfast as they were, suspicion was at work with them; that ugly worm which, once set going, wriggles into the stoutest heart. Surely it was a queer thing of the captain not even to let them examine the spot; but order was order, and without a word they followed the young officer back to the highroad, and then, for some hours in the heat of the day, on the way towards Estremadura. At noontide they came to a bright, broad stream, known to them as the Guadalmez, a confluent of the Guadiana; and here they were challenged, to their great surprise, by a strong detachment of British hussars.

"What is your duty here?" asked Lorraine, as his uniform and face were acknowledged and saluted by sentries posted across the ford.

"To receive," cried an officer, riding through the river (for all of these people were wide awake), "Captain Lorraine and his Spanish convoy."

"I have no convoy," said Hilary, dropping his voice into very sad music. "All is lost. It is partly your fault. You were ordered to meet me at the Zujar ford."

"This is the Zujar ford," the cavalry major answered, sternly; and Hilary's heart fell from its last hope of recovering anything.

"We have been here these three days waiting for you," continued the major, with vehemence; "we have lost all our chance of a glorious brush; we sent you advice that we were waiting for you. And now you appear without your convoy! Captain Lorraine, what does all this mean?"

"Major, my explanation is due at headquarters, rather than to you."

"And a deuced hard job you'll have to give it, or my name's not M'Rustie," the senior officer muttered, with more terseness and truth than courtesy. "I'm blessed if I'd stand in your shoes before Old Beaky for a trifle."

Poor Hilary tried in vain to look as if he took it lightly. Even his bright and buoyant nature could not lift head against the sea of troubles all in front of him.

"I have done no harm," he kept saying to himself, when, after the few words that duty demanded, he urged his stout horse forward; and the faithful sergeant and corporal, who had shunned all inquisitive hussars, spurred vigorously after him, feeling themselves (as a Briton loves to feel himself) pregnant with mighty evidence. "What harm have I done?" asked Hilary. "I saw to everything; I worked hard. I never quitted my post, except through duty towards a lady. Any gentleman must have done what I did. To be an officer is an adornment; to be a gentleman is a necessity."

"Have you felt altogether," said conscience to him, "the necessity of that necessity? Have you found it impossible to depart from a gentleman's first duty—good faith to those who trust in him? When you found yourself bewitched with a foreign lady, did you even let your first love know it? For months you have been playing fast and loose, not caring what misery you caused. And now you are fast

in the trap of your looseness. What ever happens serves you right."

"Whatever happens serves me right!" cried Hilary Lorraine, aloud, as he lifted his sword just a little way forth, for the last time to admire it, and into the sheath dropped a quick, hot tear. "I have done my duty as an officer badly; and

far worse as a gentleman. But, Mabel, if you could see me now, I think that you would grieve for me."

He felt his heart grow warm again with the thought of his own Mabel; and in the courage of that thought he stood before Lord Wellington.

CHAPTER I.II.

The hero of a hundred fights (otherwise called "Old Beaky") had just scraped through a choking trouble on the score of money with the grasping Portuguese regency; and now, in the year 1813, he was busier than even he had ever found himself before. He had to combine, in most delicate manner and with exquisite nicety of time, the movements of columns whose number scarcely even to himself was clear; for the force of rivers unusually strong, and the doubt of bridges successively broken, and the hardship of the *Tras os Montes*, and the scattering of soldiers, who for want of money had to "subsist themselves"—which means to hunt far afield after cows, sheep, and hens—also the shifty and unpronounced tactics of the enemy, and a great many other disturbing elements, enough to make calculation sea-sick,—a senior wrangler, or even Herr Steinitz, the Wellington of the chess-board, each in his province, might go astray, and trust at last to luck itself to cut the tangled knot for him.

It was a very grand movement, and triumphantly successful; opening up as fine a march as can be found in history, sweeping onward in victory, and closing with conquest of the Frenchmen in their own France, and nothing left to stop the advance on Paris. "Was all this luck, or was it skill?" the

historian asks in wonder; and the answer, perhaps, may be found in the proverb—"luck has a mother's love for skill."

Be that as it may, it is quite certain that Hilary, though he had shown no skill, had some little luck in the present case. For the Commander-in-Chief was a great deal too busy, and had all his officers too hard at work, to order, without fatal loss of time, a general court-martial now. Moreover, he had his own reasons for keeping the matter as quiet as possible, for at least another fortnight. Every soldier by that time would be in march, and unable to turn his back on Brown Bess; whereas now there were some who might lawfully cast away the knapsack, if they knew that their bounty was again no better than a cloudy hope. And, again, there were some ugly pot-hooks of English questions to be dealt with.

All these things passed through the rapid mind of the General, as he reined his horse, and listened calmly to poor Lorraine's over-tue report. And then he fixed his keen grey eyes upon Hilary, and said shortly—

"What were you doing upon that bridge?"

"That is a question," replied Lorraine, while marvelling at his own audacity, "which I am pledged by my honour, as a gentleman, not to answer."

"By your duty as an officer, in a place of special trust, you are bound to answer it."

"General, I cannot. My lord, as I rather must call you now, I wish I could answer; but I cannot."

"You have no suspicion who it was that stole the money, with such prearrangement?"

"I have a suspicion, but nothing more; and it makes me feel treacherous, to suspect it."

"Never mind that. We have rogues to deal with. What is your suspicion?"

"My lord, I am sorry to say that again I cannot, in honour, answer you."

"Captain Lorraine, I have no time to spare;" Lord Wellington had been more than once interrupted by despatches. "Once and for all, do you mean to give any, or no, explanation of your conduct, in losing £50,000?"

"General, all my life, and the honour of my family, depend upon what I do now."

"Then go and seek advice, Lorraine," the General answered kindly, for his heart was kind; and he had taken a liking for this young fellow, and knew a little of his family.

"I have no one to go to for advice, my lord. What is your advice to me?" With these words, Hilary looked so wretched and yet so proud from his well-bred face, and beautifully-shaped blue eyes, that his General stopped from his hurry to pity him. And then he looked gently at the poor young fellow.

"This is the most irregular state of things I have ever had to deal with. You have lost a month's pay of our army, and enough to last them half a year; and you seem to think that you have done great things, and refuse all explanation.

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Is there any chance of recovering the money?"

"There might be, my lord, if we were not pushing so rapidly on for the Pyrenees."

"There might be, if we threw away our campaign! You have two courses before you; at least, if I choose to offer them. Will you take my advice, if I offer the choice?"

"I am only too glad to have any choice; and anything chosen for me by you."

"Then this is just how you stand, Lorraine—if we allow the alternative. You may demand a court-martial, or you may resign your commission. On the other hand, as you know, a court-martial may at once be called upon you. What answer are you prepared to make, when asked why you left your convoy?"

"I should be more stubborn to them than even your lordship has let me be to you."

"Then, Captain Lorraine, resign your commission. With my approval, it can be done."

"Resign my commission!" Lorraine exclaimed, reeling as if he had received a shot, and catching at the mane of the General's horse, without knowing what he was doing. "Oh no, I never could do that."

"Very well. I have given you my advice. You prefer your own decision; and I have other things to attend to. Captain Money will receive your sword. You are under arrest, till we can form a court."

"My lord, it would break my father's heart, if he were to hear of such a thing. I suppose I had better resign my commission, if I may."

"Put that in writing, and send it to me. I will forward it to the Horse Guards with a memorandum from myself. I am sorry to lose you, Captain Lorraine; you might

have done well, if you had only proved as vigilant as you are active and gallant. But one word more—what made you stop short at the ford of a little mountain-stream? I chose you as knowing the country well. You must have known that the Zujar ford was twenty miles further on your road.”

“I know all that country too well, my lord. We halted at the real Zujar ford. General Hill’s detachment stopped at the ford of the Guadalmaz. It is wrongly called the Zujar there. The Zujar has taken a great sweep to the east and fallen into the Guadalmaz and Guadalemar. Major M’Rustie must have been misled; and no doubt it was done on purpose. I have my information on the very best authority.”

“May I ask, upon what authority? Are you pledged in honour to conceal even that?”

“No, I may tell that, I do believe,” said Hilary, after one moment’s thought, and with his old bright simple smile. “I had it, my lord, from the two young ladies—the daughters of the Count of Zamora.”

“Aha!” cried Lord Wellington (being almost as fond of young ladies as they of him, and touched perhaps for the moment by the magic of a sweet young smile), “I begin to understand the bridge-affair. But I fear that young ladies can hardly be cited as authorities on geography. Otherwise, we might make out a case against the Spanish authorities for sending our escort to the wrong place. And the Spanish escort, as you say, took that for the proper place.”

“Certainly, my lord, they did. And so did the Count, and everybody. Is there any hope now that I may be acquitted?”

At a moment’s notice from hope that she would like to come back to her lodgings, Hilary opened his eyes

so wide, and his heart so wide, and every other place that hope is generally partial to, that the great commander (who trusted as little as possible of his work to hope) could not help smiling a quick, dry smile. And he felt some pain, as, word by word, he demolished hope in Hilary.

“The point of the thing is the money, Lorraine. And that we never could recover from the Spaniards, even if it was lost through them; for the very good reason that they have not got it. And even supposing the mistake to be theirs, and our escort to have been sent astray, you were a party to that mistake. And more than that; you were bound to see that the treasure did not cross the river, until our men were there. Did you do so?”

“Oh, if I only had done that, I should not be so miserable.”

“Exactly so. You neglected your duty. Take more care of your own money than you have taken of ours, Lorraine. Do as I told you. And now, good-bye.”

The General, who had long been chafing at so much discourse just now, offered his hand to Lorraine, as one who was now a mere civilian.

“Is there no hope?” asked Hilary, dropping a tear into the mane of the restive horse. “Can I never be restored, my lord?”

“Never; unless the money is made good before we go into quarters again. A heavy price for a captain’s commission!”

“If it is made good, my lord, will you restore me from this deep disgrace?”

“The question will be for his Royal Highness. But I think that in such an extraordinary case, you may rely—at any rate you may rely upon my good word, Lorraine.”

“I thank you, my lord. The money shall be paid. Not for the sake of my commission, but for the honour of our family.”

CHAPTER LIII.

The British army now set forth on its grand career of victory, with an entirely new set of breeches. Interception of convoys, and other adverse circumstances, had kept our heroes from having any money, although they had new pockets. And the British Government, with keen insight into British nature, had insisted upon it, in the last contract, that the pockets should be all four inches wide. With this the soldiers were delighted—for all the very bravest men are boys—and they put their knuckles into their pockets, and felt what a lot of money they would hold. And though the money did not come, there was the due preparation for it. It might come any day, for all they knew; and what fools they must have looked, if their pockets would not hold it! In short, these men laid on their legs to march with empty pockets; and march they did, as history shows, all the better for not having sixpence.

Though Hilary was so heartily liked, both in his own regiment and by the Staff, time (which had failed for his trial) also failed for pity of the issue. The General had desired that as little as possible should be said; and even if any one had wished to argue, the hurry and bustle would have stopped his mouth. Lorraine's old comrades were far in advance; and the Staff, like a shuttle, was darting about; and the hills and the valleys were clapping their hands to the happy accompaniment of the drum.

Casting by every outward sign that he ever had been a soldier, Hilary Lorraine set forth on his sad retreat from this fine advance; afoot, and bearing on his shoulder a canvas bag on a truncheon of olive. He would not accept any

knapsack, pouch, or soldier's usage of any kind. He had lost all right to that, being now but a shattered young gentleman on his way home.

However, in one way he showed good sense. By losing such a heap of the public money, he had learned to look a little better after his own; so he drew every farthing that he could get of his father's cash and his grandmother's, but scorned to accept the arrears of his pay; because he could not get them.

To a man of old, or of middle age, it has become (or it ought to become) a matter of very small account that he has thrown away his life. He has seen so many who have done the like (through indolence, pride, bad temper, reserve, timidity, or fool's confidence—into which the most timid men generally rush), that he knows himself now to be a fine example, instead of standing forth as a very unpleasant exception to the rule. And now, if he takes it all together, he finds many fellows who have done much worse, and seem all the better for it. Has he missed an appointment? They cut down the salary. Did he bang his back-door on a rising man? Well, the man, since he rose, has forgotten his hosts. Has he married a shrew? She looks after his kitchen. Remembering and reflecting thus, almost any good man must refuse to be called, in the long-run, a bigger fool than his neighbours.

But a young man is not yet late enough to know what human life is. He is sure that he sees by foresight all the things which, as they pass us, leave so little time for insight, and of which the only true view is the calm and pleasant retrospect. And then, like a high-stepping colt

brought suddenly on his knees, to a sense of Macadam, he flounders about in amazement so, that if the fatal damage is not done to him, he does it.

Lorraine was not one of those who cry, as the poets of all present ages do—"Let the world stand still, because I don't get on." Nevertheless he was greatly downcast, to find his own little world so early brought to a sudden stand-still. And it seems to be sadly true that the more of versatile quickness a man has in him, the less there remains to expect of him, in the way of pith and substance. But Hilary now was in no condition to go into any philosophies. He made up his mind to walk down to the sea, and take ship at some good seaport; and having been pleased at Malaga by the kind, quiet ways of the people, and knowing the port to be unobserved by French and American cruisers, he thought that he might as well try his luck once more in that direction.

Swift of foot as he was, and lightsome, when his heart was toward, he did not get along very fast on this penitential journey. So that it was the ninth day or the tenth, from his being turned out of the army, when he came once more to the "Bridge of Echoes," henceforth his "Bridge of Sighs" for ever. Here he stopped and ate his supper, for his appetite was good again; and then he looked up and down the Zujar, and said to himself what a fool he was. For lo! where Claudia had held him trembling over a fearful abyss of torrent (as it seemed by moonlight), there now was no more than nine inches of water, gliding along very pleasantly. These Spanish waters were out of his knowledge, as much as the Spanish ladies were; but though the springs might have been much

higher a fortnight ago than they were now, Hilary could not help thinking that Claudia, instead of fainting on the verge, might have jumped over, at any moment, without spraining her very neat ankles. And then he remembered that it was this same beautiful and romantic girl who had proved to the satisfaction of the Spanish colonel that this was the only Zujar ford, for that river merged its name where it joined the longer and larger Guadalmez. Upon this question there long had arisen a hopeful dilemma in Hilary's mind, which stated itself in this form. If this were the true Zujar ford, then surely the Spaniards, the natives of the country, were bound to apprise General Hill thereof. If this were not the Zujar ford, then the Spaniards were liable for the treasure beyond this place and as far as the true one. The latter was of course the stronger horn of the dilemma; but unluckily there arose against it a mighty monster of fact, quite strong enough to take even the Minotaur by the horns. Suppose the brave Spaniards to owe the money, it was impossible to suppose that they could pay it.

This reflection gave Hilary such a pain in his side that he straightway dropped it. And beholding the vivid summer sky beginning to darken into deeper blue, and the juts of the mountainous places preparing to throw light and shadow lengthwise, and the simmering of the sun-heat sinking into white mists laid abroad, he made up his mind to put best foot foremost, and sleep at Monte Argento. For he felt quite sure of the goodwill and sympathy of that pure hidalgo, the noble Count of Zamora; and from the young Donnas he might learn something about his misadventure. He could not bring himself to be-

lieve that Claudia had been privy to the dastardly outrage upon himself. His nature was too frank and open to foster such mean ideas. Young ladies were the best and sweetest, the kindest and the largest-hearted, of created beings. So they were, and so they are; but all rules have exceptions.

Hilary, as he walked up the hill (down which he had ridden so gallantly scarcely more than a fortnight since), was touched with many thinkings. The fall of the sun (which falls and rises over us so magnanimously) had that power upon his body which it has on all things. The sun was going; he had done his work, and was tired of looking at people; mount as you might, the sun was sinking, and disdained all shadows and oblation of memorial.

Through the growth of darkness thus, and the urgency of froward trees (that could not fold their arms and go to sleep without some rustling), and all the many quiet sounds that nurse the repose of evening, Lorraine came to the heavy gates that had once secured the money. The porter knew him, and was glad to let in the young British officer, whose dollars leaping right and left had made him many household friends. But in the hall the old steward met him, and with many grave inclinations of his head and body, mourned that he could not receive the illustrious Senhor.

"There is in the castle no one now but my noble mistress the Donna Camilla. His Excellence the Count is away, far from home at the wars."

"And the young Lady Claudia, where is she? I beg your pardon, steward, if I ought not to ask the question."

For the ancient steward had turned away at the sound of Donna Claudia's name; and pretending to

be very deaf, began to trim a lamp or two.

"Will the Donna Camilla permit me to see her for one minute, or for two perhaps? Her father is from home; but you, Senhor steward, know what is correct, and thus will act."

Hilary had not been so frightened at his own temerity in the deadly breach of Badajos as now when he felt himself softly slipping a brace of humble English guineas into this lofty Spaniard's palm. The steward, without knowing what he was about, except that he was trimming a very stubborn lamp, felt with his thumb that there must be a brace, and with contemptuous indignation let them slide into his pocket.

"Senhor, I will do only what is right. I am of fifty years almost in this noble family. I am trusted, as I deserve. What I do is what the Count himself would do. But a very sad thing has happened. We are obliged now to be most careful. The Senhor knows what the ladies are?"

"Senhor steward, that is the very thing that I never do know. You know them well. But, alas! I do not."

"Alas! I do," said the steward, panting, and longing to pour forth experience; but he saw some women peeping down-stairs, and took the upper hand of them. "Senhor, it is not worth the knowing. Our affairs are loftier. Go back, all you women, and prepare for bed. Have you not had your supper? Now, Senhor, in here for a minute, if you please; patience passeth all things."

But Hilary's patience itself was passed, as he waited in this little ante-room, ere the steward returned with the Donna Camilla, and, with a low bow, showed her in, and posted himself in a corner. She was dressed in pure white, which

Hilary knew to be the mourning costume of the family.

The hand which the young Andalusian lady offered was cold and trembling, and her aspect and manner were timid and abashed.

"Begone!" she cried to the worthy steward, with a sudden indignation, which perhaps relieved her. "What now shall I do?" said the steward to himself, with one hand spread upon his silver beard; "is this one also to run away?"

"Begone!" said Camilla to him once more, looking so grand that he could only go; and then quietly bolting the old gentleman out. After which she returned to Hilary.

"Senhor captain, I am very sorry to offer you any scenes of force. You have had too many from our family."

"I do not understand you, Senhorita. From your family I have received nothing but kindness, hospitality, and love."

"Alas, Senhor! and heavy blows. Our proverb is, 'Love leads to blows;' and this was our return to you. But she is of our family no more."

"I am at a loss. It is my stupidity. I do not know at all what is meant."

"In sincerity, the cavalier has no suspicion who smote down and robbed him?"

"In sincerity, the cavalier knows not; although he would be very glad to know."

"Is it possible? Oh the dark treachery! It was my cousin who struck you down; my sister who betrayed you."

"Ah, well!" said Lorraine, in a moment seeing how she trembled for his words, and how terribly she felt the shame; "if it be so, I am still in her debt. She saved my life once, and she spared it again. Now, as you see, I am none the worse. The only loser is the Bri-

tish Government, which can well afford to pay."

"It is not so. The loss is ours, of honour, faith, and gratitude."

"I pray you not to take it so. Everybody knows that the fault was mine. And whatever has happened only served me right."

"It served you aright for trusting us! It is too true. It is a bitter saying. My father mourns, and I mourn. She never more will be his daughter, and never more my sister."

"I pray you," said Hilary, taking her hand, as she turned away to control herself—"I pray you, Donna Camilla, to look at this little matter sensibly. I now understand the whole of it. Your sister is of very warm and strong patriotic sentiments. She felt that this money would do more good as the property of the *partidas* than as the pay of the British troops. And so she exerted herself to get it. All good Spaniards would have thought the same."

"She exerted herself to disgrace herself, and to disgrace her family. The money is not among the *partidas*, but all in the bags of her cousin Alcides, whom she has married without dispensation, and with her father's sanction forged. Can you make the best of that, Senhor?"

Hilary certainly could not make anything very good out of this. And cheerful though his nature was, and tolerably magnanimous, he could not be expected to enjoy the treatment he had met with. To be knocked down and robbed was bad enough; to be disgraced was a great deal worse; but to be cut out by a rival, betrayed into his power, and made to pay for his wedding with trust-money belonging to poor soldiers,—all this was enough to embitter even the sweet and kind nature of young Lorraine. Therefore his face was unlike itself,

as he turned it away from the young Spanish lady, being much taken up with his own troubles, and not yet ready to make light of them.

"Will you not speak to me, Senhor? I am not in any way guilty of this. I would have surrendered the whole of my life——"

"I pray you to pardon me," Hilary answered. "I am not accustomed to this sort of thing. Where are they now? Can I follow them?"

"Even a Spaniard could not find them. My brothers would not attempt it. Alcides knows every in and out. He has hidden his prize in the mountains of the north."

"If that is so, I can only hasten to say farewell to the Spanish land."

"To go away, and to never come back! Is it possible that you could do that?"

"It may be a bitter thing; but I must try. I am now on my way to Malaga. Being discharged from the British army, I have only to find my own way home."

"It cannot be; it never can be! Our officers lose a mule's-load of money, or spend it at cards; and we keep them still, Senhor captain. You must have made some mistake. They never could discharge you."

"If there has been any mistake," said Hilary, regaining his sweet smile, with his sense of humour, "it is on their part, not on mine. Discharged I am; and the British army, as well as the Spanish cause, must do their best to get on without me."

"Saints of heaven! And you will go, and never come back any more?"

"With the help of the saints, that is my hope. What other hope is left to me?"

Camilla de Montalvan did not answer this question with her lips, but more than answered it with her

eyes. She fell back suddenly, as if with terror, into a great blue velvet chair, and her black tresses lay on her snowy arms, although her shapely neck reclined. Then with a gentle sigh, as if recovering from a troubled dream, she raised her eyes to Hilary's, and let them dwell there long enough to make him wonder where he was. And he saw that he had but to speak the word to become the owner of grace and beauty, wealth, and rank in the Spanish army, and (at least for a time) true love.

But, alas! a burned child dreads the fire. There still was a bump on Lorraine's head from the staff of Don Alcides; and Camilla's eyes were too like Claudia's to be trusted all at once. Moreover, Hilary thought of Mabel, of all her goodness, and proven trust; and Spanish ladies, though they might be queens, had no temptation for him now. And perhaps he thought—as quick men think of little things unpleasantly—"I do not want a wife whose eyes will always be deeper than my own." And so he resolved to be off as soon as it could be done politely.

Camilla, having been disappointed more than once of love's reply, clearly saw what was going on, and called her pride to the rescue. The cavalier should not say farewell to her; she would say it to the cavalier. Also, she would let him know one thing.

"If you must leave us, Captain Lorraine, and return to your native land, you will at least permit me to do what my father would have done if he were at home—to send you with escort to Malaga. The roads are dangerous. You must not go alone."

"I thank you. I am scarcely worth robbing now. I can sing in the presence of the bandit."

"You will grant me this last favour, I am sure, if I tell you one

thing. It was not that wicked Claudia, who drew the iron from your wound."

"It was not the Donna Claudia! To whom then do I owe my life?"

"Can you not, by any means, endeavour to conjecture?"

"How glad I am!" He answered, as he kissed her cold and trembling hand, "The lady to whom I owe my life is gentle, good, and truthful."

"There is no debt of life, *Senhor*. But would it have grieved you, now, if Claudia had done it? Then be assured that she did not do it. Her manner never was to do anything good to any one. And yet, how wonderful are things! Everybody loved her. It is no good to be good, I fear. Pedro, you are at the door then, are you? You have taken care to hear everything. Go order a repast for the cavalier of the best we have, and men and horses to conduct him to Malaga. Be quick, I say, and show no hesitation." At her urgent words the steward went, yet grumbling and reluctant, and glancing over his shoulder all the way along the passage. "How that old man amuses me!" she continued, to the wondering Hilary, who had never dreamed that she could speak sharply; "ever since my sister's disgrace he thinks that his duty is to watch me. Ah! what am I to be watched for?"

"Because," said Hilary, "there is no Spaniard who would not long to steal the beautiful young Donna."

"No Spaniard shall ever do that. But haste; you are in such hurry for the sunny land of Anglia."

"I do not understand the *Senhorita*. Why should I hurry to my great disgrace? I shall never hear the last of the money I have lost."

"'Tis all money, money, money, in the noble England. But the friends of the Captain need not mourn; for the money was not his nor theirs."

"This grandly philosophical, and most truly Spanish, view of the case destroyed poor Hilary's last fond hope of any sense of a debt of honour on the part of the Montalvans. If the money lost had been Hilary's own, the Count of Zamora (all compact of chivalry and rectitude) might have discovered that he was bound to redeem his daughter's robbery. But as it stood, there was no such chance. Private honour is a mountain rill that does not always lead to any lake of public honesty. All Spaniards would bow to the will of the Lord that British guineas should slip into Spanish hands so providentially.

"We do not take such things just so," said young Lorraine, quite sadly. "I must go home and restore the money. Donna Camilla, I must say farewell."

"You will come again when you are restored? When you have proved that you did not take the money for yourself, *Senhor*, you will remember your Spanish friends?"

"I never shall forget my Spanish friends. To you I owe my life, and hold it (as long as I hold it) at your command."

"It is generously said, *Senhor*. Generosity always makes me weep. And so, farewell."

CHAPTER LIV.

In all the British army—then a walking wood of British oak, without a yard of sapling—there was no

bit of better stuff than the five feet and a quarter (allowing for his good game leg) of Major, by this time

Colonel Clumps. This officer knew what he had to do, and he made a point of doing it. Being short of imagination, he despised that foolish gift, and marvelled over and over again at others for laughing so at nothing. That whimsical tickling of the veins of thought, which some people give so and some receive (with equal delight on either side), humour, or wit, or whatever it is, to Colonel Clumps was a vicious thing. Everything must be either true or false. If it were true, who could laugh at the truth? If it were false, who should laugh at a falsehood?

Many a good man has reasoned thus, reducing laughter under law, and himself thenceforth abandoned by that lawless element. Colonel Clumps had always taken solid views of everything, and the longer he lived in the world the less he felt inclined to laugh at it. But, that laughter might not be robbed of all its dues and royalties, just nature had provided that, as the Colonel would not laugh at the world, the world should laugh at the Colonel. He had been the subject of more bad jokes, one-sided pleasantries, and heartless hoaxes, than any other man in the army; with the usual result that now he scarcely ever believed the truth, while he still retained for the pleasure of his friends a tempting stock of his native confidence in error. So that it came to pass that when Colonel Clumps (after the battle of Vittoria, in which he had shown conspicuous valour) was told of poor Hilary's sad disgrace, he was a great deal too clever and astute to believe a single word of it.

"It is ludicrous, perfectly ludicrous!" he said, that being the strongest adjective he knew to express pure impossibility. "A gallant young fellow to be cashiered without even a court-martial! How dare you tell me such a thing, sir?

I am not a man to be rough-riden. Nobody ever has imposed on me. And the boy is almost a sort of cousin of my own. The first family in the kingdom, sir."

The Colonel flew into so great a rage, twisting his white hair, and stamping his lame heel, that the officer who had brought the news, being one of his own subalterns, wisely retired into doubts about it, and hinted that nobody knew the reason, and therefore that it could not be true.

"If I mention that absurd report about young Lorraine," thought Colonel Clumps, when writing to Lady de Lampnor, "I may do harm, and I can do no good, but only get myself laughed at as the victim of a stupid hoax. So I will say no more about him, except that I have not seen him lately, being so far from headquarters, and knowing how Old Beaky is driving the Staff about." And before the brave Colonel found opportunity of taking the pen in hand again, he was heavily wounded in a skirmish with the French rear-guard, and ordered home, as hereafter will perhaps appear.

It also happened that Mr Capper's friends, those two officers who had earned so little of Mabel's gratitude by news of Hilary, were harassed and knocked about too much to find any time for writing letters. And as the Gazette in those days neglected the smaller concerns of the army, and became so hurried by the march of events, and the rapid sequence of battles, that the doings of junior officers slipped through its fingers until long afterwards, the result was that neither Coombe Lorraine nor Old Applewood farm received for months any news of the young staff officer. Neither did he yet present himself at either of those homesteads. For, as the ancient saying runs, misfortunes never come alone. The ship in which Hilary

sailed for England from the port of Cadiz—for he found no transport at Malaga—The Flower of Kent, as she was called, which appeared to him an excellent omen, was nipped in the bud of her homeward voyage. She met with a nasty French privateer to the southward of Cape Finisterre. In vain she crowded sail, and tried every known resource of seamanship; the Frenchman had the heels of her, and laid her on board at sundown. Lorraine, and two or three old soldiers, battered and going to hospital, had no idea of striking, except in the British way of doing it. But the master and the mate knew better, and stopped the hopeless conflict. So the Frenchmen sacked and scuttled the ship in the most scientific manner, and, wanting no prisoners, landed the crew on a desolate strand of Galicia, without any money to save them.

This being their condition, it is the proper thing to leave them so; for nothing is more unwise than to ask, or rather to "institute inquiries," as to the doings of people who are much too likely to require a loan; therefore return we to the South Down hills.

The wet, ungenial, and stormy summer of 1813 was passing into a wetter, more cheerless, and most tempestuous autumn. On the northern slopes of the light-carthed hills the moss had come over the herbage, and the sweet nibble of the sheep was souring. The huddled trees (which here and there rise just to the level of the ridge, and then seem polled by the sweep of the wind-rush), the bushes also, and the gorse itself, stood, or rather stooped, beneath the burden of perpetual wet. The leaves hung down in a heavy drizzle, unable to detach themselves from the wetting of the unripe stalks; the husk of the beech and the key of the ash were shrivelled for want

of kernels, and the clusters of the hazel-nut had no sun-varnish on them. The weakness of the summer sun (whether his face was spotted overmuch, or too immaculate) and the humour of clouds, and the tenor of winds, and even the tendency of the earth itself to devolve into eccentricity,—these, and a hundred other causes, for the present state of the weather were found, according to where they were looked for. On one point only there was no contradiction,—things were not as they ought to be.

Even the rector of West Lorraine, a man of most cheerful mind, and not to be put down by any one, laying to the will of the Lord his failures, and to his own merits all good success,—even the Rev. Struan Hales was scarcely a match for the weather. Sportsmen in those days did not walk in sevenfold armour, for fear of a thorn, or a shower, or a cow-dab; nor skulked they for two hours in a rick, awaiting the joy of one butchering minute. Fair play for man, and dog, and gun, and fur and feather, was then the rule; and a day of sport meant a day of work, and healthful change, and fine exercise. Therefore, Mr Hales went forth with his long and heavily-loaded gun, to comfort himself and refresh his mind, whatever the weather might be about, upon six days out of every seven. The hounds had not begun to meet; the rivers were all in flood, of course; the air was so full of rheumatism that no man could crook his arm to write a sermon, or work a concordance. Two sick old women had taken a fancy for pheasant boiled with artichoke;—willy-nilly, the parson found it a momentous duty now to shoot.

And who went with him? There is no such thing as consistence of the human mind; yet well as this glorious truth was known, and be-

moaned by every one for his neighbour's sake—not they, not all the parish, nor even we of the enlarged philosophy, could or can ever be brought to believe our own eyes that it was Bonny! But, in spite of all impossibility, it was; and the explanation requires relapse.

Is it within recollection that the rector once shot a boy in a hedge? The boy had clomb up into an ivied stump, for purposes of his own, combining review with criticism. All critics deserve to be shot if they dare to cross the grand aims of true enterprise. They pepper, and are peppered; but they generally get the best of it. And so did this boy that was shot in the hedge. Being of a crafty order, he dropped, and howled and rolled so piteously, that poor Mr Hales, although he had fired at a distance of more than fourscore yards from the latent vagabond, cast down his gun in the horror of having slain a fellow-creature. But when he ran up and turned him over to search for the fatal injury, the boy so vigorously kicked and roared, that the parson had great hopes of him. After some more rolling, a balance was struck; the boy had some blue spots under his skin, and a broad gold guinea to plaster them.

Now this boy was not our Bonny, nor fit in any way to compare with him. But uncivilised minds are very jealous; and next to our Bonny, this boy that was shot was the furthest from civilisation of all the boys of the neighbourhood. Therefore, of course, bitter jealousy raged betwixt him and the real outsider. Now the boy that was shot got a new pair of boots from the balance of his guinea, and a new pair of legs to his nether garments, under his mother's guidance. And to show what he was, and remove all doubts of the genuine expenditure, his father and mother combined and

pricked him, with a pin in a stick, to the Sunday-school. Here Madge Hales (the second and strongest daughter of the church) laid hold of him, and converted him into right views of theology, hanging upon sound pot-hooks.

But a far greater mind than Bill Harkles could own was watching this noble experiment. Bonny had always hankered kindly after a knowledge of "pictur-books." The gifts of nature were hatching inside him, and chipped at the shell of his chickenhood. He had thrashed Bill Harkles in two fair fights, without any aid from his donkey, and he felt that Bill's mind had no right whatever to be brought up to look down on him.

This boy, therefore, being sneered at by erudite Bill Harkles, knew that his fists would be no fair answer, and retired to his cave. Here he looked over his many pickings, and proudly confessing inferior learning, refreshed himself with superior wealth. And this meditation, having sound foundation, satisfied him till the next market-day—the market-day at Steyning. Bonny had not much business here, but he always liked to look at things; and sometimes he got a good pannier of victuals, and sometimes he got nothing. For the farmers of the better sort put off their dinner till two o'clock, when the prime of the market was over, and then sat down to boiled beef and carrots in the yard of the White Horse Inn, and often did their best in that way.

Of this great "ordinary"—great at any rate as regards consumption—Farmer Gates, the churchwarden, was by ancestral right the chairman; but for several market-days the vice-presidency had been vacant. A hot competition had raged, and all Steyning had thrilled with high commotion about the succession to the knife and fork at the bottom of

the table; until it was announced amid general applause that Bottler was elected. It was a proud day for this good pigman, and perhaps a still prouder one for Bonny, when the new vice-president was inducted into the Windsor chair at the foot of the long and ancient table; and it marked the turning-point in the life of more than one then present.

The vice-president's cart was in the shed close by, and on the front lade sat Bonny, sniffing the beauty of the "silver-side," and the luscious suggestions of the marrow-bone. Polly longed fiercely to be up there with him; but her mother's stern sense of decorum forbade; the pretty Miss Bottlers would be toasted after dinner,—and was one to be spied in a pig-cart? No sooner was the cloth removed, than the chairman proposed, in most feeling and eloquent language, the health of his new colleague. And now it was Bottler's reply which created a grand revolution in Steyning. With graceful modesty he ascribed his present proud position, the realisation of his fondest hopes, neither to his well-known integrity, industry, strict attention to business, nor even the quality of his bacon. All these things, of course, contributed; but "what was the grand element of his unparalleled success in life?" A cry of "white stockings!" from the Bramber pig-sticker was sternly suppressed, and the man kicked out. "The grand element of his success in life was his classical education!"

Nobody knowing what was meant by this, thunders of applause ensued; until it was whispered from cup to cup that Bottler, when he was six years old, had been three months at the Grammar School. He might have forgotten every word he had learned, but any one might see that it was dung dug in. So a dozen of the farmers resolved at once to have their children Latined; and

Bonny in his inmost heart aspired to some education. What was the first step to golden knowledge? He put this question to himself obscurely, as he rode home on his faithful Jack, with all the marrow-bones of the great feast rattling in a bag behind him. From the case of Bill Harkles he reasoned soundly, that the first thing to do was to go and get shot.

On the following day—the month being August, or something very near it, in the year 1812 (a year behind the time we got on to), Mr Hales, to keep his hand in, took his favourite flint-gun down, and patted it, and reprimed it. He had finished his dinner, it had been a good one; and his partner in life had been lamenting the terrible price of butcher's meat. She did not see how it could end in anything short of a wicked rebellion, when the price of bread was put with it. And the rector had answered, with a wink to Cecil, "Order no meat for to-morrow, my dear, nor even for the next day. We shall see what we shall see." With this power of promise, he got on his legs, and stopped all who were fain to come after him. He knew every coney and coney's hole on the glebe, and on the clerk's land; and they all would now be out at grass, and must be treated gingerly. He was going to shoot for the pot, as sportsmen generally did in those days.

With visions of milky onions, about to be poured on a broad and well-boiled back, the rector (after sneaking through a furzy gate) peeped down a brown trench of the steep hillside; here he spied three little sandy juts of recent excavation, and on each of them sat a hunch-backed coney, proud of the labours of the day, and happily curling his whiskers. The rector, peering downward, saw the bulging over their large black eyes, and the prick of

their delicate ears, and their gentle chewing of the grass-blade. There was no chance of a running shot, for they would pop into earth in a moment; so he tried to get two of them into a line, and then he pulled his trigger. The nearest rabbit fell dead as a stone; but the rector could scarcely believe his eyes, when through the curls of the smoke he beheld, instead of the other rabbit, a ragged boy rolling, and kicking, and hollering!

"Am I never to shoot without shooting a boy?" cried the parson, rushing forward: "another guinea! A likely thing! I vow I will only pay a shilling this time. The sport would ruin a bishop!"

But Mr Hales found to his great delight that the boy was not touched by a shot, nor even made pretence to be so. He had craftily crept through the bushes from below, and quietly lurked near the rabbits' hole, and after the shot, had darted forth, and thrown himself cleverly on the wounded rabbit, who otherwise must have got away to die a lingering death in his burrow. The quickness and skill of the boy, and the luck of thus bagging both rabbits, so pleased the rector that he gave him sixpence, and bade him follow to carry the game and to see more sport. Bonny had a natural turn for sport, which never could be beaten out of him, and to get it encouraged by the rector of the parish was indeed a godsend. And in his excitement at every shot, he poured forth his heart about rabbits, and hares, and wood-queists, and partridges, and even pheasants.

"Why, you know more than I do!" said the rector, kindly laying his hand on the shoulder of the boy, after loading for his tenth successful shot. "How ever have you picked up all these things? The very worst poacher of the coming age; or else the best gamekeeper."

"I looks about, or we does, me and Jack together," answered Bonny, with one of his broadest and most genuine grins; and the gleam of his teeth, and the twinkle of his eyes, enforced the explanation.

"Come to my house in the morning, Bonny," said the rector. And that was the making of him. For the boy that cleaned the knives and boots, had never conscientiously filled that sphere, though he was captain of the Bible-class. And now he had taken the measles so long, that they had put him to earth the celery. Here was an opening, and Bonny seized it; and though he made very queer work at first, his native ability carried him on, till he put a fine polish on everything. From eighteen-pence a week he rose to two and threepence, within nine months; and to this he soon added the empty bottles, and a commission upon the grease-pot!

Even now, all has not been told; for by bringing the cook good news of her sweetheart, and the parlour-maid dry sticks to light her fire, and by showing a tender interest in the chilblains of even the scullery-maid, he became such a favourite in the kitchen, that the captain of the Bible-class defied him to a battle in the wash-house. The battle was fought, and victory, though long doubtful, perched at last upon the banner of brave Bonny; and with mutual esteem, and four black eyes, the heroes parted.

After this, all ran smooth. The rector (who had enjoyed the conflict from his study-window, without looking off, more than he could help, from a sermon upon "Seek peace, and ensue it"), as soon as he had satisfied himself which of the two boys hit the straighter, went to an ancient wardrobe, and examined his bygone hunting-clothes. Here he found an old scarlet coat, made for him thirty years ago at Oxford, but now a

world too small; and he sighed that he had no son to inherit it. Also a pair of old buckskin breeches, fitter for his arms than his legs just now. The motils were in both; they were growing scurfy; sentiment must give way to sense. So Bonny got coat and breeches; and the maids with merry pinches, and screams of laughter, and consolatory kisses,

adapted them. He showed all this grandeur to his donkey Jack, and Jack was in two minds about snapping at it.

This matter being cleared, and the time brought up, here we are at West Lorraine in earnest, in the month of October 1813; long after Hilary's shocking disgrace, but before any of his own people knew it.

CHAPTER IV.

"What a lazy loon that Steenie Chapman is!" said the rector, for about the twentieth time, one fine October morning. "He knows what dreadful weather we get now. and yet he can't be here by nine o'clock! Too bad I call it; too bad a great deal. Send away the tea-pot, Caroline."

"But, my dear," answered Mrs Hales, who always made the best of every one, "you forget how very bad the roads must be, after all the rain we have had. And I am sure he will want a cup of tea after riding through such flooded roads."

"Tea indeed!" the parson muttered, as he strode in and out of the room, with his shot-belt dancing on his velveteen shooting-coat, and snapped his powder-flask impatiently; "Steenie's tea comes from the case, not the caddy. And the first gleam of sunshine I've seen for a week, after that heavy gale last night. It will rain before twelve o'clock, for a guinea. Cecil, run and see if you can find that boy Bonny. I shall start by myself, and send Bonny down the road with a message for Captain Chapman."

"The huntsman came out of the back-kitchen, Cecil, about two minutes ago," said Madge, who never missed a chance of a cut at Bonny, because he had thrashed her pet Bible-scholar; "he was routing about, with his red coat on, for

scraps of yellow soap and candle-ends."

"What a story!" cried Cecil, who was Bonny's champion, being his schoolmistress; "I wish your Dick was half as good a boy. He gets honest every day almost. I'll send him to you, papa, in two seconds. I suppose you'll speak to him at the side-door."

At a nod from her father, away she ran, while Madge followed slowly to help in the search: and finding that the boy had left the house, they took different paths in the garden to seek him, or overtake him on his homeward way. In a few moments Cecil, as she passed some laurels, held up her hand to recall her sister, and crossed the grass towards her very softly, with finger on lip and a mysterious look.

"Hush, and come here very quietly," she whispered; "I'll show you something as good as a play." Then the two girls peeped through the laurel bush, and watched with great interest what was going on.

In an alley of the kitchen-garden sat Bonny upon an old sea-kale pot, clad in his red coat and white breeches, and deeply meditating. Before him, upon an espalier tree, hung a tempting and beautiful apple, a scarlet pearmain, with its sleek sides glistening in the slant of the sunbeams.

"I'll lay you a shilling he steals

it," Madge whispered into the ear of her sister. "Done," replied Cecil, with her hand before her mouth. Meanwhile Bonny was giving them the benefit of his train of reasoning. His mouth was wide open, and his eyes very bright, and his forehead a field of perplexity.

"They're all agrubbing in the house," he reflected; "and they ain't been and offered me a bit to-day. There's ever so many more on the tree; and they locked up the scullery cupboard; and one on 'em called me a little warmint; and they tuck the key out of the beer-tap."

With all these wrongs upward, he stretched forth his hand, and pretty Cecil trembled for her shilling; shillings being very scarce with her. But the boy, without quite having touched the apple, drew back his hand; and that withdrawal perhaps was the turning-point of his life.

"He gived me all this," he said, looking at his sleeve; "and all on 'em stitched it up for me; and they lets me go in and out without watching; and twice I'se been out with him, shutting! I 'out, I 'out. And them bright apples seldom be worth a ting of."

Sturdily he arose, and gave a kick at one of the posts of the apple-tree, and set off for the gate as hard as he could go, while the virtuous vein should be uppermost.

"What a darling of honour!" cried Cecil Hales, jumping after him. "A Bayard, a Cato, an Aristides! He shall have his apple, and he shall have sixpence; and unlimited faith for ever. Bonny, come back. Here's your apple for you, and sixpence; and what would you like to have best in all the world now?"

"To go out shutting with the master, Miss."

"You shall do it; I will speak to papa, myself. If you please, Miss

Madge, pay up your shilling. Now come back, Bonny; your master wants you."

"You are a little too late for your errand, I fear," answered Margaret, pulling her purse out; "while you were pursuing this boy, I heard the sound of a grand arrival."

"So much the better!" cried Cecil, who (like her mother) always made the best of things. "Papa has been teasing his gun for an hour. Bonny, run back, and keep old Shot quiet. He will break his chain, by the noise he makes. You are as bad as he is; and you both shall go."

The rector—of all men the most hospitable, though himself so sober in the morning—revived Captain Chapman, or at least refreshed him, with brandy and bitters, after that long ride. And keenly heeding all hindrance, in his own hurry to be starting, he thought it a very bad sign for poor Alice, that Stephen received no comfort from one, nor two, nor even three, large glasses.

At length they set forth, with a sickly sun shrinking back from the promise of the morning, and a vaporous glisten in the white south-east, looking as watery as the sea. "I told you so, Steenie," said the parson, who knew every sign of the weather among these hills; "we ought to have started two hours sooner. If ever we had wet jackets in our life, we shall have them to-day, bold captain."

"It will bring in the snipes," said the captain, bravely. "We are not the sort of men, I take it, to heed a little sprinkle. Tom, have you got my bladder-coat?"

"All right, your honour," his keeper replied; and "see-ho!" cried Bonny, while the dogs were ranging.

"Where, where, where?" asked the captain, dancing in a breathless flurry round a tuft of heath. "I can't see him, where is he, boy?"

"Poke her up, boy," said the rector; "surely you would not shoot the poor thing on her form!"

"Let him sit till I see him," cried the captain, cocking both his barrels; "now I am ready. Where the devil is he?"

"She can't run away," answered Bonny, "because your honour's heel be on her whiskers. Ah, there her gooth! Quick, your honour!"

And so she did in spite of his honour, and both the loads he sent after her; while the rector laughed so at the captain's plight, that it was quite impossible for him to shoot. The keeper also put on an experienced grin, while Bonny flung open all the cavern of his mouth.

"Run after him, boy! Look alive!" cried the captain. "I defy him to go more than fifty yards. You must all have seen how I peppered him."

"Ay, and salted her too, I believe," said the parson: "look along the barrel of my gun, and you will see the salt still on her tail, eh, Steenie?"

As he pointed, they all saw the gallant hare at a leisurely canter crossing the valley, some quarter of a mile below them.

"What!" cried the rector; "did you see that jump? What can there be to jump over there?" For puss had made a long bound from bank to bank, at a place where they could not see the bottom.

"Water, if 'e plaize, sir," answered Bonny; "a girt strame of water comed down that hollow, all of a sudden this mornint; and it hath been growing stronger ever since."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr Hales, dropping his gun. "What is the water like, boy?"

"I never seed no water like it afore. As black as what I does your boots with, sir; but as clear—you can see every stone in it."

"Then the Lord have mercy on this poor parish; and especially to

the old house of Lorraine! For the Woeburn has broken out again."

"Why, rector, you seem in a very great fright," said Captain Chapman, recovering slowly from his sad discomfiture. "What is the matter about this water? Some absurd old superstition—is not it?"

"Superstition or not," Mr Hales answered shortly, "I must leave you to shoot by yourself, Captain Chapman. I could not fire another shot to-day. It is more than three hundred and fifty years since this water of death was seen. In my church you may read what happened then. And not only that, but according to tradition, its course runs directly through our village, and even through my garden. My people know nothing about it yet. It may burst upon them quite suddenly. There are many obstructions, no doubt, in its course, and many hollow places to fill up. But before many hours it will reach us. As a question of prudence, I must hasten home. Shot, come to heel this moment!"

"You are right," said the captain; "I shall do the same. Your hospitable board will excuse me to-night. I would much rather not leap the Woeburn in the dark."

With the instinct of a gentleman, he perceived that the rector, under this depression, would prefer to have no guest. Moreover, the clouds were gathering with dark menace over the hill-tops; and he was not the man—if such man there be—to find pleasure in a wet day's shooting.

"No horse has ever yet crossed the Woeburn," Mr Hales replied, as they all turned homeward across the shoulder of the hill; "at least, if the legends about that are true. Though a hare may have leaped it to-day, to-morrow no horse will either swim or leap it."

"Bless my heart! does it rise like that? The sooner we get out of its way, the better. What a pest it will be to you, rector! Why, you never will be able to come to the meet, and our opening day is next Tuesday."

"Steenie," cried the rector, imbibing hope, "it has not struck me in that light before. But it scarcely could ever be the will of the Lord to cut off a parson from his own pack!"

"Oh, don't walk so fast!" shouted Captain Chapman; "one's neck might be broken down a hill like this. Tom, let me lean on your shoulder. Boy, I'll give you sixpence to carry my gun. Tom, take the flints out, that he mayn't shoot me. Here, Uncle Struan, just sit down a minute; a minute can't make any difference, you know."

"That is true," said the rector, who was also out of breath. "Bonny, how far was the black water come? You seem to know all about it."

"Plaize, sir, it seem to be coming down a hill; and the longer I looked, the more water was a-coming."

"You little nincompoop! had it passed your own door yet—your hole, or your cave, or whatever you call it?"

"Plaize sir, it worn't a runnin' towards I at all. It wor makin' a hole in the ground and kickin' a splash up in a fuzzy corner."

"My poor boy, its course is not far from your door; it may be in among your goods, and have drowned your jackass and all, by this time."

Like an arrow from a bow, away went Bonny down the headlong hill, having cast down the captain's gun, and pulled off his red coat to run the faster. The three men left behind clapped their hands to their sides and roared with laughter; at such a pace went the white buckskin breeches, through bramble,

gorse, heather, over rock, sod, and chalk. "What a grand flying shot!" cried the keeper.

"Where the treasure is, there will the heart be," said the rector, as soon as he could speak. "I would give a month's tithes for a good day's rout among that boy's accumulations. He has got the most wonderful things, they say; and he keeps them on shelves, like a temple of idols. What will he do when he gets too big to go in at his own doorway? I am feeding him up with a view to that; and so are my three daughters."

"He must be a thorough young thief," said the captain. "In any other parish, he would be in prison. I scarcely know which is the softer 'Beak'—as we are called—you, or Sir Roland."

"Tom," cried the rector, "run on before us; you are young and active. Inquire where old Nanny Stilgoe lives, at the head of the village, and tell her that the flood is coming upon her; and help her to move her things, poor old soul, if she will let you help her. Tell her I sent you, and perhaps she will, although she is very hard to deal with. She has long been foretelling this break of the bourne; but the prophets are always the last to set their own affairs in order."

The keeper touched his hat, and set off. He always attended to the parson's orders more than his own master's. And Mr Hales saw from the captain's face that he had ordered things too freely.

"Steenie, I bog your pardon," he said; "I forgot for the moment that I should have asked you before I despatched your man like that. But I did it for your own good, because we need no longer hurry."

"Rector, I am infinitely obliged to you. To order those men is so fatiguing. I always want some one to do it for me. And now we

may go down the hill, I suppose, without snapping all our knee-caps. To go up a hill fast is a very bad thing; but to go down fast is a great deal worse, because you think you can do it."

"My dear fellow, you may take your time. I will not walk you off your legs, as that wicked niece of mine did. How are you getting on there now?"

"Well, that is a delicate question, rector. You know what ladies are, you know. But I do not see any reason to despair of calling you 'uncle,' in earnest."

"Have you brought the old lady over to your side? You are sure to be right when that is done."

"She has been on my side all along, for the sake of the land. Ah, how good it is!"

"And nobody else in the field, that we know of. Then Lallie can't hold out so very much longer. Lord bless me! do you see that black line yonder?"

"To be sure! Why, it seems to be moving onward, like a great snake crawling. And it has a white head. What a wonderful thing!"

"It is our first view of the Woe-burn. Would to heaven that it were our last one! The black is the water, and the white, I suppose, is the chalky scum swept before it. It is following the old track, as lava does. It will cross the Coombe road in about five minutes. If you want to get home, you must be quick to horse. Never mind the rain: let us run down the hill or just stop one half-minute."

They were sitting in the shelter of a chalky rock, with the sullen storm rising from the south behind them, and the drops already pattering. On the right hand and on the left, brown ridges, fuzzy rises, and heathery scollops overhanging silted rubble, and the steep zig-zags of the sheep, and the rounding away into nothing of the hill-tops,

—all of these were fading into the slaty blue of the rain-cloud. Before them spread for leagues and leagues, clear, and soft, and smiling still, the autumnal beauty of the weald-land. Tufting hamlets here and there, with darker foliage round them, elbows of some distant lane unconsciously prominent, swathes of colour laid on broadly where the crops were all alike; some bold tree of many ages standing on its right to stand; and grey church-towers, far asunder, landmarks of a longer view; in the fading distance many things we cannot yet make out; but hope them to be good and beautiful, calm, and large with human life.

This noble view expanded always the great heart of the rector; and he never failed to point out clearly the boundary-line of his parish. He could scarcely make up his mind to miss that opportunity, even now; and was just beginning with a distant furze-riek, far to the westward under Chancton Ring, when Chapman, having heard it at least seven times, cut him short rather briskly.

"You are forgetting one thing, my dear sir. Your parish is being cut in two, while you are dwelling on the boundaries."

"Steenie, you are right. I had no idea that you had so much sense, my boy. You see how the ditches stand all full of water, so as to confuse me. A guinea for the first at the rectory gate! You ought to be handicapped. You call yourself twenty years younger; don't you?"

"Here's the guinea!" cried Chapman, as the parson set off; "two if you like; only let me come down this confounded hill, considerably."

Mr Hales found nothing yet amiss with his own premises; some people had come to borrow shovels, and wheeling-planks, and suchlike; but the garden looked so fair and dry, with its pleasant slope to the east,

that the master laughed at his own terrors; until he looked into the covered well, the never-failing black-diamond water, down below the tool-house. Here a great cone rose in the middle of the well, like a plume of black ostrich; and the place was alive with hollow noises.

"Dig the celery!" cried the rector. "Every man and boy, come here. I won't have my celery washed away, nor my drumhead savoy, nor my ragged Jack. Girls, come out, every one of you. There is not a moment to lose, I tell you. I never had finer stuff in all my life; and I won't have it all washed away, I tell you. Here, you heavy-breeched Dick, what the dickens are you gaping at? I shan't get a thing done before dark, at this rate. Out of my way, every one of you. If you can't stir your stumps, I can."

With less avail, like consternation seized every family in West Lorraine. A river, of miraculous birth and power, was sweeping down upon all of them. There would never be any dry land any more; all the wise old women had said so. Everybody expected to see black water bubbling up under his bed that night.

Meanwhile this beautiful and grand issue of the gathered hill-springs moved on its way majestically, obeying the laws it was born of. The gale of the previous night had unsealed the chamber of great waters, forcing the needful air into the duct, and opening vaults that stored the rainfall of a hundred hills and vales. Through such a "bower of stalactite, such limpid realms and lakes enlock'd in caves," Cyrene led her weeping son—

"Where all the rivers of the world he found,

In separate channels gliding underground."

And now, as this cold resistless flood calmly reclaimed its ancient

channel, swallowed up Nanny Stilgoe's well, and cut off the rector from his own church; as if to encounter its legendary bane, a poor young fellow, depressed, and shattered, feeble, and wan, and heavy-hearted, was dragging his reluctant steps up the valley of the Adur. Left on the naked rocks of Spain, conquered, plundered, and half starved, Hilary Lorraine had fallen, with the usual reaction of a sanguine temperament, into low spirits and disordered health. So that when he at last made his way to Corunna, and found no British agent there, nor any one to draw supplies from, nothing but the pride of his family kept him from writing to the Count of Zamora. Of writing to England there was no chance. All communication ran through the channels of the distant and victorious army. So that he thought himself very lucky (in the present state of his health and fortunes), when the captain of an oil-ship bound for London, having lost three hands on the outward voyage, allowed him to work his passage. The fare of a landsman in feeble health was worth perhaps more than his services; but the captain was a kind-hearted man, and perceived (though he knew not who Hilary was) that he had that very common thing in those days, a "gent under a cloud" to deal with. And the gale, which had opened the Woeburn, shortened Hilary's track towards it, by forcing his ship to run for refuge into Shoreham harbour.

"How shall I go home? What shall I say? Disgraced, degraded, and broken down, a stain upon my name and race, I am not fit to enter our old doors. What will my father say to me? And proud Alice—what will her thoughts be?"

With steps growing slower at each weary drag, he crossed the bridge of Bramber, and passed beneath the ivied towers of the rivals

of his ancestors, and then avoiding Steyning town, he turned up the valley of West Lorraine. And the rain which had come on at middle-day, and soaked his sailor's slops long ago, now took him on the flank judiciously. And his heart was so low, that he received it all without talking either to himself or it.

"I will go to the rectory first," he thought; "Uncle Struan is violent, but he is warm. And though he has three children of his own, he loves me much more than my father does."

With this resolution, he turned on the right down a lane that came out by the rectory. The lane broke off suddenly into black water; and a tall, robust man stood in the twilight, with a heavy spade over his shoulder. And Hilary Lorraine went up to him.

"No, no, my man; not a penny to spare!" said the rector, in anticipation; "we have a great deal too much to do with our own poor, and with this new trouble especially. The times are hard—yes, they always are; but an honest man always can get good work. Or go and fight for your country, like a man—but we can't have you in this parish."

"I have fought for my country, Uncle Struan; and this is all that has come of it."

"Good God, Hilary!" cried the rector; and for a long time he could say nothing else.

"Yes, Uncle Struan, don't you understand? Every one must have his ups and downs. I am having a long spell of downs just now."

"My dear boy, my dear boy, whatever have you done?"

"Do you mean to throw me over, Uncle Struan, as the rest of the world has beautifully done? Everything seems to be upset. What is

the meaning of this broad black stream?"

"Come into my study, and tell me all. I can let you in without sight of your aunt. The shock would be too great for her."

Hilary followed without a word. Mr Hales led him in at the window, and warmed him, and covered him with his own dressing-gown, and watched him slowly recovering.

"Never mind the tar on your hands; it is an honest smell," he said; "my poor boy, my poor boy, what you must have been through!"

"Whatever has happened to me," answered Hilary, spreading his thin hands to the fire, "has been all of my own doing, Uncle Struan."

"You shall have a cordial; and you shall tell me all. There, I have bolted the door. I am your parson, as well as your uncle. All you say will be sacred with me. And I am sure you have done no great harm after all. We shall see what your dear aunt thinks of it."

Then Hilary, sipping a little rum-and-water, wandered through his story; not telling it brightly, as once he might have done, but hiding nothing consciously.

"Do you mean to tell me there is nothing worse than that?" asked the rector, with a sigh of great relief.

"There is nothing worse, uncle. How could it be worse?"

"And they turned you out of the army for that! How thankful I am for belonging to the Church! You are simply a martyred hero."

"Yes, they turned me out of the army for that. How could they help it?" Reasoning thus he met his uncle's look of pity, and it was too much for him. He did what many a far greater man, and braver hero has done, and will do, when the soul is moving. He burst into a hot flood of tears.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

HANGRANG, SPITI, AND TIBETAN POLYANDRY.

ON turning north-westward from Chinese Tibet I set myself to the task of traversing the whole line of the Western Himálya, from Lío Porgyúl to Kashmir and the Hindú Kúsh, in the interior of its ranges, at a height usually about 12,000 feet, and through the provinces of Hangrang, Spiti, Lahaul, Zanskar, Súrú, and Dras. About half of this line of journey is not to be found in Montgomerie's Routes, and it involves more than one passage of several days over high and difficult ground, where there are no villages, no houses, and scarcely even any wood. Nevertheless, it commends itself as a summer and autumn journey to the traveller, from its great elevation, which keeps him above the tremendous heat of the gorges—from its singularly pure and bracing air—from the protection which more than one snowy range affords against the Indian monsoon—from the awful sublimity of the scenery—and from the exceedingly primitive and essentially Turanian and Lamaistic character of the people among whom he has to sojourn.

It is possible to hit upon this line of journey without essaying the arduous task of visiting Pú and Shipki, because there is a path from Súngnam to Nako, in Hangrang, by way of Lío and Hango, which, though it goes over the Hangrang Pass at an altitude of 14,530 feet, is comparatively easy. But from Namgea Rizling or Fields, I had to reach Nako by crossing the Suttlej and passing over a shoulder of the great mountain Lío Porgyúl: so, on the 12th August, we made the steep ascent to the village of Namgea, and from there to a very unpleasant

jhúla which crosses the foaming torrent of the Suttlej. In this part of the Himálya, and, indeed, on to Kashmir, these bridges are constructed of twigs, chiefly from birch-trees or bushes, twisted together. Two thick ropes of these twigs, about the size of a man's thigh, or a little larger, are stretched across the river, at a distance of about six to four feet from each other, and a similar rope runs between them, three or four feet lower, being connected with the upper ropes by more slender ropes, also usually of birch twigs twisted together, but sometimes of grass, and occurring at an interval of about five feet from each other. The unpleasantness of a *jhúla* is that the passenger has no proper hold of the upper ropes, which are too thick and rough to be grasped by the hand; and that, at the extremities, they are so far apart that it is difficult to have any hold of both at the same time; while the danger is increased by the bend or hang of the *jhúla*, which is much lower in the middle than at its ends. He has also to stoop painfully in order to move along it; and it is seldom safe for him to rest his feet on the lower rope, except where it is supported from the upper ropes by the transverse ones. To fall into the raging torrent underneath would be almost certain destruction. The high wind which usually prevails in the Himálya during the day, makes the whole structure swing about frightfully. In the middle of the bridge there is a cross-bar of wood (to keep the two upper ropes separate) which has to be stepped over; and it is not customary to repair a *jhúla* until

some one falls through it, and so gives practical demonstration that it is in rather a rotten state. One of these bridges—at Kokser on the Chandra river, but now superseded by a wooden bridge—may have accelerated the death of Lord Elgin on his way up to Dharamsala. When crossing over it his coat was caught on the birch twigs; and his progress being thus arrested, he was unable to go over it with that continuous, but not too rapid motion, which is the safest way of dealing with such a passage. To delay on a bridge of this kind, swinging in the wind, is trying to the strongest nerves; and I know, on excellent authority, that the position in which he was thus placed had probably some effect in aggravating the heart disease from which this Governor-General died not many days afterwards.

This bridge below Namga, which is over 100 feet in length, is a particularly bad one, because there is so little traffic over it that it is almost never repaired; and Mr Pagell told me that the Namga people were at some loss to know how I was to be got across in my weak and disabled state. A discussion arose amongst them as to whether the *jhūla* would bear the weight of one or two men to assist me over it, on hearing of which I could not help laughing quietly, because, however unfit for prolonged muscular exertion, any short dangerous piece of work was just what I liked. Accordingly, to the wonder and admiration of the mountaineers, who could not distinguish between incapacity for walking up 6000 feet and weakness of nerve, I took the *jhūla* whenever I came to it, without stopping to think of it, or looking either to the right or the left until I found myself safe on the rocks on the other side. Silas followed my example, and, with his lithe Maráthia frame, got over it in

splendid style; but the heavy Chota Khan nearly stuck in the middle, at the cross-bar, and reached *terra firma* in a state of great agitation. Among the people who carried our things, there was the comely wife of a zemindar, who came with us for a curious reason. Two of her servants had been detailed off to take part in the carriage of our effects, and it occurred to this buxom dame that it would not do to let her servants go and receive money on their own account; so she came also, and carried a mere nominal burden, having been over with us at Shipki. A sentimental and perfectly virtuous friendship had sprung up between this lady and my Afghan cook; and Chota Khan's admiration of her reached the culminating point when he saw his fat friend cross and recross the *jhūla* without the least hesitation or trepidation. All our baggage got across safely, which cannot be calculated upon at this particular bridge, and nobody fell through, though such a result did not appear at all unlikely from the rotten state of the birch ropes. I have gone over worse *jhūlas* than this; but it was my first, and impressed me with a feeling that the fewer we met with on our way the better. Any bridge, however, and even the hair-like bridge of Chinavád itself, with hell flaming beneath, would have been welcome to me at this time, so long as it took me across the Sutlej, and away from its furnace-like valley. I experienced an intense feeling of relief on finding that I had no more Sutlej, but only the long line of the Western Himaliya before me. It may appear very absurd to hate a river, and regard it as a personal enemy and special agent of the powers of evil; but that was the frame of mind into which I had got as regards this stream. "Go to," I said, "you uneasy,

yellowish-white, foaming, thundering river. Go and choke yourself in the sands of the Panjáb. You may be called *Langchenkhubad*, and be fed by the mouths of elephants or demons; you may be richly laden with gold-dust, and may worm your way into the bowels of the earth, until, in sunless caverns, you pollute the waters of Alph, the sacred river; but you shall have none of my dust to grind against the walls of your rock-prison."

In order to reach Nako, where Mr Pagell was to part from me, we had to cross Lio Porgyül at a height of about 14,000 feet, the lower path having become impassable; but that could not be done in a day, so we camped at a very charming spot called Gyumür, on the Suttlej side of the great mountain, at the height of about 11,500 feet. This was a place corresponding to Namgea and Shipki Rihing, having a few terraced fields, and also a few huts; but it was more level than these other outlying stations, and had willow-trees with rills of pure water running through meads of soft, thick, green grass. A spot like this has a peculiar charm after days of barren rock, and it was all the more pleasant because Lio Porgyül shaded the sun from off us by 3 p.m., and left a long, cool, pleasant afternoon. Mr Pagell's convert, whose father had been hereditary executioner at Kunáwar, came out very great on this occasion. All along he had shown a disposition to talk without measure, and without much regard as to whether any one was listening to him or not. It seemed as if having been denied the privilege of cutting off human heads, and so stopping human breath, he had a special claim to use his own throat and his own breath to an unlimited extent. Mr Pagell, with his kind and philosophical view of

human frailty, excused his follower on the ground that it was the man's nature so to act; and clearly it was so. If the Hereditary Executioner had somewhat restrained his conversational powers at Shipki, as a place where there was some danger of conversation being cut short by the removal of the conversing head, he fully made up for the deprivation at Gyumür. He talked, without ceasing, to his Moravian brother and to me, to my servants, to the Namgea *bigarries*, to the willow-trees, to the rills, to the huts, and to the stones. It did not in the least matter that no one understood much of what he said, for his dialect of Lower Kunáwar was not rendered more intelligible to the people about him by the mispronounced Tibetan words which he mixed up with it out of his bronchial tubes. That was a matter of no consequence to the Hereditary Executioner, who talked without waiting for replies, and did us excellent service all the while; but I could not help thinking that a few days more of him might have produced a strong temptation to exercise his own hereditary art upon his own person.

Close to Gyumür there is the monastery of Tashigong, which affords a very secluded position for Lamas of a retiring and contemplative turn of mind as all Lamas ought to be. We were indebted to them for yaks, or rather zo-pos, but had hardly any communication with them, and they did not seem disposed to cultivate our acquaintance. They have a beautifully secluded position for a monastery, among the precipices of a mountain which no one dreams of ascending, and away from villages and trade-routes. This tendency of Buddhists to seclude themselves from the world, has interfered with Buddhism being a great power in the

world. Even in China, where the numerous and well-built monasteries, with large gardens and plantations attached, sufficiently prove that Buddhism must, at one time, have had a great attraction for the black-haired race,—this religion has long ceased to be an important element in the national life. It is forced to give way even before such a religion as Hinduism, and a negative positivism such as Confucianism, whenever mankind reaches a certain stage of complicated social arrangements, or, as we call it, civilisation; but there is a stage before that, though after the period of tribal fighting, when a religion like Buddhism naturally flourishes. Now Tibet is still in that position at the present day, and so Buddhism (in the shape of Lamaism) is still supreme in it, though it has almost entirely disappeared from India, and has so little power in China.

Starting about four in the morning, as was our wont, we had a very pleasant journey over the mountain to Nako. There were some vestiges of a path. The ascent was so steep, that great part of the way it looked as if the mountains were overhanging us, and some small stone avalanches came down uncomfortably near; but that was the character only of the first section. On reaching the highest part of the mountain which we attained—a height of nearly 14,000 feet—we found ourselves on the turn of its ridge, and wound for some way along the top of terrific precipices, which rose up almost perpendicularly to the height of about 5000 feet above the river Lee. It is more interesting, and a great deal more pleasant, being at the top of this gorge than at the bottom of it, where there is no path; and the largest pieces of rock we could roll over were dissipated into fragments, too small to be seen

by us, long before they reached the river.

At Nako we camped close to the village, on the grassy bank of a small lake. The other side of this lake was lined with large poplar and willow trees, and in so desolate a region the place appeared exceedingly beautiful. Elsewhere it might not have appeared so striking; but there is nothing like slow difficult travelling and tent-life, or camping out, for enabling one to appreciate the scenery. I particularly felt this to be the case in the upper parts of Kashmir, where not only the scene of each night's encampment, but even every turn of the beautiful wooded valleys, was deeply impressed upon my memory. Nako is a little over 12,000 feet high; and though I had already slept at higher altitudes on the Kung-ma Pass, the weather had become colder, and I here, for the first time, experienced a sensation which the head of the Yarkund expedition had warned me not to be afraid of. It consisted in being suddenly awakened at night by an overpowering feeling of suffocation and faintness, which one unaccustomed to it, or not warned about it, might readily mistake for the immediate approach of death. It is a very curious feeling—just as if the spirit were about to flit from the body; but a few more days of travelling along the line of 12,000 feet enabled me to get rid of it altogether.

At Nako we stayed two nights, and must have been in much need of a rest, for we enjoyed our stay there immensely in spite of the exceedingly inclement weather. It is in an almost rainless district, but it is occasionally visited by rain or snow, and we happened to hit on the time of one of these storms. Soon after our arrival about mid-day the thermometer sank to 50°, and next morning was at 47°, and

rain fell, or chill raw mists swept over us. Occasionally the clouds would clear away, showing the mountain above us white with new-fallen snow down to within a few hundred feet of our tent; and this sort of weather continued during the period of our stay at this highly elevated village. At night it was intensely cold; the wind carried the rain into our frail abodes wherever it could find admission; and though the canvas of our tents did not admit the wet exactly, yet it was in a very damp state, which added to the coolness of the interior. Nevertheless we felt quite at home, and our servants also enjoyed themselves much. They amused themselves with various athletic games; and, to my astonishment, I found Silas, who had spent all his life within the tropics, swimming across the lake, which was a most dangerous thing to do, owing to the almost icy coldness of the water and the number of tangled weeds which it contained. This, and our general cheerfulness, said a great deal for the beneficial effects of high mountain air, and of a nourishing diet of milk, mutton, game, and wheat or barley flour, so superior to the rice, curries, vegetables, and pulse, with which the people of India delight to stuff themselves. The piles of *chuppatties*, or girdle-cakes, which my servants baked for themselves, were enormous; so were their draughts of milk; and I supplied them with a great deal of mutton, which they did not undervalue. The people of all the Tibetan-speaking countries also eat enormously. They always had something before starting, however early the hour might be; and whenever we halted for a little on the way, they took out their *sutti*, or roasted barley flour, and if there happened to be any water accessible, kneaded this flour into large balls about the size

of a cricket-ball, and so ate it with great gusto. On halting for the day, which was most usually about three in the afternoon, while the men assisted us in pitching the tents and making other arrangements, the women immediately fell to work in making *chuppatties* and preparing great pots of tea-broth, into which they put salt, butter, flour, sometimes even meat, and, in fact, almost anything eatable which turned up. After they had done with us, the whole of their afternoons and evenings appeared to be spent in eating and supping, varied occasionally by singing or a wild dance. Sometimes they prolonged their feasting late into the night; and it was a mystery to me where all the flesh they consumed came from, until I observed that the Himaliya are very rich in the carcasses of sheep and goats which have been killed by exposure or by falling rocks. All this eating enables the Tibetans to carry enormous burdens, and to make long marches up and down their terrible mountains. Among the rice-eating Kashmirians I observed that large-bodied, strong enough looking young men were grievously oppressed, and soon knocked up, by burdens which Tibetan women could have carried gaily along far more difficult paths, and which their husbands would have thought nothing of. But even in Tibet the heaviest burden did not always go to the strongest bearer. A very common way was for my *bigarries* to engage in a game of chance the night before starting, and so settle the order of selecting packages. Occasionally the strongest men used their strength in order to reserve for themselves the lightest burdens. I noticed also, as an invariable rule, that the worst carriers, those who had the most need of husbanding their breath, were always the most

talkative and querulous, while the best were either silent or indulged only in brief occasional exclamations.

The houses I had met with hitherto had all slated roofs; but at Nako, as all through Spiti, and also in Zanskar, thorn bushes were thickly piled on the roofs, and in some cases actually constituted the only roofs there were except beams. This is done to preserve the wood below, and it probably does, from the effects of the sun in so dry a climate; it must also assist in keeping out the cold; but it gives the houses a peculiar furzy look, and denies the people the great privilege of using the top of the house beneath their own as an addendum to their own abode. I purchased at this village a pretty large shaggy white dog, of a breed which is common all over China. We called it Nako, or the Nakowallah, after the place of its birth; and never did poor animal show such attachment to its native village. It could only be managed for some days by a long stick which was fastened to its collar, as it did not do to let it come into close contact with us because of its teeth. In this vile durance, and even after it had got accustomed to us, and could be led by a chain, it was continually sighing, whining, howling, growling, and looking piteously in the direction in which it supposed its birth-place to be. Even when we were hundreds of miles away from Nako, it no sooner found its chain loose than it immediately turned on its footsteps and made along the path we had just traversed, being apparently under the impression that it was only a day's journey from its beloved village. It had the utmost dread of running water, and had to be carried or forced across all bridges and fords. No dog, of whatever

size, could stand against it in fight, for our Chinese friend had peculiar tactics of its own which took its opponents completely by surprise. When it saw another dog, and was unchained, it immediately rushed straight at the other dog, butted it over and seized it by the throat or some equally tender place before the enemy could gather itself together. Yet Nako became a most affectionate animal, and was an admirable watch. It never uttered a sound at night when any stranger came near it, but quietly pinned him by the calf of the leg, and held on there in silence until some one it could trust came to the relief. The Nakowallah was a most curious mixture of simplicity, ferocity, and affectionateness. I left him with a lady at Peshawar, to whose little girls he took at once, in a gentle and playful manner; but when I said "Good-bye, Nako," he divined at once that I was going to desert him; he leaped on his chain and howled and wailed. I should not at all wonder if a good many dogs were to be met with in heaven, while as many human beings were made to reappear as pariahs on the plains of India.

Above Nako there is a small Lama monastery, and all the way up to it—a height of about 600 feet—there are terraced fields in which are grown wheat, barley, a kind of turnip, and pulse. Thus the cultivation rises here to almost 13,000 feet, and the crops are said to be very good indeed. There is some nearly level pasture-ground about the place, and yaks and ponies are bred in it for the trade into Chinese Tibet. The people are all Tibetans, and distinctly Tartar in feature. They are called Dükpas, and seem to be of rather a religious turn. Accordingly, they had recently been favoured by the re-incarnation, in a boy of their village, of the Teshü

Lama, who resides at Teshu Lambu, the capital of Western Tibet, and who, in the Lama hierarchy, is second only to the Dalai or Grand Lama.

At Nako I bade farewell to my kind friend Mr Pagell, to whom I had been so much indebted. On all the rest of my journey I was accompanied only by my native servants and by porters of the country, and only twice, shortly after parting with the Moravian, did I meet European travellers. These were two Indian officers who were crossing from Ladak to the Sulej valley; and another officer, a captain from Gwalior, who had gone into Spiti by the Babah route, and whom I passed a few hours after parting with Mr Pagell. My first day's journey to Chango was easy, over tolerably level ground, which seldom required me to dismount from my zo-po, and on a gentle level, descending about 2000 feet to Chango. That place has a large extent of cultivated nearly level ground, and it may be called the capital of Hungrang, a province which formerly belonged to China, and of which the other large villages are Nako, Hango, and Lio. The whole population of this little province numbers only about 3000 souls, and they seem to be terribly hard worked in autumn; but then during long months of the year they have little to do except to enjoy themselves. In the afternoon two bands of wandering Spiti minstrels made their appearance, and performed before my tent. The attraction of the larger of them was a handsome woman (two of whose husbands were among the minstrels—there being more at home) who danced and sang after the manner of Indian nautch girls, but with more vigour and less impropriety. The senior husband of this lady ingeniously remarked that I could not think of giving him less than a rupee, as he

was going to sing my praise over the whole country-side.

On the next two days I had the first and shortest of those stretches over ground without villages and houses to which I have already alluded; and my route took me again, for a day's journey and a night's encampment, into the inhospitable region of Chinese Tibet, but into a section of that country where I saw no Tartar young women or human inhabitants of any kind. From Chango a path leads into Spiti across the river Lee, by the fort of Shealkar, over the Lepcha Pass and along the right bank of the Lee; but that route is said to be extremely difficult, and I selected a path (which surely cannot possibly be much better) that takes northward up the left side of the Lee, but at some distance from it, into the Chinese province of Chumirti, and, after a day's journey there, crosses the boundary of Spiti, and continues, still on the same bank of the river, on to Dankar, the capital of Spiti.

A long steep ascent from Chango took me again on to the priceless 12,000 and 13,000 feet level. The early morning was most delicious, being clear and bright, without wind, and exhilarating in the highest degree, while nothing could be more striking than the lighting up by the sun of the snowy peaks around. One starts on these early mountain journeys in great spirits, after drinking about a quart of fresh milk; but after three or four hours, when the rays of the sun have begun to make themselves felt, and there has been a certain amount of going down into perpendicular gorges and climbing painfully up the other side of them, our spirits begin to flag, and, unless there has been a long rest and a good breakfast in the middle of the day, feelings of exasperation are in the ascendant before the camping-ground is reached. Early on this

day's journey I met the finest Tibetan mastiff which I saw in all the Himaliya. It was a sheep-dog, of a dark colour, and much longer and larger than any of the ferocious guardians of Shipki. While we were talking to the shepherd who owned it, this magnificent creature sat watching us, growling and showing its teeth, evidently ready to fly at our throats at a moment's notice; but whenever I spoke of purchase, it at once put a mile of hill between us, and no calls of its master would induce it to come back. It seemed at once to understand that it was being bargained for, and so took steps to preserve its own liberty; but it need not have been so alarmed, for the shepherd refused to part with it on any terms.

After passing the Chaddalook Po by a narrow slated wooden bridge, we reached the top of the left bank of the To-tzo or Para river, which divides Hlangrang from Chinese Tibet. The descent to the stream is about 1500 feet, and a short way down there are some hot springs, with grass and willow-trees round them, and the shelter of great rocks. This would be by far the best place for camping; but, for some reason or other, the Chango people had determined that we should do so on the Chinese side of the river. On getting down there, with some difficulty, and crossing the *sungpa*, I found there was no protection whatever from the sun's rays, which beat into the valley fiercely, and were reflected, in an overpowering manner, from the white stones and rocks around, while the noise of the furious river was quite deafening. Here I had to remain without shelter and without food for nearly three hours, getting more and more exasperated as time passed on. After this, I usually kept two coolies within reach of me, with sufficient supplies to meet any emergency, and clothing sufficient to enable me to camp

out if necessary; but I had now to learn the wisdom of such an arrangement. My servants had not got on well with the Chango people, and the latter had left us only a little way before we reached this river, under pretence of taking a short cut. I could not feel that the former were properly in my hands until I got past Dankar, for they might invent some scheme for forcing me to go down from that place to the Sutlej valley, through the Babah Pass. As to the Chango *bigarries*, I could not say what their motive might be for delay; but it was clear to me, now that I was alone, that it would be necessary to check this sort of thing at the outset, and I felt a certain advantage for doing so in being upon Chinese ground. So, when the parties did come in at last, I made my wrath appear to be even greater than it was; and, seeing that one of them was a *shikar*, and had a matchlock-gun and a hunting-knife with him, I thought there could be nothing cowardly in making an example of him, so I fell upon him, and frightened one or two more. This was what the French call a necessary act, and it by no means interfered with the friendly terms on which I always stood with my coolies; but I need scarcely say that such things should not be encouraged, and that everything depends upon why and how they are done. No formal rules can touch this subject effectually. Some men will travel through a country without being guilty of an act of violence, or even of uttering an angry word, and yet they leave behind a feeling of bitter hatred not only towards themselves but also towards the race and government to which they belong. Other men produce similar results by unnecessary, stupid, and cowardly acts of violence. It is curious that sometimes a Briton, who is so wildly benevolent in theory towards

weak and uncivilised races, no sooner finds himself among them than he tramples on their toes unmercifully, and is ready to treat them in a ruthless manner. Therefore I must guard against the supposition that I go in for violent treatment in any part of the world, though just as little do I hold that it should be entirely avoided in all circumstances. It is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, which is the best recommendation of the traveller. An English officer, a great *shikar*, writing to me from the wilds to the north of Kashmir, mentions that the people of one village (who had been in Kashmir, and had noticed the ways of English officers there) begged him, in the name of God, not to make a map of the country; and on his asking them the reason why, their reply was: "We do not mind you coming here, because you talk to us and let us sit down by you; but other officers will say to us, 'D—n you, go away.'" This often arises simply from fatigue; but for a traveller to neglect to make friends of the people among whom he sojourns, causes far more dislike to him than any positive acts of violence he is likely to commit; and such is specially the case in high mountainous countries, where the population is scanty and travellers are rare, and the people—however poor some of them may be, and however dirty all are—have much natural though not formal politeness, and are free from the rude presumption which has become one of the distinguishing characteristics of the lower classes of this country of late years. Englishmen are far from being the most unconciliatory of travellers, and they would be better liked in India if the Indians had more experience of the harshness of the ordinary German, and the ignorant insolence of the ordinary French, traveller.

At this point I finally left the dominions of the Rajah of Bussahir, which include upper and lower Kunáwar and the Tartar province of Hungrang. Everywhere there, except to a slight extent at Chango, the people had been exceedingly civil and pleasant, and had readily furnished me with all the carriage I required, though they must often have done so at great inconvenience to themselves, owing to the harvest operations which were going on. In lower Kunáwar they seemed to be a gentle and rather timid people, speaking an Aryan language; and though the Tartars of the upper portion of Bussahir were of rougher and stronger character, yet they were quiet and friendly enough. As to the roads of these provinces, they are exactly in the same state as when Gerard traversed them, and I prefer to quote here his account of them rather than to give any more descriptions of my own. "The roads in general," he says, "consist of narrow footpaths skirting precipices, with often here and there rocks, that would seem to come down with a puff of wind, projecting over the head; to avoid which it is necessary sometimes to bend yourself double. The way often leads over smooth stones steeply inclined to a frightful abyss, with small niches cut or worn, barely sufficient to admit the point of the foot; or it lies upon heaps of gigantic angular fragments of granite or gneiss, almost piercing the shoes, and piled upon one another in the most horrid disorder. Where the rocks are constantly hurled from above there is not the slightest trace of a path, and cairns of stones are erected within sight of each other, to guide the traveller. There are often deep chasms between the rocks, and it requires a considerable degree of agility to clear them, and no small degree of caution to avoid overturning the

stones, which now and then shake under you. . . . The most difficult part I saw was where ropes were used to raise and lower the baggage; and this did not arise from the path having given way. Now and then flights of stone steps occur, notched trees and spars from rock to rock, rude scaffolding along the perpendicular face of a mountain, formed of horizontal stakes driven into the crevices, with boards above, and the outer ends resting on trees or slanting posts projecting from the clefts of the rock below. The most extraordinary one of this kind I ever saw was in the valley of Teedong. It is called Rapua, and the scaffolding continued for 150 feet. It was constructed like the other, with this difference, that six posts were driven horizontally into the cracks of the rocks, and secured by a great many wedges; there was no support on the outer side, and the river, which undermined it, rushed with incredible fury and a clamorous uproar beneath. The shaking of the scaffolding, together with the stupefying noise of the torrent, combined to give the traveller an uncertain idea of his safety.* To this it may be added that though several bridges—*stagnans* such as the one beneath Pú, which I have already described—have been built of late in Kunáwar, almost every path of that province is crossed by unbridged mountain torrents, which are by no means easy to pass in summer during the day, when they are swollen by the melting snows and glaciers above. Bungalows for Europeans are to be found only on the Hindústan and Tibet road; and as the people, being affected by Hindú caste notions, will not allow a European to occupy their houses,

a tent is necessary for making much acquaintance with this most mountainous and formidable country.

Camped as we were on the Chinese side of the To-tzo river, we might have had a marauding visit from some of the nomad Tartars, dwellers in tents, who are the chief inhabitants of the province of Chímúrti; but, I fancy, the Lassa Government would be as opposed to any unnecessary interference with Englishmen as it is to admitting them into Chinese Tibet, because such interference might be made a handle of by the Indian Government. There is another door here at To-tzo into the dominions of the Grand Lama; but Mr Pagell had told me that he had already tried it, and that on reaching the first village he was sent back immediately, without any ceremony, and was scarcely allowed time to feed his yak or pony. It would, no doubt, be as difficult to communicate with the Tzong-pon of Chímúrti as with the Tzong-pon of D'zabrug, and the Chango people would only go along the path to Spiti. Since publishing my former remarks on the exclusiveness of the Tibetans, I have noticed that Turner† makes mention of a very probable origin of it. He ascribes it not to any dislike to Europeans, but to "that spirit of conquest which forms the common character of all Mohammedan states, and that hostility which their religion enjoins against all who are not its professors." He, indeed, refers more particularly to this cause as having led the people of Bhutan to close the southern entrances to their mountainous country; but it is extremely likely that it may have been more generally operative, and induced the Tibetans to seclude the

* Account of Koonawur, &c., &c., by the late Capt. Alexander Gerard. Edited by George Lloyd. London, 1841.

† An Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Teshoo Lama, in Tibet. By Captain Samuel Turner. London, 1806.

whole dominions of the Grand Lama, while their dread of Europeans and of the gold-mines being coveted, might still have acted afterwards to the same end. In the close of last century there seems to have been no unwillingness on the part of the Lama Government to enter into relationships with British India; for first Mr George Bogle in 1774, and then Captain Turner in 1783, were allowed to visit Teshú Lambu as representatives of our Government. A paragraph appeared in the 'Times,' a few days ago, intimating that Mr Bogle's MS. journal of his mission to Lassa had been discovered lately in the British Museum, and is to be published by the Indian Government, along with an account of the trade-routes into Tibet. There must surely, however, be some mistake here; because, though Turner gives some account of his predecessor's mission, he makes no mention whatever of Bogle having gone to Lassa, but only to Teshú Lambu and the Bogda Lama. Turner's own journal gives a very full account of that route and of that part of the country; but Mr Bogle's journal will be welcome. Though it contains no geographical information, yet I am informed it gives long reports of the envoy's conversations with the Tibetan authorities; and it is gratifying to find that the Indian Government is again turning its thoughts to Chinese Tibet after the long time which has elapsed since 1783. A formal mission might be sent to Lassa; or, under the treaty of Tien-tsin, passports might be claimed from the Chinese Foreign Office, allowing Englishmen, in a private or in a semi-official capacity, to traverse Chinese Tibet, the passports being either in the language of the country or accompanied by Tib-

etan translations given under imperial authority. As it is, the do-nothing policy of the Indian Government recoils injuriously upon its prestige with its own subjects. It hurts our position in India for the people there to know that there is a country adjoining our own territory into which Englishmen are systematically refused entrance, while the nations of British India and of its tributary states are allowed to enter freely, and even to settle in large numbers at the capital, Lassa,* as the Kashmiris do. About a year and a half ago the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce addressed the Viceroy and the Secretary of State for India, complaining of the restrictions there were in the way of commerce with Tibet, and received answers which seemed to imply that their prayer would be taken into favourable consideration whenever circumstances would allow. More recently the 'Friend of India' well remarked that "the day has now come when we may justly ask the Chinese Emperor to take steps for our admittance into Tibet." Certainly the matter might well be brought to a crisis now; and there would not have been the least difficulty about it if a more active use had been made, within the last few years, of our position in China.

The path to Lari, the first village in Spiti, where we camped under a solitary apricot-tree, said to be the only tree of the kind in the whole province, was very fatiguing, because large portions of it could not be ridden over; and there were some ticklish faces of smooth, sloping rock to be crossed, which a yak could hardly have got over, but which were managed, when riderless, in a wonderful manner by the shoeless *ghünt*, or mountain pony, which I

* In Western Tibet the name of this city is pronounced without an aspirate; but in the centre and east of the country it is called "Lhasa," which, consequently, is the correct way.

had got at Chango. The scenery was wild and desolate rather than striking—no house, no tree, and hardly even a bush being visible. There was a great deal of limestone-rock on this journey; and at some places it was of such a character that it might be called marble. We passed several open caverns; and in one of these, about a third of the way from the To-tzo river, I stopped for breakfast. It was a magnificent open arch, about fifty feet high in front, and as many in breadth, in the face of a precipice, and afforded cool shade until after mid-day, when the declining sun began to beat into it. But the Karitha river, which occurs immediately after, ought to be passed in the morning, because there is only a two-poled bridge over it, on which even a *ghunt* cannot cross; and the stream was so swollen at mid-day by the melting snow that my pony was nearly lost.

The next morning I was delayed at Lari by the information that messengers had arrived at the other side of the river with a letter for me and some money, but were unable to cross the river, a *jhûla*, which formerly existed there, having given way. This seemed exceedingly improbable, but I went down to inquire. There was a double rope across the stream, and I told the messengers to fasten the letter to it, and so send that across, but to keep the money, and found that both were for the Gwalior captain whom I met near Nako, so I ordered the bearers to proceed to Pû in search of him. Where there is no bridge exactly, there is often a double rope of this kind across the deep-sunk rivers of the Himâliya, to enable the villagers on opposite sides of the gorge to communicate with each other; and the rope is sometimes strong enough to allow of a man being slung to it, and so worked across. If only the rope be sound, which cannot always

be depended on, this method of progression is preferable to the *jhûla*; because, though it may try the nerves, it does not at the same time call for painful exertion which disturbs the heart's action.

Po, or Poi, my next camping-place, was a very pleasant village, with little streams running between willow-trees, and with peaks and walls of snow rising over the precipices, and immense steep slopes of shingle immediately around. Another day took me to Dankar, under immense dark precipices, which lined both banks of the river, of slate and shale. It would be well for a practical geologist to examine that part of the Spiti valley, and also the portion between Po and Lari; for it is possible they may contain coal. For the most part the way to Dankar was tolerably level and good; but the height of the water of the Lee at this season compelled us to make a difficult detour through probably the most extraordinary series of gorges there is in the world. We moved along a dry water-course, between perpendicular tertiary or alluvial strata rising to hundreds and even to thousands of feet above. The floor of these clefts was fifteen or twenty feet broad, and though they must have enlarged considerably at the top, they appeared to do so very little to the eye. It was not rock but soft deposits which rose on both sides of us; and though there had been every irregularity in the lateral effects of the water, which had cut out the passages in many directions, there had been very little in its perpendicular action, for, in that respect, the water had cut almost straight down. High up, at the edges of these extraordinary ravines, the strata had been worn away so as to form towers, spires, turrets, and all sorts of fantastic shapes, which could be seen by

looking up the cross passages and at the turnings. Often high above, and apparently ready to fall at any moment, a huge rock was supported on a long tower or spire of earth and gravel, which (being a little harder than the strata around, or having possibly been compressed by the weight of the rock) had remained standing, while the earth round it had crumbled or been washed away. These threatening phenomena were either on the edge of the clefts or rose up from their sides, and were very similar to the rocks which are to be seen on glaciers supported on pillars of ice. The way was most tortuous, and led into a *cul-de-sac*, the end of which we had to ascend with difficulty. As the route I speak of involves a considerable detour and some climbing, no traveller will be taken through it if the path along the side of the Lee be not covered with water; and I cannot conscientiously recommend every one to go into the labyrinth. True, it is used by the mountaineers when the other path is not passable; but they are very rarely obliged to have recourse to it, because they can time their journey so as to make the passage of the river when the snows above are frozen up, and consequently the water is low. True, also, no rocks fell during our passage, but the floor was paved with them; there were hundreds of rocks which a mere touch would have sent down, and I saw evidence enough to prove that whole sides of the ravines sometimes give way; so that, unless the traveller had a charmed life, his curiosity would expose him to a very fair chance of being suddenly knocked on the head by a stone a ton weight, or buried under hundreds of feet of tertiary strata.

It is similar strata which afford so extraordinary a position and appearance to Dankar, the capital of

Spiti, which is a British Himálayan province, under an assistant commissioner who resides in the warmer and more fruitful Kúlú valley. This town is perched about a thousand feet above the Lee, on the ledges and towers of an immense ridge of soft strata which descends towards the river, but breaks off with a sudden fall after affording ground for the fort, houses, and Lama temples of Dankar. Its appearance is so extraordinary, that I shall not attempt any description of it until able to present my readers with a copy of its photograph. It has only its picturesqueness, however, to recommend it, for the interior is as miserable as that of the smallest Himálayan village; and the people, being under British rule, have of course a proper contempt for British travellers though so little troubled by them. No one offered to show us where to pitch our tents, or to render any other civility. The *mákea* was away, and his representative was both insolent and exorbitant in his demands. Here was the style which he adopted, and was supported in by the people about him. As was afterwards proved by my making him produce his *nerrick*, or official list of prices, he began by demanding double price from us for the sheep and grain we wanted; and when we said quite civilly that he was charging too much, he at once answered impudently, and without the least excuse for doing so—"Oh! if you want to use force, by all means take what you want for nothing, and I shall report the matter to the commissioner in Kúlú." Fortunately for him there was no Chinese territory near; but, through the medium of the young schoolmaster of Dankar, who understood Hindústhani, I made him and his friends somewhat ashamed of his conduct; and it was the more

inexcusable because the prices of the *nerrick* are fixed at a higher rate than those which prevail, in order that there may be no hardship in affording travellers the right of purchasing supplies—a right which it is absolutely necessary that they should have, in order to travel at all, in a district of country where there are so few open markets.

I have referred more than once in these articles to the polyandry of the people among whom I sojourned; and though this delicate subject has been alluded to in several publications, it is sufficiently novel to the general reader to call for a little explanation here. Indeed, I find there are many well-educated persons who do not even know what polyandry means. It has a very botanical kind of sound; and its German equivalent *Vielmännerei*, though coarse and expressive, does not throw much light upon the subject. A mistake also has been made in contrasting polyandry with polygamy; whereas, being the marriage of one woman with two or more men, it is itself a form of polygamy, and ought properly to be contrasted with polygamy, or the marriage of one man to two or more women. But the polyandry of Central Asia must further be limited to the marriage of one woman to two or more brothers, for no other form is found there, so far as I could learn.

This curious and revolting custom exists all over the country of the Tibetan-speaking people; that is to say, from China to the dependencies of Kashmir and Afghanistan, with the exception of Sikkim, and some other of the provinces on the Indian side of the Himaliya, where, though

the Tibetan language may in part prevail, yet the people are either Aryan in race, or have been much influenced by Aryan ideas. I found polyandry to exist commonly from Taranda, in the Suttlej valley, a few marches from Simla, up to Chinese Tibet, and from there to Šúrí, where it disappeared in the polygamy of the Mohammedan Kashmiris. But it is well known to exist, and to be an almost universal custom, all through Chinese Tibet, Little Tibet, and nearly all the Tibetan-speaking provinces. It is not confined to that region, however, and is probably the common marriage custom of at least thirty millions of respectable people. It is quite unnecessary to go deeply into the origin and working of this very peculiar marital arrangement; but it is well worthy of notice, as showing how purely artificial a character such arrangements may assume, and what desperate means are had recourse to, in order to get rid of the pressure caused by the acknowledged law of population.

In the most elaborate and valuable compilation there is on Lamaism—‘*Die Lamaische Hierarchie und Kirche*,’ by Carl Friedrich Koepen—that author, in his brief reference to this subject, clears the religion of Tibet of any responsibility for polyandry, and asserts that it existed in the country before the introduction of Buddhism, having arisen from the pressure of population.* In Ceylon, which is a great Buddhist country, polyandry also exists, and, at least till very lately, has been legally acknowledged by the British Government; but I have not found anything which proves that the religion of the Singalese

* “Die Schuld dieser widrigen und unnatürlichen Einrichtung trägt übrigens keinesweges der Lamaismus; der Gebrauch bestand vielmehr bei den *Bodpa* längst vor ihrer Bekanntschaft mit der Religion des Shákjasohnes und findet seine Erklärung und Entschuldigung in der übergrossen Armuth des Schneelandes und in der aus dieser entspringenden Nothwendigkeit, dem Anwachsen der Bevölkerung Schranken zu setzen.”

is any more responsible for the custom than is the British Government itself. We know also that polyandry has existed in non-Buddhistic countries, and even in Great Britain, along with worse marriage customs, as Cæsar testifies in his 'De Bella Gallico' (lib. v. xiv.), when he says: "Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes, et maxime, fratres cum fratribus, et parentes cum liberis." Traces are to be found of it among the ancient Indo-Aryans, as in the Mahabarat, where Dranpadi is represented as married to the five sons of Pandu; and in the Rāmāyana, where the giant Viradha attacks the two divine brothers Rāma and Lakshaman, and their wife Sita, saying, "Why do you two devotees remain with one woman? Why do you, O profligate wretches, thus corrupting the devout sages?" Even so early as in the Rig Veda Samhita (Mandala I. Hymn 117, v. 5) there is some trace of the custom in the passage, "Aswins, your admirable (horses) bore the car which you had harnessed (first) to the goal, for the sake of honour; and the damsel who was the prize came through affection to you and acknowledged your husbandship, saying, 'you are (my) lords.'" I think polyandry of a kind is even sanctioned in the laws of Menu.

There are many other traces of the existence of polyandry in the ancient world, and it also appears in various countries in our own or in very recent times. As to the Singalese, Sir Emerson Tennent says that "polyandry prevails throughout the interior of Ceylon, chiefly amongst the wealthier classes. . . . As a general rule, the husbands are members of the same family, and most frequently brothers." Here there is a slight difference from the polyandry where the husbands are always brothers. The Abbé Des-

godins speaks of *proches parents*, or near relatives in general, being joined in this relationship, as well as brothers, in the east of the country; but I repeatedly inquired into that point, and on consulting Herr Jaeschke at Herrnhut in regard to it, he said he had never known or heard of any other kind of polyandry in Tibet except fraternal. Polyandry notably exists among the Todas of Southern India, and it has been found in regions very far distant from each other, as among the Kalmucks, the Tasmanians, and the Iroquois of North America; but nowhere does it take such a singular form as among the Nairs of the Malabar coast, who are nominally married to girls of their own caste, but never have any intercourse with their wives; while these latter may have as many lovers as they please, if the lovers are Brahmins, or Nairs other than the husband.

Such arrangements, however, are mere freaks, and are not to be compared with the regular, extensive, and solidified system of Tibetan polyandry. General Cunningham, in his valuable work on Ladak, says that the system "prevails, of course, only among the poorer classes;" but my experience was that it prevailed among all classes, and was superseded by polygamy only where the people were a good deal in contact with either Hindús or Mohammedans. Turner, who had so much opportunity of seeing Western Tibet, is quite clear on this point as regards that part of the country, for he says (p. 349) . . . "The number of husbands is not, as far as I could learn, defined or restricted within any limits. It sometimes happens that in a small family there is but one male; and the number may seldom perhaps exceed that which a native of rank, during my residence at Teshoo Loomboo, pointed out to me in a family resident in the neigh-

bourhood, in which five brothers were then living together very happily with one female, under the same connubial compact. Nor is this sort of compact confined to the lower ranks of people alone; it is found also frequently in the most opulent families."

I met only one case in which the number of husbands exceeded that of the instance mentioned above. It was that of the family of the *mika* at Pú, in which six brothers were married to one wife, but the youngest of the brothers was quite a boy. The husband I saw must have been over thirty; and as he had two elder brothers, the arrangement, as a whole, struck one as even more revolting than usual. Instances of three and five husbands were quite common; but, without having gone rigidly into the matter, I should say that the most instances of polyandry were those of two husbands, and that, not because there was any objection to five or six, but simply because no greater number of brothers was usually to be found in a family, as might have been expected from such a system, and as also one of the great ends which that system is designed to effect.

As to the working of polyandry in Tibet, I noticed no particular evidence of its evil effects, though doubtless they exist; and in this respect I am at one with the other European travellers, with the single exception of the Abbé Desgodins, who draws a very frightful picture of the state of morals in the eastern part of the country. He says: "Les hommes riches peuvent avoir autant de femmes qu'ils le désirent, sans compter que quand ils sont en voyage, et qu'ils font visite à leurs amis, la politesse veut qu'on leur en

prête partout. Au Thibet on se prête sa femme comme on se prête une paire de bottes ou un couteau. . . . Les Thibétans n'ont pas non plus le moindre souci de l'honneur de leur filles, celle qui est devenue mère trouve même plus facilement à se marier, par la raison que celui qui l'achète est certain qu'elle n'est pas stérile; ce dévergondage de mœurs est cause d'une stérilité générale."* There is probably some exaggeration here; and, making allowance for that, the description would apply to most semi-civilised races, and need not be charged to the fault of polyandry. The accusation brought by the worthy Abbé against the young persons of Tibet is precisely the same as that which Sir Anthony Weldon made against the Scotch in the time of James VI.,† and can be brought, even at the present day, against a considerable portion of the agricultural and pastoral population of Scotland. It is absurd for Europeans to hold up their hands in holy horror at the immorality which they may observe in ruder and less highly favoured countries, when our own centres of civilisation present, in that respect, such curious results. Fraternal polyandry is not merely opposed both to artificial arrangements and the highest morality, but even to our natural instincts. But there is no sense in charging it with evils which we see existing everywhere. It is more revolting than the prostitution, or unlegalised polyandry, of the West; but its lesson will be lost if it be viewed otherwise than in the cold white light of reason.

It is almost impossible for us to conceive of such a system being in operation, and of its allowing room for affection between relatives; and so it may be well to note that it ex-

* La Mission du Thibet de 1855 à 1870. Verdun, 1872.

† A Perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland. London, 1659.

ists. This could only happen among a race of a peculiarly placid, unpassionate temperament as the Turanians unquestionably are, except in their fits of demoniacal cruelty. They have no hot blood, in our sense of the phrase, and all interests are subordinate to those of the family. This supreme family feeling prevents any difficulty arising in connection with the children, who are regarded as scions of the house rather than of any particular member of it. It has been said that, where there is more than one husband, the paternity of the child is unknown, but that is doubtful, though all the husbands are held responsible, and there is no noticeable difference in the relationship of a child to his different fathers. All this would be impossible in a race with strong passions, or where the element of individuality is strongly developed; but it is exactly in these respects that the Turanians are most deficient.

Of course there is a large number of surplus women under this polyandric system, and they are provided for in the Lama nunneries, where they learn to read and copy the Tibetan Scriptures, and to engage in religious services. The nunneries have usually a certain amount of land attached to them, which is cultivated by the occupants, who also hire out their services in the harvest season. I have even had my baggage carried by Lama nuns, when there was a pressure of occupation, and observed nothing particular in their demeanour, except that it was a little more reserved than that of the other women. Of course accidents do happen occasionally; but the excitement which they cause is a proof that they are not very common. When I was at Pú, a great noise was caused by a Lama nun—the daughter of a wealthy zemindar—

having suddenly increased the population of that village, in defiance of the law of population and her holy vow. About a year before, a visit had been made to Pú by a celebrated Lama from the interior of Chinese Tibet, whose claims to sanctity were so high that the zemindar invited him to stay in his house and expound the Tibetan Scriptures. The nun came down to these reunions from her convent, a few hundred feet up the mountain-side, and the consequence was the event which I have just noticed. Meanwhile the holy man had meanly, but judiciously, gone back into Chinese Tibet. He was hopelessly beyond reach; and the scandal being great, the father, both on his own account and on that of his daughter, had to pay about Rs.300 in all, to the convent, to the scandalised village, and to the state. Such offences are readily condoned, on a sufficient monetary fine being paid; but I heard also that the nun would not be reinstated in her former position without undergoing penance, and manifesting contrition. Such a sin, however, can hardly tell against her long, if her conduct be correct afterwards; for the superior of this very monastery had herself an illegitimate daughter, who was enrolled among the sisterhood. Some sects of the Lamas are allowed to marry, but those who do not are considered more holy; and in no sect are the nuns allowed to marry, and they, as well as most of the monks, take a vow of absolute continence. I am scarcely in a position to have any decided opinion as to how far this vow is observed, but am inclined to believe that it is so usually, notwithstanding the exceptions to the rule.

The Lama church does not concern itself with the marriage union, though its priests often take part in

the ceremonies accompanying the bridal,—as, for instance, in fixing upon an auspicious day. Marriages are often concluded at a very early age, by the parents of the parties, and sometimes when the latter are children. In such cases the bride and bridegroom often live for years separate, in the houses of their respective parents. When the matter has not been previously arranged by his father, the young man who wishes to marry goes to the parents of the girl he has selected with a gift of *chong*, a species of beer which is brewed among the mountains, and this he partakes of along with them. A second visit of the same kind follows, and then a third, when he meets with the object of his choice, and the nuptials are arranged. In some parts of the country more valuable presents, and even gifts of money, are expected, there being a great deal of difference in local usage as to the preliminaries. Women have property in their own right; and, as a rule, childless women are not regarded in any particular manner. The choice of a wife is the right of the elder brother; and among the Tibetan-speaking people it universally prevails that the contract he makes is understood to involve a marital contract with all the other brothers, if they choose to avail themselves of it.

We have already seen what Koepen says as to the origin of this hideous polyandry. Herr Jaeschke also assured me that he knew of no polyandric traditions in Tibet, and that the system there must be indefinitely old. The probability is that it has descended from a state of society somewhat similar to that which at present exists in the Himá-liya, but more primitive, ruder, and uninfluenced by the civilisations of India and China; while those who believe that human beings at one time herded together very much

like flocks of animals, see in it a transition from a still more savage past. There is not much use in speculating on the origin of customs when that origin lies concealed in the mist of antiquity. Such speculation takes very much the shape of finding or inventing uses which the custom under discussion might subserve; but that is a very unsatisfactory region of thought where there are no historical facts to afford guidance. All we can really say on this subject is, that polyandry does subserve certain useful ends. In a primitive and not very settled state of society, when the head of a family is often called away on long mercantile journeys, or to attend at court, or for purposes of war, it is a certain advantage that he should be able to leave a relative in his place whose interests are bound up with his own. Mr Talboys Wheeler has suggested that polyandry arose among a pastoral people, whose men were away from their families for months at a time, and where the duty of protecting these families would be undertaken by the brothers in turn. The system certainly answers such an end, and I never knew of a case where a polyandric wife was left without the society of one at least of her husbands. But the great, the notable end which polyandry serves, is that of checking the increase of population in regions from which emigration is difficult, and where it is also difficult to increase the means of subsistence. That the Malthusian law, or something very like it, is in operation, is now all but universally admitted by political economists. There is a tendency on the part of population to increase at a greater ratio than its power of producing food; and few more effectual means to check that tendency could well be devised than the system of Tibetan polyandry taken in con-

junction with the Lama monasteries and nunneries. Very likely it was never deliberately devised to do so, and came down from some very rude state of society; but, at all events, it must have been found exceedingly serviceable in repressing population among what Koeppen so well calls the snow-lands of Asia. If population had increased there at the rate it has in England during this century, frightful results must have followed either to the Tibetans or to their immediate neighbours. As it is, almost every one in the Himáliya has either land and a house of his own, or land and a house in which he has a share, and which provide for his protection and subsistence. The people are hard-worked in summer and autumn, and they are poor in the sense of having small possessions and few luxuries; but they are not poor in the sense of presenting a very poor class at a loss how to procure subsistence. I was a little surprised to find that one of the Moravian missionaries defended the polyandry of the Tibetans, not as a thing to be approved of in the abstract or tolerated among Christians, but as good for the heathen of so sterile a country. In taking this view, he proceeded on the argu-

ment that superabundant population, in an unfertile country, must be a great calamity, and produce "eternal warfare or eternal want." Turner took also a similar view, and he expressly says—"The influence of this custom on the manners of the people, as far as I could trace, has not been unfavourable. . . . To the privileges of unbounded liberty the wife here adds the character of mistress of the family and companion of her husbands." But, lest so pleasing a picture may delude some of the strong-minded ladies (of America) to get up an agitation for the establishment of polyandry in the West, I must say it struck me that the having many husbands sometimes appeared to be only having many masters and increased toil and trouble. I also am by no means sure that the Tibetans are so chivalrous as to uphold polyandry, because they regard "the single possession of one woman as a blessing too great for one individual to aspire to." Nor shall I commit myself to the ingenious opinion that "marriage amongst them seems to be considered rather as an odium—a heavy burden—the weight and obloquy of which a whole family are disposed to lessen by sharing it among them."

THE STORY OF VALENTINE;

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART XIII.—CHAPTER XXXVII.

DICK became in a manner the head of the expedition when the party reached Oxford; his foot was on his native heath; he knew where to take the two old people, both of whom became more and more agitated in their different ways, as they approached to the end of their journey. He put them into a cab; and getting on the box himself, had them driven to the river-side. Lady Eskside grasped her old lord's hand, as they sat there together, jolting through the streets, going to this strangest incident of their lives. She was trembling, though full of resolute strength. The emergency was too much for her nerves, but not for her brave old heart which beat high with generous courage, yet with a sense of danger not to be despised or overlooked. How was she to meet and master this untamed creature of the wilds? how secure her that she might not escape again? and how make the revelation to her son who had got to hate his wife, and to Valentine who knew nothing of his mother? Lady Eskside, with a mixture of pride and terror, felt that it was all in her own hands. She must do everything. The thought made her tremble; but it gave her a certain elation which the reader will understand, but which I cannot describe—which was not vanity nor self-importance—but yet a distinct personal pleasure and satisfaction in being thus able to set everything right for her children. I don't doubt that she had some idea that only her own penetrating eye could have made sure of Dick's identity, and only her close questioning could have

elicited from him so many certain proofs; and it seemed so just, so right, such a heavenly recompense for what she had suffered, that to her hands and no other should be given the power of setting all right. Lord Eskside was less excited. He was thinking more of the boy, less of the circumstances in which he was about to find him, and the thrill in his old frame was almost entirely that of natural anxiety to know how Val was. Dick on the box was not without his tremor too. He did not know what his mother would think of this visit—if it would terrify her, if she would think he had been unfaithful to the charge she had laid upon him not to speak of her. He stopped the cab when they reached the river-side; and, scarcely knowing what he was about, handed Lady Eskside out. "I'll go round by the back and open the door—that's the house," he said, hoarsely—and left them standing by the edge of the grey Thames, which, still somewhat swollen with spring rains, ran full and swift, sweeping round the eyot with all its willows faintly green, upon which, though they did not know it, poor Val had stranded. The sun was shining brightly, but still the river was grey; and Lady Eskside shivered and trembled with that chill of anxiety and excitement which is more penetrating than cold. "This is where Val brought me," said the old lady, as they walked tremulously to the door. "Yes, yes, I mind it all—and there was a shawl like one of mine upon a table. Yes, yes, yes," she said to herself, almost inarticulate—"my

own shawl! Oh, how was it I was so foolish, and did not see at once that it must be *her*; and she had fled out of the place not to see me? It all comes back! She must have known it was me. It's nothing, nothing, my dear! I'm trembling, it's true—how can I help it! But all the time I am steady, steady as a rock; you need not be feared for me."

"I wonder if he is in one of these rooms," said the old lord, looking wistfully at the upper windows. They opened the garden gate, not without difficulty, for they were both very tremulous, and went in to the little garden where there was a pale glow of primroses. There they stood for perhaps a moment looking towards the house, waiting for Dick to open to them, breathless, feeling the great crisis to be near. Lady Eskside clung still to her old lord's arm. He was not a pillar of strength, and shook, too, in his old age and agitation; but there was strength as well as comfort in the mere touch—the sense of standing by each other in those hardest moments, as in all others. As they stood thus waiting, the door opened, and some one came out, walking towards them. He strolled out with one hand in his pocket, with the air of a man issuing forth from his own house. It was not Dick coming to open to them, to admit them. Lady Eskside dropped her husband's arm, and gave a strange cry—a cry of astonishment and confused dismay, half querulous, half violent. Hot tears came rushing to her eyes in the keen disappointment, mingled with wonder, which penetrated her mind. She clasped her hands together almost with a movement of anger—"Richard, *Richard!*" she cried.

He stood for a moment silent, looking at them, confused too. "My father and my mother," he

said to himself under his breath. Then he tried to rally his powers, and put on a smile, and look composed and self-possessed, which he was not; but instead of succeeding in this attempt, grew hot and red, though he was old enough to have been done with such vanities. "This is a very unexpected meeting," he said. "Mother, excuse me if I am startled. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to see you here." Then he stopped short, and made a gulp of agitation and resumed again. "You have heard that Valentine is here? He is just the same; we must wait for the crisis. He is taken good care of—

"Richard!" said his mother—"oh none of your pretending to me—for God's sake tell us the truth! Do you *know*?—or is it by chance you have come here?"

"It will be better to come into the house, my lady," said Lord Eskside.

I scarcely think she heard what he was saying. She put her hand upon her son's arm, grasping him almost harshly. She was too much excited to be able to contain herself. She had forgotten Val, whom the old lord was longing for. "Do you know, or do you not know?" she cried, her voice growing hoarse. Dick, who had come to the door a minute later than Richard, stood upon the threshold looking at them with a wondering countenance. But no one saw or noticed Dick. He saw the old people absorbed with this new personage, whose back was turned to him, and whom he had never seen before. The mystery was thickening, for here now was another in it, and more and more it grew incomprehensible to Dick. His was not one of the spirits that love mystery. He was open as the day, straightforward, downright. His heart sickened at this maze, at all those difficulties, at the new people who

had thus come into his life. He stood looking at them painfully with a confusion in all his thoughts which utterly disconcerted and disturbed him. Then he turned abruptly on his heel and went away. Where? To his work; that at least never disappointed nor confused him. No strangers came into it to tangle the threads, to turn it all into chaos. He had heard how Valentine was, and that the crisis had not yet come; and he was half indignant, half sad, in his sense of a disturbance which was wholly unaccountable and unjustifiable. The house was his—Dick's—it did not belong to the stranger who had preceded him to the door, and was standing there now in colloquy with the old couple, who evidently had forgotten Dick. What right had they to take him up and cast him down—to take possession of his house, which had cost him dear, which was his, and not theirs, as if he were nothing in it? Dick strode away, more hurt, angry, and “put out,” than he had ever been in his life. He threw off his Sunday coat (none the better for these railway journeys), and, hastily putting on his working-jacket, hurried off to the rafts. There a man could always find something to occupy him—there was honest work, uncomplicated by any bewilderments. He went and thrust himself into it, almost forgetting that he was head-man in his anxiety to dislodge all these disturbing questions from his mind, and to feel himself in reality what he was.

“I think,” said Richard, not without excitement himself, but trying hard not to show his rapid changes of colour, his breathless heat and agitation, “that my father gives good advice, and that you ought to come into the house, where at least we can talk with quiet and decency. There is no reason why you shouldn’t come in,”

he said, with nervous vehemence, pushing open the door behind him; “or the Queen, for that matter, if she were here. The mistress of it is as spotless as any one of you. That much I may say.”

Lady Eskside did not say another word. She grasped her old lord’s arm again, and suffered herself to be led into the little parlour, which she had seen before on another occasion, little thinking whose house it was. Her eye, I need not say, was caught at once by the little shawl on the table. She pointed at it hastily to her husband, who stared, totally unaware what it was to which his attention was directed. They put her into an old carved chair, which was one of poor Dick’s latest acquisitions before all this wonderful commotion began. Richard, scarcely knowing what he was doing, led the way, introduced them into the strange little room, as a man does when he is in his own house. He had got to feel as if it were his own house. Already he had passed many hours there, feeling himself no intruder. He received his mother and placed her in Dick’s easy-chair as he might have received her in the Palazzo Graziani; and the old lady, with her keen eyes, caught at this, though he was as unconscious of it as a man could be.

“You are at home here,” she said to him, with keen suspicion—“it’s no strange place to you, Richard, though it’s strange, strange, to my old lord and me. What does it mean, man?—what does it mean? Have you known all the time? Have you been keeping it secret to drive us wild? What is it—what is it you mean?”

“Where is the boy?” said Lord Eskside. “I do not enter into this question between your mother and you. You will satisfy us both, doubtless, about the mystery,—which, as you all well know, is a

thing I abhor. Richard," said the old man, with a break in his voice, "I want to see the boy."

"Listen first, sir," said Richard, indignant; "how my mother has found out, I don't know; but she is right. Chance—or Providence, if you like the word better—has thrown Val into his—mother's hands. I guessed it when I saw you at Rosscraig, and I came here at once and found it was so——"

"You guessed it? God forgive you, Richard! You've known, then, all the time; you've exposed us and Val to abuse and insult, and maybe killed the lad and broken my old lord's heart. Oh, God forgive you, Richard! is this the way you've done your duty to us and your boy?"

Lady Eskside wrung her hands. Her old face flushed and grew pale; hot tears filled her eyes. Something of personal disappointment was in the pang with which she felt this supposed deception. Women, I fear, are more apt to think of deception than men. Lady Eskside, in the sharpness of her disappointment, rashly jumped to the conclusion that Richard's knowledge was not an affair of yesterday; that there was something behind more than had been told to her; that perhaps, for anything she could tell, he had been visiting this woman, who was his lawful wife, as if the tie between them had been of quite a different character—or perhaps, even, who knows, was trying to palm upon them as his wife some one who did not possess any right to that title. In suspicion, as in other things, it is the first step that costs the most. Lord Eskside did not go so far as his wife did, but the thought began to penetrate his mind too, that if Richard had known this, even for a day, without disclosing it, he had exposed them to cruel and needless pain.

"Catherine," said the old lord,

"we need not quarrel to make matters worse. If he recognises his wife and his other son at last, and it is true that they are here, let us give our attention to make sure of that, and prevent trouble in the future. It is not a question of feeling, but of law and justice. Yes, no doubt, feeling will come in; but you cannot change your son, my lady, any more than he can change his father and mother, which, perhaps, he would have little objection to do. We must put up with each other, such as we are."

"You do me injustice, sir," cried Richard; "both you and my mother. There has been no deception in the matter. You shall hear how it happened afterwards; but in the mean time it is true that she is here, mother. I met her at Val's bedside two days ago for the first time, without warning. I believe if I had given her warning she would have escaped again—but for Val. I am not made of much account between you," said Richard, with a painful smile. "I have little occasion to be vain. You, my mother, and her, my—wife; what you think of is not me, but Val."

"Oh Richard! you would have been first with me if you would have let me," said Lady Eskside, as ready to forgive as she had been to censure, her heart melting at this reproach, which was true. As for the old lord, he was not so easily moved either to blame or to pardon. He got up and walked about the room while Richard, still flushed with excitement and a certain indignation, told them the story of the photograph, and his recognition of his wife's face so strangely brought before him by his son. Richard gave his own version of the story, as was natural. He allowed them to perceive the violence of the shock they had given him, without saying very much on the subject; and described how,

though incapable of anything else in the excitement of the moment, he had put force upon himself to make his wife's residence known to his lawyer, and to have a watch kept upon her movements. What he said was perfectly true, with just that gloss which we all put upon our own proceedings, showing them in their best aspect; and Lady Eskside received it as gospel, taking her son's hand into her own, following every movement of his lips with moist eyes, entering with tender and remorseful sympathy into those hidden sentiments in his mind which she had doubted the existence of, and which, up to this moment, he had never permitted her to see. Her husband, however, walked about the room while the tale went on, listening intent, without losing a word, but not so sympathetically — staring hard at Dick's homely ornamentations, his bits of carving, his books, all the signs of individuality which were in the place. I don't know that he remarked their merits, though he walked from one to another, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and stared almost fiercely at the carving, with eyes wellnigh hidden under his shaggy brows. He did not say anything while Lady Eskside, weeping and smiling, made her peace with her son. "When she cried, 'Oh yes, my dear, my dear, I understand!'" he only worked his expressive eyebrows, giving no articulate evidence of emotion. "Val is up-stairs, I suppose? I am going to see him," was all he said in the pause after Richard's story concluded. Lord Eskside climbed up the narrow wooden staircase with a shrug of his shoulders. He was not satisfied with his son's story, as his wife had been. He opened one door after another before he found the room in which Val was lying. To see the boy stretched

there on the bed, with vacant eyes, half dosing, half waking, but quite unconscious of his visitor, went to the old lord's heart far more than Richard's story had done. "If he had spoken out like a man, this might have been spared," he said to himself; and bent over Val's bed to hide the momentary contortion of his features, which brought the water to his eyes. "My poor lad!" he said, with hidden anguish, scarcely noticing for the first moment the nurse on the other side of the bed. She rose with a sudden dilation of terror in her eyes. She had never seen Lord Eskside, and did not know who he was; but felt by instinct that he had been brought hither by the terrible wave of novel events which was about to sweep over her head, and that he had come to take away from her her boy.

Lord Eskside looked at her across the bed where Val was lying. He made her a low bow, with that courtly politeness which now and then the homely old lord brought forth, like an old patent of nobility. But it was difficult for him to know what to say to her—and she gave him no assistance, standing there with a look of panic which disturbed the still, abstracted dignity of her ordinary aspect. "I am afraid I have startled you," he said, his voice softening. "Don't be alarmed. I am your—husband's father. I am sorry, very sorry, that we never met before."

She made no answer, but only a slight tremulous movement intended for a curtsey; then some sense of the necessities of her position, struggling with her fright, she said faintly, "He is just the same—on Saturday he'll be better, please God."

"On Saturday he'll be better! God bless you, my dear! You seem sure? How can you be sure?" cried the old lord, with his eyelids all

puckered together to hide the moisture within.

She put up her hand with a warning gesture. "Hush," she said; "it makes him restless when he hears a voice"—then a curious, exquisite twilight seemed to melt over her face as if some last reflections of a waning light had caught her, illuminating her for the moment with the tenderest subdued radiance—"except mine," she added in tones so low as to be almost inaudible. The old lord was deeply touched. What with his boy's condition, which was worse than he expected, and this voice of great, subdued, and restrained feeling—emotion that had no object but to conceal itself—all his prejudices floated away. He was not in the least conscious of being affected by the beauty which was concealed, too, like the emotion—indeed he would have denied that she had any beauty; but the suppression of both and ignoring of them by their possessor had a great effect upon him; for there was nothing in the world more noble in the eyes of the old Scots lord than this power of self-restraint. He went round to her softly, walking with elaborate precaution, and took her hand for a moment; "God bless you," he said—then, with another look at Val, left the room. He himself, even with all the self-control he had, might have broken down and betrayed the passionate love and anxiety in him had he waited longer there.

Lady Eskside was seated in the parlour alone when he entered; she was leaning back in Dick's great chair, with her handkerchief to her eyes. "He has gone to get the doctor, that we may know everything exactly," she said. "He" had changed to her. She had taken back her own son, her very child, into her heart, (had he not the best right?) and it was Richard who

was "he," not any one else. She was so tender, so happy, so deeply moved by this revolution, that she could scarcely speak to her husband, who, she felt instinctively, had not been subjected to the same wonderful change.

"I have just seen him—and his mother," said Lord Eskside.

"Saw *him*—the boy? Oh my poor Val!" cried the old lady, weeping; and then she raised her hands and turned to her husband with something which was half an apology and half a reproach. "I feel as if I had got my own Richard back—our own boy—and I don't seem able to think of anything else—not even Val."

Lord Eskside took another turn round the little parlour. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, my lady," he said; "but if Richard had had the sense to write to you or me when he wrote to that fine London solicitor of his, all this might have been spared. Sandy Pringle's miserable letter, and all that stramash about the election, and my poor Val's fever—maybe his life——"

"His life! his life!" she said, starting up in alarm from her chair.

"Who can say? It's in God's hands, not ours. His mother says he'll be better on Saturday," Lord Eskside said, turning away.

Meanwhile Dick had thrown himself with a certain passion into his work, feeling a curious reluctance which he had never experienced before to receive the orders of the customers, and to run hither and thither launching boats into the water, drawing them up again, dealing out oars and cushions as he had done for years. If he could have pushed out on the stream himself as Val had done, if he could have rowed a race for life or death with some rival oar, that would have calmed him more than anything. Gentlemen like Val, Lord Eskside's heir, future pos-

cessor of all those lovely woods, and of the grey old house full of beautiful things, which was so fresh in Dick's memory, could afford to calm themselves down in that way. But Dick, who was only a working man, could not afford it. To him his work was everything, and to that alone, when all his nerves were tingling, could he resort to bring him down again from any fanciful strain of emotion. He ought to be glad to have it to do, Dick felt ; for had he been idle, it seemed to him that the beating of his heart would have driven him wild. Now, let it swell as it would, he had enough to do to keep him occupied, and no time to think, heaven be praised ! It was, as it happened fortunately, a very busy day. Dick forgot his dinner-hour—forgot everything but the necessity for exertion to keep him from himself. Sometimes he ordered his subordinates about almost fiercely, speaking to them as he had never been heard to speak before. Sometimes, not thinking, he would rush himself to do their work, while they stood by astonished, with a manner so unusual that no one knew what to make of him. Was it possible that the fever was "catching," and that Dick too was going to have it ? But it was a very busy day, and there was plenty of work for everybody, which is a thing that stops speculation. In the afternoon Lord Eskside, straying about the place, found himself on the raft. He had not intended to go there, nor did he know when he got there what he wanted. The old lord was very restless, anxious, and unhappy. He could do nothing indoors—not even keep still and out of the way, which is the first duty of man in a house where sickness is ; and the unfamiliar place did not tempt him to walk as he might have done at home. He had done what he could to occupy him-

self after the brief interview with the doctor, who could say nothing more than had already been said, that no change could come until Saturday, when, for good or evil, the crisis might be looked for. After this Lord Eskside went to the hotel where Richard was living, and engaged rooms, and did what he could for the comfort of his wife, who had come here in her old age without any attendant. But when this slender business was accomplished, he had nothing further to do. He could not keep indoors in Dick's little parlour, which they had taken possession of, none of them reflecting that there was another proprietor whose leave had not been asked or given ; nor could he linger at the outer door, where Harding hung about in attendance. The old lord had no heart to say anything to Harding ; he went to the rafts at last in simple restlessness, having, I almost think, forgotten all about Dick. I suppose it diverted him for the moment from his own heavy thoughts and painful tension of suspense, to see the movement in this busy place—the coming and going—the boats run out into the stream with a pleasant rustle—the slim outriggers now and then carried back all wet and dripping to the boathouses, as one party after another came in. The stir of indifferent cheerful life, going on carelessly all the same under the eyes of a spectator paralysed by anxiety and distress, has a curious bewildering effect upon the mind. He had been there for some minutes before he even noticed Dick's presence at all.

He perceived him at last with a thrill of surprise. Dick had transmogrified himself ; in his working dress he looked more "a gentleman" than he had done in his Sunday coat. He had a straw hat instead of the black one, a blue flannel coat,

and noiseless white boating shoes. The excitement against which he was struggling gave a double animation to his aspect, and made him hold himself more erect than usual, with all the energy of wounded pride. Lord Eskside felt that it must be some consciousness of his true position that gave to Dick's youthful figure that air of superiority which certainly he had not noticed in him before; but it was in reality a contrary influence, the determination to show that he held his own natural position unaffected by all the mysterious hints he had listened to, and found in his work a blessed refuge from the mystery which he did not understand, but was impatient of, and despised. Dick passed Lord Eskside over and over again, in his manifold occupations, touching his hat as he did so, but taking no further notice of his travelling companion. The old lord, on his side, made no demonstration of interest; but he took up a position on the edge of the wharf, and followed the young fellow with his eyes. Dick had pushed back his hat, showing his fair locks and open face; he was never still for a moment, darting hither and thither with lithe light frame, and feet that scarcely seemed to touch the boards. How workmanlike he was, in his element, knowing exactly what to do, and how to direct the others who looked to him! and yet, Lord Eskside thought, so unlike any one else, so free in his step, so bold in his tranquil confidence, so much above the level of the others. He sat down on a bench close by, and knitting his heavy brows, sat intent upon that one figure, watching him more and more closely. There were a great many boating men about, for it was just the opening of the season, and some of them were impatient, and none were

especially disposed to respect the feelings even of the head man at Styles's. "Here, you, Brown," said one young man in flannel; "Brown, I say! Can't the fellow hear? Are we to wait all day?" "Look alive, can't you?" shouted a second; "he's not half the handy fellow he was." "Spoilt by the undergrads," said another; "he's the pet of all the Eton men." "Brown, Brown! By Jove! I'll speak to Styles if this goes on. You, Dick! can't you hear?"

I don't know if Dick felt any annoyance at their impatient outcries, or resented such an address in Lord Eskside's presence. But he came to the call, as was his duty, his cheeks a little flushed, but ready to do whatever was wanted of him. "Here, Brown," said the boating man, carelessly; but he never ended his order. For, before another word could be said, Lord Eskside, glooming with knitted brows, came hurriedly up to Dick, and put his arm through his. "This is no occupation for you," said the old lord. "It is time that this was over;" and before the eyes of the astonished lookers-on, he led him away, too much astonished for the moment to resist. "Who is the old fellow?" asked the boating men; and when (for rank will out, like murder) it was whispered who "Brown's friend" was, a sudden awe fell upon the rafts. A lord! and he had put his arm familiarly into Dick Brown's, and carried him off, declaring this to be no work for him! What could it mean? The effect produced by Val's accident was nothing to the ferment which rose, up and down the river-side, when it was known that a lord—an old lord—not one of your wild undergraduate—had walked off Styles's raft, in broad daylight, arm-in-arm with Dick Brown.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Violet went back to Edinburgh the day after her meeting in the woods with Dick. Her heart was so full of what she had heard, that it was all she could do to keep the particulars from old Jean, who was her guardian and companion when, in her trouble, poor child, she managed to escape for a day or two to the Hewan. By a strong effort she kept from talking over the details with her homely old friend ; but she could not keep from her the fact that Val was ill. I need not say that Jean knew well enough that there was "something wrong" between the two families—a thing she had been aware of, with the curious instinct which all our servants possess—almost before they knew it themselves. And by this time, of course, Jean knew all that popular opinion said about Mr Pringle's supposed guilt in respect to the election ; and she was aware that there had been painful scenes in the house, and that neither his wife, nor his sons, nor his daughter "held with" the unlucky culprit, who, since the election, had gone about with drooping head "as if he was gaun to be hanged," old Jean said. Jean was very much shocked and distressed when she heard of Val's illness. "I thought there was something out o' the ordinary," she said ; "him away when there was yon grand dinner, and a strange look about the house a'thegither. Ye may aye ken when the family's in trouble by the look o' the house. Poor callant ! there's naething like trouble of mind for bringing on thae fevers ; you may take my word, Miss Violet, it's something about that weary election. Eh, what creatures men are ! Can they no fecht fair, and take their neives to ane anither, instead of casting up auld ill stories ? They

say that's women's way ; for my part, I'm of the opinion, that if women are ill with their tongues, men are waur."

"But fevers are not brought on by trouble of mind," said Violet, endeavouring to argue against her own inmost convictions. "Fevers are brought on by—oh, by very different things, by bad air, and—you may read it all in the papers— Oh, I hope, I hope it is not that, Jean."

"If you put your faith in the papers," said Jean, contemptuously, "that say one thing the day, and another the morn, just as it suits them ! Oh ay, they'll tell you an honest midden is waur than an ill story, that creeps into the heart and saps the strength. I'm fond o' the fresh air mysel. We're used to it here up at the Hewan, and it's like meat and drink ; but if some ill-wisher was to rake up a nasty story about my auld man that's in heaven, or my John, what do you think would harm me maist, Miss Violet,—that, or a' the ill smells in Lass-wade ? and I'll no say but what that corner by the smiddy is like to knock you down—though Marion Miller's bairns, so far as I can see, are no a prin the waur."

Violet did not venture upon any reply, for, indeed, it seemed to her innocent soul that mental causes were far more likely to make one ill than those vulgar evils upon which the newspapers insisted. For her own part, she felt very sure, as old Jean did, that Val's illness arose from the misery and excitement of the election, and not from any lesser cause. I suppose this was quite foolish, and that the poor young member for Eekshire must have gone into some cottage, or passed by some drain in the course of his canvassing, which was the

real occasion of his fever. My ignorance is too great on such subjects to warrant me in venturing the supposition that the other part of him, that mental part so much discredited and put out of court in the present day—the one thing about us which nobody can quite account for—had anything to do with it; but Violet and old Jean, both of them as ignorant as myself but more courageous—and both convinced in their different ways that this special development of protoplasm called by ignorant persons their mind, is the most important part of us—unhesitatingly ignored the drain, which no doubt did the mischief, and set down Val's fever to his misery with all the evident precision of cause and effect. Violet could not say any more to the old woman whose remarks she neither dared to be sympathetic with or irritated by, since either demonstration would have betrayed her father, who had done it all. So she hurried home next morning, attended by her maid, breathless till she reached the mother, the natural receiver of all her complaints and troubles. Mrs Pringle saw there was something to tell from the first glance at Violet's countenance, in which all her emotions writ themselves easily to the accustomed eye. She sent her up-stairs to "take off her things," and followed her, hoping that old Lady Eekside might perhaps have met the child somewhere, and melted towards her, the only imaginable way in which any renewal of friendship could be possible. When she heard what it was, however, Mrs Pringle shook her head. "My dear," she said, "you are letting your feelings run away with you. Men don't get ill and take fevers from excitement except in novels. No doubt there must be something wrong about RossCraig; these old houses

are never quite to be depended upon. God knows that letter has done you and me harm enough, more harm than it could do to Valentine—but we have taken no fever. I am very sorry for him, poor fellow; but he's young, and has a good constitution—no doubt he'll pull through; and my Vi must not cry like this for a man that is nothing to her," the good mother said, proudly—putting her handkerchief and her hand, which was still softer, across Violet's streaming eyes to stop her tears.

"Oh, mamma, how can I help it?" sobbed poor Vi.

"My darling, you must help it. I am not saying it will be easy. Me myself, with children of my own that take up my mind, I find myself thinking of that poor boy when I have plenty of other things to think of. Ah, Violet, you kiss me for that! but, my dear, ask yourself—after what has come and gone—how could it ever, ever be?"

"No one wants it to be!" said Violet, with one of her vehement impulses of maiden pride, raising her head from her mother's shoulder with a hot, angry flush covering her face; "but one does not cease—to take an interest—in one's—friend, because of any quarrel. I am friends with him forever, whatever happens. No one can say anything against that. And we are cousins, whatever happens. I told Mr Brown so."

Mrs Pringle shook her head over the friendship and cousinship which continued to take so warm "an interest" in Val; but she was wise and made no further remark. "I wonder who this Mr Brown may be?" was all she said, and instantly set her wits to work to find something for Violet to do. In a house where there were so many boys this was not difficult; and it cannot be questioned that at this crisis of her young existence Moray Place was much safer for Violet than the Hewan.

The next two days were each made memorable by a note from Dick. They were couched almost in the same words, and Violet reading them over and over again could extract nothing from them more than met the eye. Dick, in a very careful handwriting, too neat perhaps, and legible, wrote as follows :—

“MADAM,—Mr Ross is just the same. This is not to be wondered at, as I told Miss Violet that there could be no change till Saturday. With your permission I will write again to-morrow.—Your obedient servant,
RICHARD BROWN.”

Even Mrs Pringle could find nothing to remark upon in this brief epistle. “I wonder how he knows your name?” was all she said, and Violet did not feel it necessary to enter into any particulars on this point. The second bulletin was just like the first. Mrs Pringle had this note in her pocket in the evening after dinner when her husband came up to her with an excited look, and thrust the little local Eskside paper, the ‘Castleton Herald,’ into her hand. “Look at this!” he said, pointing out a paragraph to her with a hand that trembled. How glad she was then that this conveyed no shock to her, and that Violet knew with certainty the state of the matter which the newspaper unfolded so mysteriously! “We regret to learn,” said the ‘Herald,’ “that the new member for the county, Mr Ross, whose election so very lately occupied our pages, lies dangerously ill in England of fever—we suppose of that typhoid type which has lately made so much havoc in the world, and threatened still greater havoc than it has made. We have no information as to how the disease was contracted, but in the mean time Lasswade and the neighbourhood have been thrown into alarm and gloom by the sudden departure of such members of the

noble family of Eskside as were still remaining at Rosscraig. We trust before our next week’s issue to be able to give a better account of Mr Ross’s state.”

“I knew Val was ill,” said Mrs Pringle, composedly; “Violet heard of it at Eskside.” She could not refrain from a stroke of vengeance as she handed the paper back to him. “I hope you are satisfied with your handiwork now,” she said.

“My handiwork?”

“Just yours,” said Mrs Pringle—“just yours, Alexander; and if the boy should die—which as good as him have done—what will your feelings be?”

“My feelings?” said Mr Pringle; “what have I to do with it?—did I give him his fever? Of course it must have been bad air or some blood-poisoning—or something. These are the only ways in which fever communicates itself;” but as he spoke (for he was not a bad man) his lips quivered, and there was a tremor in his voice.

“It is easy to say that—very easy to say it—and it may be true; but if you take the heart and strength out of a man, and leave him no power to throw off the ill thing when it comes? Alexander,” said Mrs Pringle, solemnly, “I will never hold up my head again in this world if anything happens to Val!”

“You speak like a fool—or a woman. It comes to much the same thing,” cried her husband; and he went away down-stairs and shut himself into his library quivering with the hot sudden rage which belongs to his conscience-stricken state. How miserable he was, trying to study a case in which he had to speak next day, and able to understand nothing except that Valentine Ross was ill, perhaps dying, and through his means! He had never meant that. He had meant to have his revenge for an imaginary wrong, and many little imaginary

slights, and perhaps to make his young supplanter lose his election ; but that he might put Val's life in danger or injure him seriously had never entered into Mr Pringle's thoughts. He tried to persuade himself that it was no concern of his, pursuing in an undercurrent, as his eyes went over his law-papers, all the arguments about sanitary precautions he had ever read. "What a fool I am to think *that* could have had anything to do with it !" he cried, throwing away his papers when he could bear it no longer, and beginning to pace up and down his room. What a burning restless pain he had at his heart ! He cast about him vaguely in a kind of blank hopelessness what he could do, or if he could do anything. This he had never meant. He would not (he said to himself) have hurt Val or any one, for all the Eskside estates ten times over ; and if anything happened to the boy he could never hold up his head again, as his wife said. He had been wretched enough since that miserable election day. He had been conscious that even his own friends looked coldly upon him, suspecting him of something which went too far for ordinary political animosity or the fair fighting of honourable contest ; and feeling that his own very family, and even the wife of his bosom, were against him, though Mrs Pringle, after her first very full and indignant expression of her opinion, had said no more on the subject. Still he had not her moral support, a backing which had scarcely ever failed him before, and he had the sense of having broken all the ties of friendship with the Eskside family—old ties which, though he did not love the Rosses, it was painful altogether to break. He had thrown away those ties, and made his adversaries bitter and his friends suspicious. So little

Mr Pringle a bad man, that he

had pursued these thoughts for a long time in his secret heart without recollecting that, should Valentine die, he would be reinstalled in his position as heir-presumptive. When this suddenly flashed upon him, he threw himself in his chair and covered his face with his hands. In that case it would be murder, mere murder ! He would have killed the boy for the sake of his inheritance. This startled him beyond anything I can say. Perhaps the profoundest and most impassioned of all the prayers that were said that night for Val's recovery rose in a sudden anguish of remorse and surprised guilt from the heart of Val's enemy. He shook like a man struck with palsy ; his nerves contracted ; the veins stood out on his forehead. He had never meant to harm the boy—never, never, God knows !—except in some momentary way, by a little shame, a little disappointment, which could have made no real difference in so happy and prosperous a life. The pain of this thought gripped him as with the crushing grasp of a giant. What could he do, he said to himself, writhing in his chair—what could he do to make amends ? If he could but have believed in pilgrimages, how gladly would he have set out bare-footed to any shrine, if that would have bought back the young life which was in danger ! Heaven help him ! of all the people concerned there was no one so entirely to be pitied as poor Mr Pringle, lying there prostrate in his chair without any strength left in him, bodily or mental, or any one to back him up, saying to himself that perhaps it might be that he had murdered Val. He seemed to see before his eyes the bold handsome boy, the fine young fellow all joyous and triumphant in the glory of his youth ; and was it his hand—a man with children of his own whom he loved—that had stricken Valentine down ?

Next day Mr Pringle broke down in his case before the courts, and looked so distracted and miserable that the very Lords of Session took notice of it. "Sandy Pringle is breaking up early," Lord Birkhill said to Lord Caldergrange; "he never had any constitution to speak of." "Perhaps it is family affection and anxiety about young Ross of Eskside," said Lord Caldergrange to Lord Birkhill; and these two learned authorities, both old enough to have been Sandy Pringle's father, chuckled and took snuff together over his family affection and his early breakdown. The news from the 'Castleton Herald' about Val's illness was copied that morning into all the Edinburgh papers. Mr Pringle himself, being of the Liberal party, saw only the 'Scotsman,' where it was simply repeated; but when he was leaving the Parliament House, his son Sandy came to him with the 'Courant,' which, as every body knows, is the Conservative paper,—the one in which a *communiqué* from the Eskside party would naturally appear. "Have you seen this, sir?" said Sandy, not, his father thought, without a glimmer of vindictive satisfaction. They were all against him, wife and children, friends and circumstances. But the paragraph in the 'Courant' was one of a very startling description, and had already woke up the half of Edinburgh—everybody who knew or professed to know anything of the Eskside family—to wonder and interest. The 'Courant' gave first the paragraph from the 'Herald,' then added another of its own. "We are glad to be able to add that more favourable news has been received this morning of Mr Ross's condition. The crisis of the fever is now past, and all the symptoms, we understand, are hopeful." Then came the further information which took away everybody's breath. "We are authorised to state," said

the 'Courant', "that Mr Ross, whose severe illness at such an interesting juncture of his life has called forth so much public interest and sympathy, was fortunately at the house of his mother, the Hon. Mrs Richard Ross, in Oxford, when the first symptoms of fever made their appearance, and accordingly had from the first every medical attention, as well as the most devoted nursing which affection could give."

The paper fell out of Mr Pringle's hand when he had read this. Sandy grasped him by the arm, thinking he would have fallen too. "For heaven's sake," cried Sandy, in a fierce whisper, "don't make an exhibition of yourself *here*!" Mr Pringle did not answer a word, not even to the apologies with which, when they were safe out of the crowded precincts of the Parliament House, his son followed these hasty unfilial words. He went home to Moray Place in a condition of mind impossible to describe, feeling himself like a man caught in a snare from which there was no exit. The Hon. Mrs Richard Ross, his mother! Had he really read those words in black and white? Were they no fiction, but true? His heart was relieved a little, for Val was better; but how could he ever extricate himself from the labyrinth he had got into? He had defied the Rosses to produce this mother, and her appearance seemed to Mr Pringle to close up every place of repentance for him; to put him so terribly in the wrong that he could never face his friends again, or the public which knew him to be the author of that fatal letter to the electors of Eskshire. Surely no sin ever had such condign and instantaneous punishment. He was not a murderer, that was a thing to be thankful for; but he could be proved a liar—a maker of cruel, unfounded statements—a reporter of scandals! He shut him-

self up in his library, making some pretence of work to be done. As for Sandy, he did not go in at all, being angry and unhappy about the whole business. That Valentine's mother should be found, and his rights, which Sandy had never doubted, fully established, he was heartily glad of. Mrs Pringle's wise training had saved Sandy from even a shadow of that folly of expectation which had so painfully affected his father; but Sandy was indignant beyond description, hurt in his pride, and mortified to the heart, that his father should have put himself in such a mean position. I do not think there was any tingling recollection in him of the blow Val had given him. If he had borne malice, it would have vanished utterly at the first mention of Val's illness; but he did not bear any malice. He bore another burden, however, more heavy—the burden of shame for his father's unwarrantable assault, which, out of respect for his father, he could not openly disown, but must share the disgrace of, though he loathed the offence. I think Sandy may be excused if he felt himself too cross, too wretched in his false position, to face the rest of the household, and convey to them this startling news.

They had, however, their news too, scarcely less startling. It was the Monday after the Saturday on which Val had passed the crisis of his fever, and Sunday had been very trying to these two women in its entire cessation of news, as Sunday so often is in cases of anxiety. When Dick's letter at last came, there was something in it which they scarcely noticed in their first agitation of joy, but which, by dint of much reading, came out very strongly at last to their puzzled perceptions. There was an indescribable indefinite change in their correspondent's style. But the reader shall judge for himself what this was.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am happy to be able to tell you that the crisis is over, and Valentine is decidedly better. Perhaps you are aware that all the family are here. He has recognised us all, and, though weak, will soon regain his strength, the doctor thinks. Other things have happened, of a very wonderful kind, which I can scarcely write about; but I hope it may now be possible that I may one day see you, and explain everything to Miss Violet which she may wish to know. I do not like to run the risk of agitating Valentine by telling him that I am writing, but, if you will permit me, I will write again; and I hope you will always be so very kind as to think of me, whatever may be the change in circumstances, as yours and Miss Violet's obedient servant,
"RICHARD."

"What does it mean?" said Mrs Pringle. "I am afraid the young man is taking too much upon himself. To sign himself just 'Richard' to you and me, is a piece of presumption, Vi; and to call Lord Eskside's grandson 'Valentine!' I am not bigoted about rank, as you know; but this is too much."

Violet was confounded too. "Perhaps in nursing he has got familiar without knowing it," she said. "Oh, mamma, you could not think he was presumptuous if you had seen Mr Brown."

"That is all very well, my dear," said Mrs Pringle. "I believe he is a good young man; but perhaps it was a little rash to take him into your confidence. I think I heard your papa come in. Go and see if he is in the library. It might be a comfort to him to know that Val is better. Go; and if you see an opportunity, tell him. Say I have had a letter;—that is all that it is needful to say."

Violet, though reluctant, obeyed; and Mrs Pringle read Dick's letter

again, not knowing what to make of it. What did he mean by signing himself "Richard"? by calling Val by his Christian name? Her conclusion was, that this boatman, in whom Violet had so rashly put confidence, was presuming upon the girl's openness and innocence. Mrs Pringle thanked heaven that her child "had the sense" to ask him to write to her mother, who was quite safe, and quite able to manage any presuming person. She could not make up her mind about this, feeling an uneasy consciousness in the letter of something unexplained, something more than met the eye, to which, however, she had no clue; but she resolved, at least, that this young man should have no further encouragement; that she would herself write to him, thanking him for his communication, and politely dropping him, as a woman of Mrs Pringle's age and condition knows how to do. Perhaps it had been imprudent of Violet to refer to him at all; but it was an imprudence of which no further harm had come. She resumed her work, putting away the letter calmly enough, for the urgency was not great enough to call for any speedy action; while Violet went down-stairs to the library, somewhat tremulous, and half afraid of the morose tones and look into which of late her father had fallen. When she went in, he snatched up some of his papers, and pretended to be studying them very closely, the 'Courant' lying at his side upon the writing-table; but it was the law-papers, and not the 'Courant,' which Mr Pringle pretended to read. Violet made a shy circle round the table, not knowing if she might venture to speak. Her courage failed her, until she suddenly remarked, underneath the shadow of the hand which supported his head, that her father was watching her, and that his face was very grey and pallid

in the noonday light. This gave her resolution enough to conquer her timidity. She went up to him, and put her hand softly on his shoulder.

"Papa," she said, "I came to tell you that Valentine is better to-day. Mamma has just had a letter——"

"I know he is better," said Mr Pringle, with a sigh; and then he pointed out to her the notice in the paper. "He is better; but there is more behind—more than we know."

Vi read the paragraph wondering. It did not affect her except with surprise. "His mother?" she said, "I never knew——" and then she bethought herself suddenly of all that had passed, and of that fatal attack upon Valentine which had (no doubt) brought on his fever, and which threatened to separate him from her for ever. "Oh, papa!" she cried suddenly, with a flash from her eyes which seemed to scorch the culprit like a gleam of angry yet harmless lightning; then she added, looking at him fixedly, with indignant firmness: "But you are glad of this? glad he is better? glad his mother is found, and that everything will go well?"

Mr Pringle paused a moment looking at her. He was afraid to contradict her. He answered hurriedly, half servilely: "Yes, yes—I'm glad;" then, with a groan—"Vi, I am made a fool of. I am proved a poor, mean, paltry liar; that was never what I meant to be. Perhaps I said more than was right; but it was for justice, Vi—yes, it was for justice, though you may not believe what I say."

If you consider all that Violet had suffered, you will perceive how hard it was for her all at once to look upon this question impartially, to believe what her father said. She turned away her head from him in natural resentment. Then her tender heart was touched by the tones of wretchedness in his voice.

"Yes," he said, getting up from his chair, "you may think it was all ill feeling—and so many think; but it was for justice too. And now, apparently, things are turning out as I never expected. I did not believe in this woman, and God knows whether it may not be a cheat still. But if this is true that they are bold enough to put in the newspaper, then," said Mr Pringle, with a groan, "I'm in the wrong, my dear—I am in the wrong, and I don't know what to do."

He sank down again, leaning his head on the table, and hiding his face in his hands. Vi's heart melted altogether. She put her soft arm round his neck, and bent down her head upon his. She did not feel the bitterness of being in the wrong. It seemed to her innocent soul that there was so easy a way to shake off that burden. She clasped her father round the neck and whispered consolation. "Papa, dear! you have nothing to do but to say this to them. Oh, what makes you

think you don't know what to do? Say you were wrong, and that you are sorry. One is so certain that this must be the right thing."

He shook her away not unkindly but with a little impatience. "You don't know—you are too young to know," he said.

"Papa? can there be any doubt," said Violet, in the majesty of her innocence. "When one has done wrong, one undoes it, one confesses that it was wicked. What else? Is it not the first lesson one learns in life?" said the girl, serene in perfect certainty, and sadly superior to her age, in what she considered her experience of that existence of which she already knew the sorrows. She stood over him as grave and sweet as an angel, and spoke with entire and childlike confidence in her abstract code. "We all may be wrong," said Violet, "the best of us; but when we find it out we must say so, and ask pardon of God and of those whom we have wronged, papa. Is there any other way?"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Of all the persons involved at this crisis, I think the most to be sympathised with was honest Dick who wrote the letter over which Mrs Pringle pondered out of such a maze and confusion of feeling as seldom arises without personal guilt in any mind. From his very first glimpse of the new personage introduced into his little world—the stranger who had suddenly appeared to him when he went to open his own door to Lady Eskside, standing between him and her, anticipating and forestalling him—a glimmering instinctive knowledge who this stranger was had flashed into Dick's mind. Already the reader is aware he had thought it probable that Valentine's father was also his own father, and had endea-

voured to account to himself for his mother's strange behaviour on this score. I cannot quite describe the feelings with which Dick, with his tramp-traditions, regarded such a supposed father. What could "the gentleman," who had been his mother's lover, be to him? Nothing, or less than nothing—not "the author of his being," as our pious grandfathers used to say; but something much more like an enemy, a being half malignant, half insulting, with whom he had nothing to do, and towards whom his feelings, if not those of mere indifference, would be feelings of repulsion and instinctive dislike. He felt no shame on his mother's account or his own; but for the other who had left that mother and himself to take their

chance in the woods or on the streets, he was ashamed of his connection with him, and felt mortified and humbled by the mere suggestion of his existence. So long as he kept out of the way, Dick could refrain from thinking of this unknown parent; but the moment he appeared, he woke a hundred lively emotions in the bosom of his son. Dislike, annoyance, a sense of pride injured, and secret humiliation came to him at the first glance of Richard Ross. This was his feeling before any hint of the real state of affairs had reached him. The old lord had not made the disclosure that first day, but waited until the crisis of Valentine's fever was over. Then he called to Dick to go out with him, and there, on the bank of that river which had witnessed all the changes in his fortune, this last and most extraordinary change was revealed to the bewildered young man. Dick's mind was already excited by the painful interval of suspense which occurred just before Valentine was pronounced to be on the way of recovery; and when this revelation was made to him, the confusion in his thoughts was indescribable. That he was Valentine's brother—not secretly and guiltily, but in the eye of day—that the great house which he had looked upon with so much awe and admiration was his home—that all the accessories and all the realities of wealth and rank were his, actually his—relatives, connections, leisure, money, luxury,—was more than he could understand. He did not believe it at first. He thought the old lord had gone mad, that he had been seized with some sudden frenzy fit; that he had altogether misconceived the relationship between his son, the gentleman whom Dick disliked and suspected of being his father, and the poor lad who never had known what a father was. "I

think I know what you mean. I had got to suppose he was my father for some time," said Dick, bluntly, "but not in that way. You are mistaken, sir; surely you are mistaken."

"How could I be mistaken? are there more ways of being your father than one?" said the old lord, half amused by the lad's incredulity. Dick shook his head; he was better informed than Lord Eskside, who was so much his senior. He knew things which it was impossible the other could know—but how was he to say them? It did not occur to him even now that there was any relationship between the father of Richard Ross and himself, even though he was prepared to believe that he himself was Richard Ross's son.

"I don't understand you, any more than you understand me," said Lord Eskside, "and I don't wonder that you're confounded; but, nevertheless, what I have told you is true. I am your grandfather, Dick. Ah, that takes you by surprise! Now, why, I would like to know? since you believe my son is your father, though 'not in that way'——"

"My lord," said Dick, "I beg your pardon; but there's ways of being a man's son without being anything to his relations, and that's what I am thinking of. In my class we understand that such things are—though perhaps they oughtn't to be."

"But, you gomegal, you belong to my class, and not to your own!" said the old lord, feeling, with a mixture of pain and amusement and impatience, his own ignorance before the superior and melancholy knowledge of life possessed by this boy. "What must I say to convince you? You are Valentine's twin brother; do you not see what that means? and can you suppose that anything in the world but a boy's mother would nurse Val as that woman is doing?—besides, he's her living picture," said Lord Eskside, abruptly,

and not without a grudge. He said it to convince this boy, who was a genuine Ross, without dispute or doubt ; but even now it gave him a pang to acknowledge that his Val was like the tramp-mother, and not like the noble race of which his father came.

Dick stopped short, and put out his hand blindly as if to save himself from falling. This was a new view of the subject altogether. He could understand the relationship through the father ; but—his mother ! Valentine ! What did it all mean ? He caught his breath, and something like a sob came from his breast. " I can't understand it—I can't understand it ! " he cried, feeling choked as well as blinded ; air failing him, sight failing him, and the whole steady earth turning round and round. When he recovered himself a little he turned to Lord Eskside, who was watching him closely from under his shaggy eyebrows. " Don't say anything more, sir," he cried, with an effort which was almost piteous. " Let me try to make it out—I can't all at once—"

" Go home, my lad," said the old lord, kindly patting him on the shoulder, " and think it out at your leisure."

" Thank you, sir—thank you," cried Dick ; and he turned back without another word, and hurried to his little bedroom, which was next door to the one in which Valentine lay. Ought he to have been overwhelmed with delight and joy ? Instead of being a nobody, Dick Brown, Styles's head-man, he was Richard Ross, Lord Eskside's grandson, a person of importance, the son of a future baron ; superior to all his old surroundings, even to most of his old patrons. But Dick was not glad at first, not even when he had fully realised this wonderful news, and allowed to himself that, Lord Eskside having told it, it must be true. He had found a

family, a name, a position in the world ; but he seemed to have lost himself. He sat down on his bed in the small room which he had himself furnished with a hundred little graces and conveniences, and of which a week ago he had been proud, and covered his face with his hands. But for his manhood, he could have sobbed over this extraordinary break and stop in his life ; and at the first he was no more able to reconcile himself to being Dick Brown no longer, than Mr Richard Ross would have been able to reconcile himself to descending into the place of Styles's head-man ! The change was as great one way as another ; indeed I think the higher might have been better able to come down than the lower, who did not understand how he was to mount up, and in whose modest, simple soul there rose on the moment impulses of pride he had never been conscious of possessing. Here, in his natural sphere, he was respected, thought well of, and everybody was aware how well he fulfilled his duties, bearing himself like a man, whatever he had to do. But this new world was all dark to him, a place in which he would have no guidance of experience, in which he would be judged according to another standard, and looked down upon. I do not mean to paint Dick as a perfect being, and this sense of natural pride, this personal humiliation in his social rise, gave him a pang which was at least as respectable as other pangs of pride. He did not know how long he sat there pondering blankly, forecasting with sombre thoughts an unknown future. He had lost himself, whom he knew, and he could not tell how the new self whom he did not know would be able to harmonise his life. He was still sitting there, with his hands over his eyes, when a faint sound in the room roused him, and, looking up, he saw his mother, who had entered

softly, and now stood looking at him. He returned her look seriously for a moment before he spoke.

"Mother, is this true?"

"Yes," she said, clasping her hands as if she would have wrung them. "Yes, boy, yes ; it's true. I gave up the one, because I thought he had a right to one ; and I kept you, Dick. I was your mother that bore you, and sure I had a right to you."

"Just a word more, mother," said Dick, softly, "not to vex you : the little chap that died—was it *him*?—the one that you said died?"

"He died to me," she cried—"to me and to you. I never, never thought to set eyes on him again. I gave him up, free. Dick, that night on the river, when you helped him with his boat——"

"Yes, mother?"

"I should ha' gone away then. I should have taken you off, my boy, and never let you know him; but it got into my head like wine," she cried ; "the sight of him, Dick, so handsome and so kind! and to think he was my lad, mine, all the same as you. And he'd look at me in such a way, wondering like, as nobody but him ever looked—as if he wanted to ask, who are you? who are you?—what are you to me? Many and many a day I've caught his eye ; and nobody but me knew why the lad looked like that—him least of all—only me. It got into my head, Dick, watching him. I couldn't go. And then to see you two together that were never meant to be together all your lives!"

"You mean, mother, that were born never to be separate?" said Dick.

"Yes, lad, yes ; that is what I mean," she cried, dropping into a chair, and covering her face with her apron. For a moment there was that in Dick's heart which kept him from speaking, from trying to comfort her. The best of us now and then must think of ourselves. Dick was too much confused in

mind to blame his mother, but it gleamed across him, among so many other thoughts—if it was to be that he was not Dick Brown, how much better it would have been that he had never been Dick Brown ; this is a confused sentence, but it was thus that the thought passed through his mind. The loss of himself, and even of "the little chap that died," pained him—and this loss was for no reason, it seemed—for how much better would it have been had he always known the truth! This kept him for a moment from saying anything to her—but only for a moment ; then he rose and went to his mother, laying his hand on her shoulder—

"It's all very confusing, mother," he said ; "but it's best you did not go away. I've got most of my happiness in life from knowing—him. The pity is you ever did go away, mother dear ; but never mind ; anyhow, though all the rest is changed, there's nothing changed between you and me."

"Oh, my lad!" she cried, "they'll take you from me—they'll take you both from me, Dick."

"They can't do that," he said with a smile, soothing her ; "you forget we're *men*, mother. Take heart. So he's the little chap that died? I always thought there was something about him different from all the other gentlemen," said Dick, melting. "The first time I set eyes on him, I fancied him—and he me," he added, after a little pause, the moisture creeping to his eyes ; "which was more strange ; for what was I that he should take notice of me? The first time he saw you, mother, he was so struck he could scarcely speak ; and said, Why didn't I tell him you were a lady——"

"Me!" she cried, looking up ; "me—a lady——"

"That was what he said—he knew better than the like of us," said Dick. Then, after a pause, the good fellow added, with self-abnega-

tion like that of old Lord Eskside, for he did not like to acknowledge this any more than his grandfather did; "and they say he's your living picture, mother—and it's true——"

"Oh, Dick! oh, my boy, my Val, that I've carried in my arms and nursed at my breast!—but he'll never know his mother. Come, Dick, come, as long as we've the strength. We'll go away, lad, you and me——"

"Where, mother?"

"Out, out, anywhere—to the road. It's there I belong, and not in houses. Before they take you both from me—Dick, Dick, come!—we'll go away, you and me."

She started up as she spoke and caught at his arm, but, giddy and weak with long watching and the fatigue, which in her excitement she had not felt, dropped heavily against him, and would have fallen had he not caught her. "It's nothing; it's a dizziness," she murmured. "I'll rest a moment, and then we'll go."

Dick laid her tenderly upon his bed. "You're overdone, mother dear," he said; "and this house is mine whatever happens, and you're the queen in it, to do what you please. When you're rested, we'll think what to do. Besides, *he* may want us yet," he added, forcing a smile; "he is not out of the wood yet that we should run away from him. Mother, though he's my—brother, as you all say, I don't seem to know his name."

The mother, lying down on her son's bed, with Dick's kind face bending over her, gave way to a soft outburst of tears. "He is Val," she said. "Dick and Val—Dick and Val. Oh, how often I've said them over!—and one to him and one to me. That was just; I always knew that was just!" she cried.

It seemed to Dick when he went out of the room, leaving her behind him to rest, that years had passed over him since he took refuge there. Already this strange disclosure was

an old thing of which there could be no doubt. Already he was as certain that he was no longer Dick Brown of Styles's, as he was of his existence—and would have been sharply surprised, I think, had any one called him by that name: and as a consequence of this certainty he had ceased to consider the change in himself. Something else more interesting, more alarming, lay before him—a new world, a family of which he knew nothing, a father whom he disliked to think of. Even Val, who he knew would be changed to him. He had felt for him as a brother before he knew; would he be a brother now? or would the very bond of duty, the right Dick had to his affection, quench that warm sweet fountain of boyish kindness which had risen so spontaneously, and brightened the young wanderer's life? Then there was his mother to think of among all these strange unknown people. He had understood very imperfectly the story Lord Eskside had told him; and now he came to think of it, why was it that she, so young as she must have been, had fled from her husband? What reason could she have had for it, unless her husband treated her unkindly? This idea roused all the temper (there was not much) in Dick's honest nature. No one should treat her unkindly now, or look down upon her, or scorn her lowliness! With a swelling heart Dick made this vow to himself. He would have to defend her, to protect her honour, and credit, and independence; and then, on the other hand, he would have to stand against herself, her wild impulse of flight, her impatience of control. Already he felt that, though it was but an hour or two since he had been Dick Brown, he could never be Dick Brown again; and though he would not have his mother crossed or troubled, still she must not, if he could help it, fly

and turn everything into chaos again. Care rose upon him on every side as he forecasted his new life; but it had to be faced, and he did so with steady valour. He went softly to the door of the sick-room and looked in to see if anything was wanted. Val, very weak and spent, but conscious, and noting what went on with eager curiosity, saw him, and, smiling faintly, beckoned to him with his hand. Lady Eskside was seated in the nurse's place bending fondly over her boy. She said, "Come in," but with a half-jealous, half-fretful tone. She thought it was the mother, and the old lady *was* jealous, though she would not have willingly betrayed it, longing just for one hour to have her boy to herself. Val held out his thin hand, and said, "Brown, old fellow! how pleasant it is to see you again!" "I am glad you are better," said Dick, feeling cold and hard as the nether millstone. It was not Val who had changed, but himself. Then he went out of the room, feeling mean and miserable, and going downstairs, wrote that letter in which, for the first time, he called his brother by his name. In the midst of this a sudden softening came to him. He put down his pen, and his dry eyes grew moist, and an infinite sweetness stole into his heart. Now he should see her again, speak to her perhaps, be a friend of hers. He finished his letter hastily, but how could he sign it? What name had he but his Christian name? He could not put a false name to her; so he ended his letter hastily, and went out to post it, as he always did, himself. And then another thing happened to him, a new step in his career.

In the little dark passage at the foot of the stairs, he met Richard face to face: they had scarcely met before, but they could not pass each other now that they knew each other, and each knew that the other knew. It was a strange meeting to

be the first between a father and son, but yet there was a kind of advantage in their getting it over, which Richard was quick to perceive. In his heart he was little less embarrassed than his son was; but he was a man of the world, and knew how to behave in an emergency with that ease of speech which looks half miraculous to the inexperienced. He held out his hand to his son at first without saying anything, and poor Dick felt in spite of himself the strangest thrill of unexpected feeling when he put out with hesitation his hard workman's hand into that white and soft yet vigorous clasp. Then Richard spoke:

"My father has told you what we are to each other," he said. "My boy, I do not blame your mother, but it is not my fault that I see you now for the first time. But I know you a little—through Val, your brother: who found you by instinct, I suppose, after we had all searched for you in vain."

Dick's countenance was all aglow with the conflict of feeling in him; his voice laboured in his throat with words that would not come. The contrast between his own difficulty of speech and the ease of the other unmanned him altogether. "I—I have known—him—a long time," was all he could stammer forth.

"Thank heaven for that!" said Richard, with a gleam of real pleasure; and with another pressure of his hand he let his new son go. Dick went out to post his letter strangely excited but subdued. What it was to be a gentleman, he thought! and this was his father, *his* father! A new pride unknown to him before came into existence within him, a glimmer which lighted up that dim landscape. After all, the new world, though it was so strangely mysterious and uncertain, was it not more splendid, more beautiful to the imagination, than the old world could ever have been?

Val made slow but sure progress towards recovery, and the family lived a strange life in attendance upon him, occupying Dick's little parlour all day, and returning to the hotel for the night. The intercourse between them was of a peculiar character. Dick, watching intently, jealous for his mother, soon perceived that she was of much more importance to the others than he thought possible, and had his fears appeased. He watched her almost as if she had been his young sister, and Richard Ross her lover, eager to note if they met, and when and how ; but, as it happened, they scarcely met at all, she keeping to the sick-room above, he to the parlour below. As for Dick himself he became Val's slave, lifting him when he was first moved, helping him continually, indispensable to his invalid existence. He called for "Brown" when he woke in the morning, and ordered him about with an affectionate imperiousness which was at once provoking and delightful to Dick. But Val was much more mysterious in the looks with which he regarded Brown's mother. He did not talk to her much, but watched her movements about the room with a half-reverential admiration. "She will wear herself out. She is too good to me ; you ought to make her go and rest," he said to Dick ; but he was uneasy when she left him, and impatient of any other nursing. He half-frightened half-shocked Lady Eskside by his admiration of her. "How handsome she is, grandmama !" he whispered in the old lady's ear. "How she carries herself ! Where could Brown's mother get such a way of walking ? I think she must have been a princess." "Hush, my darling, hush !" said my lady. "Nonsense ! I am all right ; I don't mean to hush any more," said Val. "I think she is handsomer than any one I ever saw." This Lady Eskside put up with, magnanimously making up her mind that nature

spoke in the boy's foolish words ; but it was hard upon her when her old lord began to blow trumpets in honour of Dick, who took walks with him when he could be spared from Valentine, and whom in his enthusiasm he would almost compare advantageously with Val ! It was true, that it was she herself who had first pressed Dick's claims upon him ; but with Val just getting better, and doubly dear from that fact, who could venture to compare him with any one ? She liked Dick — but Lord Eskside was "just infatuated" about him, my lady thought. "He reminds me of my father," said the old lord. Now this father was the tenth lord — him of the dark locks, by means of whom she had always attempted to account for Valentine's brown curls, and whose portrait her son Richard disrespectfully called a Raeburn. She gave a little gulp of self-control when she heard these words. "Make no comparisons," she cried, "or you'll make me like the new boy less, because I love the old one more. To me there will never be any one in the world like my Val." Lord Eskside shrugged his old shoulders, and went out for another walk with Dick.

At last the day arrived when Valentine was pronounced well enough to have the great disclosure made to him. For two or three days in succession he had been brought down-stairs and had enjoyed the sight of the old world he knew so well, the river and the trees seen from the window, and the change, with all the delight of convalescence. And wonderfully sweet, and imperious, and seductive he was to them all, in that moment while still he did not know, holding his *levée* like a sovereign, not enduring any absence. On that important morning when the secret was to be disclosed to him, he noted with his usual imperious friendliness the absence of "Brown's mother" from the

group that gathered round him, and sent Dick off for her at once. "Unless she is resting she must come. Ask her to come; why should she be left out?" said Val, in his ignorance; which made the others look at each other with wondering eyes. She came in at Dick's call, and seated herself behind backs. She had put off her nursing dress, and wore the black gown and white net kerchief on her fine head, which added so much to the impressive character of her beauty. Amid all these well-born people there was no face in itself so striking and noble. The Rosses were all quite ordinary, except Val, who had taken his dark beauty from her. She, poor ignorant creature, made up of impulses, without a shadow of wisdom or even good sense about her, looked like a dethroned queen among them: which shows, after all, how little looks matter—an argument which would be very powerful if it were not so utterly vain.

"Val," said Lord Eskside, who was the spokesman, as became his position, "I hope you are getting back your strength fast. The doctor tells us we may now make a disclosure to you which is very important. I do not know how you will take it, my boy; but it is so great, and of so much consequence, that I cannot keep it from you longer. Val——"

"Is it something about Violet?" said Valentine, the little colour there was paling out of his face.

"About—whom?"

"About Violet," he repeated, with a stronger voice. "Listen, sir; let me speak first;" and with the sudden flush of delicate yet deep colour which showed his weakness, Val raised his head from the sofa, and swung his feeble limbs, which looked so preternaturally long, to the ground. "I have not said anything about her while I have been ill, but it is not because I forgot. Grandfather, Violet and I made up our

minds to marry each other before that confounded election. If her father did write that letter, it's not her fault; and I can't go on, sir, now I've come to myself, not another day, without letting you know that nothing, nothing in the world can make me change to Vi!"

There was a pause of astonishment so great that no one knew what to say: this sudden introduction of a subject altogether new and unsuspected bewildered the others, whose minds were all intent on one thing. Val was as one-idea'd as they were; but his idea was not their idea; and the shock of this encounter jarred upon them, so curiously sudden and out of place it seemed. Lady Eskside, who sat close by him, and to whom this was no revelation, was more jarred even than the rest. She put her fine old ivory hand on his arm, with an impatient grasp. "This is not the question—this is not the question," she said.

Val looked round upon them all, and saw something in their looks which startled him too. He put back his legs upon the sofa, and the flush gradually went off his cheek. "Well," he said, "well; whatever it is I am ready to know it—so long as I make sure that you've heard me first."

"Valentine," said his father, "at your age some such piece of foolishness always comes first; but this time you have got to see the obverse of the medal—the other end of all this enthusiasm. It is my story, not your own, that you have to think of. Kind friends of course have told you——"

"Richard," said Lord Eskside, "this is not the way to enter upon a subject so important. Let me speak. He knows my way best."

Richard turned away with a short laugh—not of amusement indeed, but full of that irritated sense of incongruity which gives to anger a kind of fierce amusement of its own. Lord Eskside cleared his throat—he

preferred to have the matter in his own hands.

"Friends have told you little," he said; "but an enemy, Val, the enemy whose daughter you have just told us you want to marry—but that's neither here nor there—let you know the story. Your father there, Richard Ross, my son, married when he was young and foolish like you. It was not an equal marriage, and the—lady—took some false notion into her head, I know not what, and left him—taking her two babies with her, as you have heard. These two babies," said the old lord, once more clearing his throat, "were your brother and you—so much as this you know."

Here he stopped to take breath; he was gradually growing excited and breathless in spite of himself.

"We could not find you, though we did our best. We spared no trouble, either before you were brought home or after. Now, my boy, think a little. It is a very strange position. You have a brother somewhere in the world—the same flesh and blood, but not like you; a mother——" He instinctively glanced at the woman who sat behind backs, like a marble statue, immovable. The crisis became too painful to them all. There was a stir of excitement when Lord Eskside came to this pause. His wife put her hand on his, grasping it almost angrily in the heat of suspense. Richard Ross began to pace about the room with restless passion.

"Go on, oh, go on!" cried my lady, with a querulous quiver in her voice. I am not sure that the old lord, though so much excited himself, had not a certain pleasure in thus holding them all hanging on his breath.

"In good time—in good time," he said. "Valentine, it may be a shock to you to find out these relations; it cannot be but a great surprise.

You are not prepared for it—your mind is full of other things——"

"For God's sake, sir," cried Richard, "do not drive us all mad! Valentine, make up your mind for what you have to hear. Your mother is found——"

"And your brother," cried Lady Eskside, rushing in unconsciously as the excitement grew to a crisis. "Your brother, too! Oh, my boy, bear up!"

Dick had been standing by, listening with I know not what fire in his heart: he could bear it no longer. The shock and suspense, which were as great to him as to Valentine, had not been broken in his case by any precautions; and it hurt his pride bitterly on his mother's account as well as his own, that the knowledge of them should be supposed such a terrible blow to Val. He stepped forth into the middle of the room (his own room, in which they made so little of him), his honest face glowing, his fair, good-humoured brows bent, almost for the first time in his life,—

"Look here," he said, hoarsely; "there is more than him to be thought of. If it's hard upon him, he's a man, and he'll bear it like a man. Mr Ross, look here. I'm Dick Brown, sir, your humble servant; I'm the lad you made a man of, from the time we were boys till now. You've done for me as the Bible says one brother should do for another," said Dick, the tears suddenly starting into his eyes, and softening his voice, "without knowing; and now they say we're brothers in earnest. Perhaps you'll think it's poor news; as for me, I don't mind which it is—your brother or your servant," said Dick, his eyes shining, holding out both his hands; "one way or other, I couldn't think more of you than I do now."

Valentine had been lying motionless on his sofa looking from one

to another with large and wondering eyes. It is needless to say that amid so many different narrators he had already divined, even before Dick spoke, the solution of this mystery; and it had given him sufficient shock to drive the blood back wildly to his heart. But he had time to *prendre son parti*, and he was too much of a man not to bear it like a man, as Dick said. When his new brother held out his hands, a sudden suffusion of colour came to Val's face, and a smile almost of infantile sweetness and weakness. He took Dick's hands and pulled himself up by them, grasping them with an eager pressure; then changing, in his weakness, took Dick's arm, upon which he leant so heavily that the young man's whole heart was moved. Familiar tenderness, old brotherhood, and that depth of absolute trust which no untried affection can possess, were all involved in the heavy pressure with which Val leant on Dick's arm; but he did not say anything to him. His eyes went past Dick to the other side of the room, whither he walked feebly leaning on his brother's arm. When they came in front of their mother the two young men stopped. With her old abstracted gaze modified by an indescribable mixture of terror and longing, she turned to them, pushing back her chair unconsciously, almost retreating as they approached. Val could not speak all at once. He looked at her eagerly, tenderly. "Is it true?" he said; "are you my—mother?" The words were spoken slowly one by one, and seemed to tingle through the air *staccato*, like notes of music. All the others turned towards this central scene. Lady Eskside sat leaning forward in her chair, crying to herself, her streaming eyes fixed upon them. The old lord walked to the window, and, turning his

back, looked out fiercely from under his shaggy eyebrows. Dick, supporting his brother on his arm, stood very erect and firm, while Val wavered and swayed about in his weakness. One great tear ran slowly down Dick's cheek. They were all spectators of what was about to happen between these two.

The mother stood out as long as she could, holding herself back, labouring to restrain herself. Then all at once her powers failed her. She started to her feet with a great cry, and throwing her arms round them both, pressed them together in a passionate embrace, kissing first one and then the other, wildly. "My two lads!" she cried; "my two babies! my children—my own children! Only for once,—only for this one time!"

"Mother!" cried Val, faintly, dropping on the floor in his weakness, and drawing her into her seat. And there he lay for another moment, his head upon her breast, his arms round her. Her face was like the face of a saint in ecstasy. She pressed his dark curls against her bosom and kissed them, lifting the heavy locks up one by one—her eyes brimming with great tears which did not fall—saying again and again, under her breath, "For once—only for this once!" while Dick stood over them, sobbing, guarding them, as it seemed, from all other contact. I do not know how many seconds of vulgar time this lasted. It was, and it was over. Suddenly she raised Valentine from her lap, and loosened his arms. "Dick, put him back upon the sofa; he's overdone," she said, putting him into his brother's charge: and then with a longing look after the two, she turned suddenly, subdued and still, to Richard who had been looking on like the rest—"now I'm ready," she said very low. "I'll go where you please. There is one for you and one for me.

I will never go back of my word to do you a wrong. It's good of you to let me kiss my lad once, only once. And now I'll trouble him and you no more."

"Myra," said Richard, coming forward to her. She had risen up, and stood like a stately wild creature, ready for flight. He took her hand in spite of her resistance, and I cannot describe the strange emotion, sympathy, almost tenderness, and hot provocation in Richard's face. He was more touched at heart than he had been for years, and he was more angry and provoked at the same time. "Myra," he said, "can you think of nothing but your children? Have you forgotten that you are my wife, and that I have some claim upon you too?"

She stood silent, holding back: then lifting her eyes looked at him pathetically. I think a faint sense of duty had begun to dawn in her mind; and her look was pathetic, because she knew of no response to make to him. She had no desire to humiliate her husband by her indifference—such a thought was far beyond her; but there was no reply to him in her mind. Perhaps he perceived this, and made a sudden effort to save his pride by appearing to ignore her silence. He drew her hand suddenly and impatiently within his arm, and led her forward to his mother's side.—"Myra," he said quickly, "it is of the first importance for your children—for Val and Dick whom you love—and especially for Val, the eldest, that you should remain with us, and go away no more."

Lady Ekside rose to receive her; they had met by Val's bedside many times before, but the old lady had

feared to say anything to alarm the worn-out watcher. She rose now, looking at her with wistful anxiety, holding out her hands. My lady's eyes were still full of tears, and her fair old face tremulous with emotion and sympathy. She took into her own the wanderer's reluctant hands—"Oh," she said anxiously, "listen to what Richard says to you, my dear! You will get to know us by-and-by, and find out that we are your friends—my old lord and me; but your boys you love with all your heart already. Myra, listen! It is of the greatest importance to your children that you should stay with us and never leave us more—and, above all, for the eldest—above all, my dear, for Val."

She gave one half-frightened glance round as if to see whether there was any escape for her. Then she said, very low—"I will do whatever you please—but it is Dick who is the eldest, not Val."

"What!" they all cried, pressing round her—all but Val, who lay still on his sofa, and Dick, who stood over him; the two young men did not even notice what was going on. But Lord Ekside came from the window in one stride, and Richard grasped her arm in sudden terror: "What is that—what is that she says?" cried the old lord.

"God bless *my* lads!" she said, gaining possession of herself, looking at the two with a smile on her face. She was calm, as utter ignorance, utter foolishness could be; then she added, with a soft sigh, of something that looked like happiness in her ignorant composure—"But it is Dick who is the eldest, and not Val."

THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

"To me, Biography, while one of the most fascinating, has always appeared one of the most difficult branches of literature," are the words with which Mr Martin begins the serious and important work on which he has been for some time engaged, and the first instalment of which he has just given to the world. Both of these opinions will be endorsed by the great majority of his readers. The art of Biography possesses all the higher attractions of the art of fiction, with that inestimable advantage of fact and reality which add a charm to every picture. It requires not only labour and patient investigation, but a power of insight at once poetic and philosophical, a faculty of generalisation, and of appreciating the minutest detail, which seldom go together. "To present a faithful picture," Mr Martin adds, in the admirable preface which he has addressed to the Queen, "of even the simplest life and character, moving in scenes with which we are ourselves familiar, working in channels in which we have ourselves worked, demands rare qualities of imaginative sympathy and perception. A life of action which has swayed great movements, or stamped its impress on great events, may be presented in strong outlines, and under such forcible contrasts of light and shade as will stimulate the imagination, and make the hero or the statesman a vivid reality for the reader. But where the inner life has to be portrayed, a subtler touch is demanded. We are a mystery to ourselves; how much more then must we be a mystery

to a stranger? There is infinite sacredness in all noble lives, such as alone merit the consecration of biography. Before it, those will bow with the greatest reverence to whom these lives are most intimately known. . . . How grave, then, must be his responsibility who ventures to draw for the world a portrait of one of its heroes, which shall be at once warmly sympathetic and austere just!" This is the important and difficult task begun in this volume; and we do not doubt the public will feel its full delicacy, and appreciate the success Mr Martin has achieved. Literature has lately abounded in the lives of statesmen—not always so well executed, or so conscientiously, almost devoutly, conceived; but no statesman even—hard as it may be to trace the thread of that more lowly individual existence which interests the world beyond the wisest measures, through the great story of imperial government and legislation—has a life so complex, so difficult to interpret, so public yet so secret, obscured by the very blaze of light in which it is placed, as has a great prince, seated, so to speak, in the very central sun of power and publicity. How little is even the much that is known of such a man as Sir Robert Peel! The great acts he did, the great speeches he made, the great share he had in the records of national and even universal history—how they magnify yet confuse the outlines of the man! To know that he was fond of pictures, fond of a particular school of pictures, the possessor of the *Chapeau de Poil*,

the bestower of that roomful of quaint Dutchmen whom now, thanks to him, we can all go and study when we like, in the National Gallery, is about as much as the general mind can identify of him. We remember distinctly when that great man lay dying, all England listening for his breath, how the few words that found their way into the papers, telling the inability of the doctors to do for him what they might have done for many a meaner man, because of his unusual susceptibility to pain, touched whole masses of people to something like tears, and brought the man infinitely nearer by that one touch of weakness than all his laws and all his labours had done. But such a life as that of the Prince Consort is still more abstract to us than even his. The Queen's husband could not make a visit, could not ride out into the woods, could not plant a bit of ground, or play a piece of music, but we heard of it; but in the midst of all this painful light, who and what was *he*, the real man who naturally retired into himself in face of that blaze of trivial illumination, seeking the privacy of nature which is indispensable to every gentle soul, in a seclusion more absolute than other men? Generally we have little means of answering such a question. So far as ordinary kings and queens are concerned, there arises in the literary world after a generation or two has passed, a lively flutter of superannuated gossip, a resuscitation of that which quivered orally in the air during their lifetime, and which old maids of honour, old gentlemen-in-waiting, old royal slunkies of all degrees, have surreptitiously put down for posterity. Without meaning any discredit to these gossiping chronicles, which perhaps, after all, are in most cases the only seemingly authentic news we can get on the

subject, one cannot but feel that, however exalted may be the rank of the gossips, they still talk as their own servants would talk of them, as our servants talk of us, about their royal masters and mistresses, with, no doubt, much of that power of travesty which is rampant in the servants' hall, and which, we all find out now and then, gives the most curious grotesque view of our motives and habits to the little world which is edified thereby. Almost all that we know of the Georges, the most recent sovereigns of Great Britain, has reached us in this way; and, indeed, as literary talent is rare among crowned heads, and as few people seem capable of being brought into close contact with the royal class without having their own heads turned more or less, this, we presume, is about the only means we have, though an unacknowledged and perhaps illegitimate one, of knowing what manner of men and women in general are the kings and queens who rule over us, and set, at least, the fashion of manners and morals, if sometimes they do little more.

In the case of the Prince Consort, however, it is very different. The gossips are not yet free to let loose their flutterings about him and his ways; when they come, it is fortunate that we, or our grandsons, will have the means in our hands of testing these irresponsible narratives—a process which will be of much use generally to the historical student. For, in the mean time, a quite novel and very affecting source of accurate information has opened itself, strangely enough, in freshest, simple outflow of natural love in that most arid of all soils, the Court, which up to this time has been but little identified with family devotion and happiness. How it was that it first entered into the mind of the Queen to take into her confidence those

myriads of her unknown friends who are to all poets and artists their true audience, addressed through whatsoever means, and whom her Majesty possesses in larger numbers than any artist or poet can boast—we do not presume to guess. But now that she has done so, by that touching impulse of love and sorrow which would fain teach the very winds to syllable the excellences and glories of the lost, this revelation of a true, modest, and tender human life, behind all the splendours and publicities of royalty, has established for the biographer of the Prince Consort a standard of authority and voucher of authenticity which is beyond all cavilling. It is possible to imagine that this great advantage might, had the life itself been less excellent, have had its disadvantages—and that the close presence of one to whom the minutest details were precious, and the jealous watch of affection which would, no doubt, be kept over everything that might detract from the absolute perfection of the subject of the biography, would form as great a danger on one hand as the benefit was obvious on the other. The present writer recalls to his memory, with rueful amusement, a case in point. It was once his fate to be engaged upon a work similar to that of Mr Martin, though his hero was of much less exalted rank; and he had arrived at a critical point in his memoir—a time at which the subject of his biography had given forth to the world a production highly esteemed by one party of friends, deeply deplored by another. The production in question itself, and the opinions of both sides, had been set down by the writer in perfect simplicity of good faith; when—his seclusion was broken in upon by the arrival, in hot haste, of a near relative of his hero, passionately desirous to procure the deletion altogether of the

disputed document and all the circumstances attending it. We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed—the arguments, the entreaties, the threats, the prayers. We have said that it was with amusement that we looked back upon this terrible experience; but such was far from being our leading sentiment at the moment, when a mixture of alarm, dismay, impatience, and vexation drove all lighter feelings out of our mind. Mr Martin has had no such terrors to encounter. There are no gaps to be met with in his narrative. He has been permitted to trace the early initiation of the noble young man whose life he records—nay, may not we rather say of the noble young pair?—into that knowledge of public affairs and that prudence in dealing with them which are not to be acquired in a day, with perfect candour and freedom; and if there is little, almost too little, to reprove in this existence, which seems to have been regulated from its earliest years by the prevailing power of duty, this is not the fault either of the biographer or his sources of information, but simply the sublime failure of that finely poised and rounded nature to afford his critics anything to find fault with. This is made the more clearly apparent to us by the fact that Mr Martin's book will introduce to the English reader another figure besides those of the royal personages who occupy the foreground—a figure little known to us, but full of humorous individuality—the great Mentor of modern days, Baron Stockmar, whose chief object in life seems to have been to trace out every little flaw that might exist in the spotless coat of his royal pupil, and to find every possible fault in him that could be discovered by minutest investigation; but whose failure in finding material for his animadversions is as apparent as

his strong desire to keep them up. Stockmar, with all the will in the world to find fault, and a delightful pertinacity in lecturing *quand même*, fails, from sheer inability, to find grounds for his criticism; and it is not to be expected that Mr Martin, whose mission in life is not to lecture princes, should have been more successful. A being so perfect in temper, so self-controlled and disciplined even in thought, so blameless in life, and so wise in judgment as Prince Albert, is a rarer thing in the world than is even the very exceptional position which he held with such high ability and honour; and that is as much as to say that there have not been, so far as we are able to perceive, above two or three capable of a place by his side, through the whole range of history. The world often loves better much less meritorious men. It is slow to perceive the excellence which makes no brag of itself—rather, which obliterates itself to make room for others; but yet the admiration finally extorted from it—generally after long waiting—by such a character, cannot fail to be great and profound. Perhaps the great hindrance in England to the popularity of Prince Albert was the very absence in him of those faults, popularly supposed to be endearing, which princes, like common men, are seldom wanting in. There was nothing for us to pardon in him (except the accident that he was not an Englishman), nothing which we could look down upon with friendly toleration while we looked up to his elevated rank and place, nothing to disturb the fine balance of his qualities. Had he been a little foolish now and then, even perhaps a little wanting in his duties, it would have broken the perfection of outline, and reconciled us to his other superiorities. The public failed to appreciate him, because he was too good for it.

But now when all the frettings of life are over, and when the calm and perfection of things past have rounded that worthy and great existence, we begin at last to be ashamed of our trivial standard and mode of judging; and England, which, when it has become too late to gratify the living, never objects to make up, as far as she can, to the dead for her injustice, had already laid the offering of her compunctions, her tardy homage and veneration, upon the Prince Consort's grave, before even the details of his life were made known to her. These details, however, only widen and increase the impression of a virtue almost abstract in its greatness—justice, and wisdom, and purity scarcely specked by one visible flaw. When even the great Pedagogue-Counsellor is baffled, what can the ordinary critic say? The Prince's moral character is like the marble of the Apollo; it is all so delicately rounded, so finely developed, that there is nothing to lay hold upon; it is the Greek excellence of form and line transferred into the world of morals. He gives us "no handle," to use an expressive metaphor; there is nothing to find fault with, nothing to take exception to; and the public imagination unused to excellence does not know how to receive this, or in what manner it ought to conduct its dealings with the almost perfect man thus unexpectedly thrown upon its hands.

Mr Martin would himself be the first to acknowledge that the interest of his earlier chapter has been forestalled by that previous narrative of a young sovereign's love and happiness, which startled the world a few years ago by the simplicity and frankness of its self-revelation. No staid biographer, recording even those facts which set the commonest words aglow, could hope to repro-

duce the surprised emotion with which England listened to that tale from the lips of the chief actor in it—a tale which for the moment gave to all of us who are old enough a kind of half-parental relation to the young Princess—ever young in the recollections of that moment—who thus came to us with soft undoubting confidence in our sympathy like a child of our own. The same affectionate family circle which we first became acquainted with in that narrative, reappears again in this; but there are only a few incidents here and there which are new to us. Here is one pretty story, which we have not heard before, of the little Princess Victoria, for whom already, almost in her cradle, the young Prince, her cousin, had been destined, and with whose story his is linked and entwined in childhood as well as in maturer years. She was twelve years old before she was aware of the great fate which awaited her, and this is how the little girl received that astonishing information:—

“The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand as she spoke, gave me that little hand (it is her governess, Baroness Lehzen, who tells the story), saying, ‘I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did. But you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it; but I understand all better now!’ and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, ‘I will be good!’”

This charming momentary glimpse of the royal child, awed and serious in the strange shock of her discovery, is both pretty and affecting; but there is not much that is new about the boy-prince in his humble, cheerier home at Coburg, until he grows to man's estate, and the one personage who is new to us is introduced in

all his individual notability. To say that he is here first introduced to the English reader is of course a mere figure of speech, for the Correspondence recently published has already done so much, but to a very much smaller circle than that which the present volume will reach. Most people have been in the habit of believing, up to a very recent period, that the wise King Leopold, the far-seeing and much experienced uncle, to whom the Queen and Prince naturally looked up as their chief adviser, was the sole guide, philosopher, and friend of the young pair. But the introduction of Baron Stockmar enlarges the firmament. He had been the friend and counsellor of King Leopold for years before he transferred his care and regard to the interesting young couple in England; and we are almost led to suppose that the King of the Belgians himself owed some of his wisdom and power to this all-influential guide.

It is now evident at least that he was most anxious to secure Stockmar's services for the nephew whose lot it was to take up the splendid but difficult position on which Leopold himself had once entered, almost as if making an experiment for the benefit of its after-possessor. It was he who placed Prince Albert under the care of Stockmar during the Italian tour which immediately preceded his betrothal, and this, it is evident, with a special view to the young Prince's training for England. Stockmar had been, before this, introduced into the fullest confidence of the young Queen, and had spent some time in London with her, acting the part, if not of the *Deus ex machinâ*, at least of that kind of minor Providence which smooths down, arranges, and accommodates everything; the universal referee and manager, now and then to be met with in ordinary life, but whose functions are seldom compatible with

the severity of judgment and undisguised consciousness of leadership, which throw a vein of grave humour into the story of his relations with the royal family. His portrait shows us a shrewd, opinionated, dogmatical, but kindly countenance, more Scotch or French than German, rigid in superior certainty of being always right, and far too honestly convinced of this to yield to either King or Kaiser. Very likely the novel force of this quite unyielding superiority, so unlike the homage which princes usually meet with, told for much in the submissive respect with which all the royal personages connected with him—even the sagacious Leopold—seem to have regarded this remarkable man. His real mental powers cannot be adequately estimated from anything contained in this volume; for his letters are most frequently quite abstract, inculcating a high ideal of duty and moral excellence, but too didactic to disclose more than the curious importance of position which he takes as a matter of course, and which seems to have been equally as a matter of course everywhere accorded to him. His political insight, however, is vouched for by many competent judges; and so is the perfect disinterestedness which must have added so much to his influence. “C'est un original,” said Count Felix de Merode, “mais quel honnête homme!” “And Lord Palmerston, no friendly critic,” Mr Martin tells us, “paid him this remarkable testimony; ‘I have come in my life across only one absolutely disinterested man, Stockmar.’” This is very high testimony; and, indeed, disinterestedness is almost essential to the character of the high-toned, unbending, stiff-necked, didactic, but most anxious and fatherly pedagogue, who played to the young Prince the part of such a mentor as history rarely records.

The humorous side of his perpetual lectures and sermons, his unwavering certainty that it is to his own training and advice that his beloved royal pupils owe all their good sense and success, does not seem to have interfered with the respectful love which they bore him, or troubled his own circle even with a momentary inclination to smile. The whole history, however, of this connection, is a most convincing answer to those sceptics who may entertain doubts as to the potency of personal influence. Here was a man without, so far as appears, anything that could be called genius, without position or birth, which tells in Germany even more than among ourselves—a man who might have ended his days as the doctor of a little German town, oracle only in a village circle,—yet into whose hands the current of events which we call by so many different names, threw the very leading strings, so to speak, of Europe, or of a very important portion of it at least. Stockmar was anxiously critical of his young Telemachus when he first entered upon the charge of him. Here is his opinion of the young man during the first year of their connection:—

“The Prince bears a striking resemblance to his mother. . . . He has the same nobility and readiness of mind, the same intelligence, the same overruling desire and talent for appearing kind and amiable to others, the same tendency to *espèglerie*, and to the treatment of men and things in a droll and consequently often pleasant fashion, the same habit of not dwelling long on a subject. . . . Great exertion is repugnant to him, and his tendency is to spare himself both morally and physically. Full of the best intentions and the noblest resolutions, he often fails in giving them effect. His judgment is in many things beyond his years; but hitherto, at least, he shows not the slightest in-

terest in politics. Even while the most important occurrences are in progress, and their issues undecided, he does not care to look into a newspaper. He holds, moreover, all foreign journals in abhorrence; and while declaring that the Augsburg 'Allgemeine Zeitung' is the only paper one wants, he does not even read that."

Poor boy! he was but nineteen when he had those "best intentions and noblest resolutions," to which he often "failed to give effect,"—and he would have been a prodigy indeed had it been otherwise. But when we recollect that, not much more than a year later, he was the husband of the Queen of England, occupying perhaps the most difficult position that could have been selected in all Christendom for an inexperienced youth, the Baron's anxious incubation of his youthful character becomes more reasonable.

Here are a few scattered examples of the manner in which this constant care was kept up. Stockmar begins on the very day on which he parted from his Prince after the royal wedding. "Never lose self-possession or patience," he writes, "but, above all, at no time and in no way fail in *princely worth and nobleness*." A short time later he addresses him as follows:—

"I am satisfied with the news you have sent me. Mistakes, misunderstandings, obstructions, which come in vexatious opposition to one's views, are always to be taken for just what they are—namely, natural phenomena of life which represent one of its sides, and that the shady one. In overcoming them with dignity, your mind has to exercise, to train, to enlighten itself; it has to acquire in dealing with them practical intelligence and insight, and your character to gain force, endurance, and the necessary hardness. That for the present I have but little new to add to what, since I have known you more intimately, my heart has felt for you, but have merely to reiterate what I have already said, is a proof that the

estimate I had formed of you was correct. Never to relax in putting your magnanimity to the proof: never to relax in logical separation of what is great and essential from what is trivial and of no moment: never to relax in keeping yourself up to a high standard—in the determination, daily renewed, to be consistent, patient, courageous, and worthy."

And again—

"All those whose minds are warped, or who are destitute of feeling, will be apt to mistake you, and to persuade themselves and the world that you are not the man you are, or, at least, may become; and that people are not only entitled to rate you low, but even to treat you slightly. It is only love and loyalty that are keen-sighted, because they seek the truth. They find excuses only when excuses should be made; they only wait in patient hope for what can be developed by loving fosterage alone, and not even by that, until the time is ripe. Do you, therefore, be on the alert betimes, with your eyes open in every direction, and strive calmly, but surely, to form a just estimate of the minds around you. This done, to the pure in soul lay your heart open, and establish between them and yourself a relation purely reciprocal—love for love, warmth for warmth, truth for truth. Those, on the other hand, who are impure, keep at arm's length, and do this with proper firmness and resolution."

This is surely one of the most remarkable correspondences that ever took place between a prince and his adviser. Stockmar is as distinct and peremptory in his moral counsels, which often sound like commands, as if he were laying down laws for regimen and physical health, a realm in which a physician is permitted to be peremptory even with a monarch. Perhaps this medical absoluteness had something to do with his uncompromising tone of authority. He bids his pupil "never relax" in the high mental discipline he orders, as he would bid his patient recollect the rules and prescriptions

on which his life depended; and surely with admirable reason, strange and unusual as is the spectacle thus presented. The only drawback in it is the doubt that will steal across the mind whether the severity was altogether as wise as it seemed, and whether this tremendous strain upon the Prince's young faculties, thus kept at the fullest tension, might not have helped to sap his strength and weaken his life in later days. Perhaps a little indiscretion then—a little less strain of premature wisdom and self-control, might have been a cheap price to pay for a few more years of so valuable a life. But that is long beyond the reach of a peradventure. Unquestionably, from the moment of his marriage the strain was never relaxed for a single day. If he ever did anything that was less than prudent, neither public history nor private recollection seems to have kept any record of it. And while all interested in him kept him screwed up to this heroic point, his new surroundings and the country of his adoption showed no desire to make his work easier, or to smooth any obstacles out of his way. England, though welcoming him enthusiastically on the whole, took, with the curious spitefulness so common in such public events, a series of small revenges upon him for his happiness, liking, one would almost think, to show him that he was now in her power. His allowance was cut down by being made the subject of a party squabble—and no recognition of his rank as Prince Consort was accorded to him; so that, in all Continental pageants particularly, he remained "the younger son of the Duke of Coburg," ranking after ever so many petty potentates,—a humiliation deeply felt, as was natural, by the indignant and devoted wife, who, out of her own country, could not share her

rank with him. Then the royal household was in the most disorganised condition—a house divided against itself—under the sway, not of two, but half-a-dozen masters—uncomfortable, wasteful, and undisciplined; a state of affairs profoundly repugnant to the high sense of order and beauty, as well as of right and wrong, which was so strongly developed in the Prince's mind. Through these first difficulties, however, he was helped not only by the counsels but by the presence of the indefatigable Stockmar, whom he had urgently entreated to "sacrifice his time to him for the first year of his life in England," and who accordingly resumed for a time that office of personal counsellor which he had exercised at the time of her Majesty's accession, steering his royal pupils through all the troubles of their beginning; explaining, arranging, smoothing everything, from the constitution of the realm—still, of course, practically unknown to the youth whose inexperienced feet had so narrow and thorny a path laid out for them by all its jealous precautions and requirements—down to that of the household, which was as difficult in its smaller way. The story of this setting out in life would be too heavy in its weight of responsibility were it not for the fresh atmosphere of youthful love and purity in which it is placed. The pair were so young and innocent that they faced their high but serious fortunes with the smiling composure of two children, irresistible in their union, and the mutual force it gave them. "He told me, if I continued to love him as I did now, I could make up for all," the Queen says, with simple youthful frankness; and there cannot be a doubt that his love and support made life to her, with all its great and overwhelming responsibilities, as simply happy as if she had been the young

wife of romance in a rose-covered cottage. Thus, both of them under twenty-one, they set out upon their life.

In the midst of our present national prosperity and calm, it is curious to realise that thirty years ago there could have been so many threatenings and clouds upon the national firmament. The reader who is too young to recollect, or who has forgotten the vicissitudes of these years, will, we can scarcely doubt, feel something of a shock when he meets with so many intimations of public danger and anxiety. Distance, which so often "orbs into a perfect star" the past which was less perfect to our perceptions "when we walked therein," has often in the larger field of history a contrary effect, making apparent the existence of perils we were quite unconscious of; like the mouths of Hell and terrible pitfalls which the morning light revealed to the pilgrim, though he had passed them safely unconscious in the friendly shadow of the night. Perhaps this peaceable present in which we live so quietly, fearing little except that over-peace, wealth, and wellbeing may lull us into over-security, may show—as indeed we are sometimes warned it will—like pitfalls to the eye which surveys it twenty years hence; but certainly, in some points at least, we have outlived dangers which were threatening enough in 1840. It seems half ludicrous, for instance, to think of Chartism now as a real risk for the country, even to those who remember the excitements it caused, and very difficult to realise the possibility of political insurrection on English ground. Yet such things existed. "Attempted risings in Wales"—"seditious occurrences in Birmingham"—"general stagnation of trade"—"discontent among the labouring classes,"—are threatening words

which meet our eyes upon one single page, as we open the book at random. Besides these internal troubles, too, there was more than enough to call for anxiety all around. Ireland was rampant under O'Connell with a force of complaint which indeed continues still, but which tells less powerfully now that we are more aware of its chronic character. France, a peril still more strange to think of, was meditating wrongs and invasions, and threatening from the other side of the Channel. The disastrous Afghan war was going on in India; Canada had revolted not long before, and was just subsiding after that tempest. So there was no tameness of universal peace and prosperity in the empire when the young royal pair set out upon their early career, but clouds everywhere, and storms threatening. It was not according to the constitution of England that they should be able to take any initiative in dispersing these clouds. Theirs was that passive rôle which is often more difficult, and almost always more irksome, than any other. What they had to do, and especially what Prince Albert had to do, was to stand by and prevent hindrance while others acted, rather than to act himself. He took up this part from the beginning, with an understanding of it which was wonderful in so young a man, and heroically taught himself to comprehend, to appreciate, silently and steadfastly to further, the aims of Government, without interfering, without intruding, without any attempt to grasp at power, and, on the other hand, without a vestige of that meaner spirit which would hamper others in acting, because it is not allowed to act itself. This curious and often painful position might very easily be made hateful and insupportable; he made it dignified and noble. By keeping strictly within his part, doing his duty and

no more, restraining personal inclinations, and loyally carrying out the spirit as well as the letter of the law, he made his no-power into a genuine potency of influence, and gained for himself, by never seeking it, a truly royal standing, royal in the best and highest sense of the word—as the constitution of England defines it, but as, perhaps, no monarch has ever so fully understood it before. He gained for the Crown not indeed a vote, but a voice—not the authority which is against our laws, but the opinion which is in full harmony with them, and which makes a wise sovereign the best Privy Councillor of his Ministers. How he did this the reader will learn in Mr Martin's valuable narrative, in full detail of the men and the measures through whom, and by whom, Prince Albert gained his real place in the world. From the first, the hereditary wisdom and political sagacity of his Coburg blood seem to have inspired him with just perceptions of what that place was. He does not appear ever to have been so dazzled by his elevation as to have forgotten or mistaken its limits,—a wonderful thing to say of a youth little more than twenty. No doubt Prince Albert's foreign breeding, and the perception naturally conveyed by it of all the risks of popular outbreak—risks which scarcely affect the English mind, secure in the centuries of quiet which have been our insular lot—must have often tempted him to interference; but he never did interfere; and no greater testimony could be borne to the innate wisdom—a quality distinct from intellect, and often independent of it—the sound judgment, and prevailing dutifulness, of the young stranger's mind.

The first evidence of this was given by the pains he took to smooth away all obstacles from a necessary change of Ministry, though

it was the tried and favourite counsellor of the Queen, and his own partisan, Lord Melbourne, who was to give place to his (apparent) opponent and adversary, Sir Robert Peel—by whose means it was that the Prince's income had been reduced, and his advent in England attended by at least some discouraging circumstances. Mr Martin refers to an amusing incident, the one little outbreak of girlish self-will and petulance which proved to the world that Queen Victoria, in all her youthful self-possession and seriousness, was only eighteen after all, which the middle-aged reader will recollect. It was very wrong, no doubt, and unconstitutional, to keep a Ministry in office, and nullify a Parliamentary revolution because a girlish Majesty refused to part with her bedchamber-women; but the little episode is an agreeable break upon the stately level of history, and affords us the luxury of a smile, for which we may be grateful, without any very terrible alarm as to the unconstitutional character of the event. The Prince, however, took care that no other vagary of the kind should break the solemn gravity of imperial life. Sir Robert Peel succeeded Lord Melbourne with all the decorum which became such a change; and before long the royal pair found in the Tory Government friends as devoted and as congenial as they had found among the more familiar Liberals; and when the moment came for another change, they regretted Sir Robert and Lord Aberdeen as warmly as they had regretted Lord Melbourne—a very pleasant testimony to both parties concerned. Sir Robert, Mr Martin informs us, was embarrassed at first in his personal intercourse with the Prince by the uncomfortable recollection that a party exigency had beguiled him into supporting the curtailment of the Con-

sort's income; but it need not be said that Prince Albert was much too true a gentleman to show the least consciousness of this fact, or to allow it in the smallest degree to influence his reception of the new Minister. That Sir Robert formed the highest opinion of his powers and character is evident; he described him to Lord Kingsdown as "one of the most extraordinary young men he had ever met with;" and, with a promptitude and gracefulness of appreciation peculiar to that great Minister, showed his admiration by immediately casting about for an office which would be at once honourable to the Prince and afford him an opportunity of proving his ability to the world. This was attained by placing him at the head of a Royal Commission for the encouragement of the fine arts, composed of the most distinguished men in England irrespective of party—a position and associates especially agreeable to the Prince. The immediate object of this Commission was the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, then newly built; and its first act was one of a most novel and interesting character, which has not indeed borne very much fruit, but which, we suppose, only a failure in great original talent at the time could have made comparatively without importance in the history of Pictorial Art. The Commission offered prizes for Cartoons on subjects illustrative of English History and Poetry, by means of which it was proposed to select the best artists for the frescoes with which the new legislative palace was to be decorated. The idea of such a competition was worthy of the days when schools of painting were great and important institutions. The drawings were exhibited in Westminster Hall in July 1843, and were visited by crowds of people. We believe, if our memory serves

us, that Mr Edward Armytage and Mr G. H. Watts were first brought into note by this exhibition; but it had not the effect of bringing many unknown painters within the knowledge of those whose fiat is fame, as had been hoped—and the frescoes of the Houses of Parliament fell into experienced and well-known hands, no young genius having seized this opportunity to take the world by storm. But the idea belonged to those splendid days when Art found greater scope than it has ever found in England, and but for the failure of nature ought to have produced a splendid result.

This, however, was the beginning of Prince Albert's connection with the Arts in England, which henceforward became one of the specially recognised spheres in which his activity found a certain vent. The same may be said of music (if that can be separated from its sister arts), in which he was himself a proficient. The list of the music performed under his arrangement at the Concerts of Ancient Music, of which he early assumed the guidance, will prove how excellent was his taste, and how noiselessly, in this quite unobtrusive and unremarked way, his mind has affected the mind of England; for no one can entertain any doubt as to the striking improvement in this particular in the public appreciation during the last thirty years. The wonderful crowds which we see flocking to almost every good performance of classic music is an unmistakable symptom of this difference, brought about quite silently, without any demonstration, and penetrating even, heaven be praised, into drawing-rooms where once every school-girl was considered at liberty to torture the ears and the feelings of her mother's guests; but where it begins now to be recognised as a rule that those should sing or play who can, and that those who

cannot should display the gift of silence, a much more edifying accomplishment. There is a touching little story told in this volume of the place which music held in the Prince's own life—an anecdote full of suggestion, which tells much, simply by what it does not tell, of that hidden thread of melancholy which runs through almost all great lives, and of the wistful weariness to which music more than anything else often gives relief and expression. The narrator is Lady Lytton.

"Last evening such a sunset! I was sitting gazing at it when, from an open window below this floor, began suddenly to sound the Prince's organ, expressively played by his masterly hand. Such a modulation! Minor, and solemn, and ever-changing, and never-ceasing. From a piano like Jenny Lind's holding-note up to the fullest swell, and still the same fine vein of melancholy. And it came on so exactly as an accompaniment to the sunset. How strange it is! He must have been playing just while the Queen was finishing her toilet, and then he went to cut jokes and eat dinner, and nobody but the organ knows what is in him, except, indeed, by the look of his eyes sometimes."

The reader will find in this little subtle touch upon the unseen something which perhaps may go nearer his heart than a more important record. Those notes with their long-drawn sweetness, did they breathe forth into the summer air something which words were never suffered to tell nor actions show—the noble weariness of strength restrained, and all those generous longings and impatiencees which duty, sternly sweet, subdued, but not without cost! Who does not know that "look in the eyes," which tells how even the most beloved and best understood have now and then a moment of escape from us—of wistful solitude which none may share?

Music gives, above every other art, except perhaps poetry, those wings of a dove for which even in the height of happiness, by moments, we all long and sigh.

As the years went on, the position assumed by the Prince became more and more important, and his weight of character gradually made itself felt and acknowledged. "I endeavour quietly to be of as much use to Victoria in her position as I can," he says modestly. It seems, after a while, to have been his habit to express his opinions, particularly upon foreign politics, to the Ministers with all the force of an independent and unbiassed observer, behind the scenes in every respect, yet quite untouched by personal interest, as he was. Many of the "memoranda" thus prepared are admirably clear, lucid, and wise. Here is, for instance, a letter addressed to Lord John Russell on the subject of Italy, then beginning to stir in the movement which has ended in her complete establishment as a nation—which defines a position for England in respect to such a struggle for freedom, finer and more imposing than anything our practical politicians seem now likely to hit upon:—

"England has by her own energies, and the fortunate circumstances in which she has been placed, acquired a start in civilisation, liberty, and prosperity over all other countries. Her popular institutions are most developed and perfected; and she has run through a development which the other countries will yet in succession have to pass through. England's mission, duty, and interest is to put herself at the head of the diffusion of civilisation and the attainment of liberty. Let her mode of acting, therefore, be that of fostering and protecting every effort made by a State to advance in that direction, but not of pressing upon any State an advance which is not the result of its own impulse. Civilisation and liberal insti-

tutions must be of organic growth and of national development, if they are to prosper and lead to the happiness of a people. Any stage in that development missed, any jump made in it, is sure to lead to confusion, and to retard that very development which we desire. Institutions not answering the state of society for which they are intended *must work ill*, even if those institutions should be better than the state that society is in. Let England, therefore, be careful in her zeal for progress not to push any nation beyond its own mark, and not to *impose* upon any nation what that nation does not itself *produce*; but let her declare herself the protector and friend of all States engaged in progress, and let them acquire that confidence in England that she will of necessity defend them at her own risk and expense. This will give her the most powerful moral position that any country ever maintained."

The ideal statesman, the king whom patriots have dreamed of, speaks in these words. Whether any practical statesman in these days would have strength and courage enough to risk the perils of this great position, and encourage any self-educating nation to "acquire that confidence in England," is another matter altogether. But it was not in Prince Albert's power to commit the country to any such practical step; and he did the best thing that wisdom can do for the active worker hemmed in on every side by the practical, in thus keeping before him the higher view of our national position—the ideal which, through the lower level of the actual, still keeps up its elevating tendency, and lends a hope of better things even to a tame executive. Mr Martin infers, though not very clearly, that the sage doctrine thus enforced of encouraging all natural constitutional action, but refraining from all attempts at unnatural or premature stimulation of them, had a practical effect in modi-

fying the mission of Lord Minto, who was sent to Rome in the troubled crisis of 1847. In a letter to Baron Stockmar, the Prince unfolds the same sentiment still more concisely:—

"I am strongly of opinion that England should declare betimes that it *will not endure* that independent States should be forcibly prevented from setting about such internal reforms as they shall think for their advantage. This appears to me the sound basis for us *vis-à-vis* of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. We are frequently inclined to plunge States into constitutional reforms towards which they have no inclination. This I hold to be quite wrong (*vide* Spain, Portugal, and Greece), although it is Lord Palmerston's hobby; but, on the other hand, I maintain that England's true position is to be the defence and support of States whose independent development is sought to be impeded from without."

It is not yet thirty years since these brave sentiments came from the very steps of the throne, from a thoroughly peace-loving and philosophical mind. What a fire-eater would he be supposed who should venture to suggest now, that England, "at her own risk and expense," should defend any one; or that she "will not endure" anything that one of her neighbours may be pleased to do to another! So time changes, and opinion wheels about, even within the recollection of persons not at all aged. The generation before was of a still bolder mind. Is it the natural process of time, we wonder, which makes the national temper tamer and tamer, and lowers the standard of national friendships as the centuries go on?

As the Prince's mind expanded into mature development, and began to occupy itself with such noble subjects, his correspondence with Baron Stockmar was naturally modified to some extent; but the

urally stimulated the activity of thought within the royal cottage. Prince Leiningen, the half-brother of the Queen, was one of the party; and the thoughts of the young men, both German princes, and interested above everything else in the welfare of their native country, naturally turned to the internal condition of that beloved but much divided fatherland. The great idea of an united Germany had already taken possession of their minds; and the result of their many conversations on this subject, through the wet days and perpetual Scotch mists of Ardrverkie, was a 'Memorandum on German Affairs,' written by Prince Albert, in which the entire question was carefully discussed. We will quote one or two passages only, our space forbidding further licence, which will show the reader how the Prince regarded this important matter. After coming to the conclusion that "the uniting of Germany" has come to be "felt as an essential want by the German people," he goes on to consider how this desirable end is to be brought about.

"The question then is, Where are we to look for aid? By what road is this unity to be attained? And by what means, so as to be productive of permanent good?"

"It may be assumed as a general principle in the solution of all political questions, that the organic development of what actually exists offers a better prospect for the achievement of a future really healthy condition, than the construction of a future out of some abstract and therefore arbitrary theory, however closely such theory may approximate to the absolute ideal of perfection.

"The *status quo*, then, in Germany, shows us a multitude of different states, complete in themselves, with their sovereigns, governments, chambers, and international relations, and with their only points of union in the German Diet, as that was established after the dissolution of the Empire, and of

the partial Rhine-Bund as the representative of German nationality and unity. Its fundamental purpose was the individual independence and unfettered vitality of the separate states, combined with the advancement of the welfare of Germany as a nation. At present it is dead; a symbol rather than a reality; disowned as an authority by the individual states, and a by-word with the people for its inactivity and weakness."

After discussing the causes of this weakness, the Prince proceeds to show how the Diet is in reality not only the best, but the only way of preserving German unity; and insists upon the urgent necessity of reconstructing and putting new life into it, some suggestions for which he puts on record. His conclusion is as follows:—

"The question next arises, How to give life to this scheme? My own view is, that the political reformation of Germany lies entirely in the hands of Prussia, and that Prussia has only to will in order to accomplish these results. Prussia, by the legislative measures of the 3d of February, has placed herself at the head of the development of German popular institutions. Prussia has for many years stood at the head of the Zollverein, and on Prussia the political expectations of all Germany are concentrated. If Prussia were really to adopt the plan of reform here chalked out, and to carry it out steadily and fearlessly, she would become the leading and directing power in Germany, while other governments and people would have to follow; and in this way would come to be regarded as one of the most important European powers, seeing that in the European scale she would weigh as Prussia *plus* Germany."

The Prince informed Stockmar of this "Memorandum," as he seems to have informed him of everything he did. "I have gone deeply," he wrote, "with Charles (Prince Leiningen) into German affairs, and worked out a plan for the regeneration of Germany, which I propose laying before the King of Prussia."

No sooner, however, had this news reached Coburg, than the much-trusted counsellor, himself a German, and deeply anxious on this subject, sent forth his condemnation of any such interference, fulminating in fire and flame. "While the disposition which prompts your endeavours in this direction has my warmest sympathy, I must nevertheless urge upon you not to carry out your intention," he writes, with a force which looks almost like a command. "The first thing in such a case," he adds, "is to know the subject thoroughly, and master it in all its bearings."

"Here, then, the question arises, Does your Royal Highness possess the requisite knowledge for dealing with the subject thoroughly and to purpose? and also such a standing-point as will enable you to give a practical application to your theoretical views? To speak frankly, I feel bound to answer both these questions in the negative. You left the Fatherland eight years since, and when you were very young. How could you have gained a thorough insight into things as they are, or into the country's present and immediately pressing wants? The bare possibility of such knowledge was denied you, and conversations with Prince Charles could furnish you with only very limited and probably very one-sided results. . . . With this doubt as to your proper qualifications on the score of intimate knowledge of the facts, goes the further apprehension that the standing-point which, as a German prince, you cannot fail to adopt in considering it, will present the subject to you in a cross light, and thereby lead you to distracted views and conclusions. In dealing with the German question, your Royal Highness can scarcely look at it from any other point of view than that of a German prince; and however acute and accurate your observations of all details may be, still they cannot possibly be seen by you but in the colours of German dynastic interests. And it is just this colouring which makes me believe it impossible your Royal Highness should rightly grasp and appreciate the actual present

condition and wants of the German people; and still less that you are able to frame any practicable scheme which will meet the exigencies of the case."

How does the reader suppose an ordinary young man of eight-and-twenty, conscious of high intellectual power in his own person, would receive such a check from any master, however prized? It seems almost impossible to realise the sweetness of temper and humility of mind which would accept it without a complaint, meet it with modest explanations, and even take steps to withdraw the document objected to. This, however, is what Prince Albert did. Without the least display even of wounded feeling he hastened to tell his critic that the Memorandum had been cast into the modest form of a letter to Bunsen, to be by him forwarded to the King of Prussia; but that on receiving Baron Stockmar's letter of remonstrance, "I sent your objections to Bunsen immediately I received them, and begged him to keep back his courier until I should have an opportunity of discussing the subject with you here: but it was too late; the courier had started that morning." We doubt whether there existed in the world, either then or now, another man of the Prince's age who would have replied in this way. It is perhaps the most extraordinary passage in this book, showing to us two distinct and remarkable human creatures at a point of contact as novel as it is wonderful. Stockmar is fine in his honesty, in his unswerving independence, in the curt and clear objections which he states so frankly; but not so fine as the noble young man, who, with all the self-belief of youth, as well as all the importance of his rank and position, to make him resent this lecture as presumption, bows to it

instead his lofty young head, almost with the respectful submissiveness of a child. We do not know where to find a companion picture to this quite original and striking scene.

Besides this very remarkable juxtaposition of the adviser and the advised, the most eminent Mentor and Telemachus of modern times, which strikes us as one of the most interesting points in the book, the reader will find great interest in the narrative, of a more general character, where it touches upon great political events too recent to have as yet died out of personal recollection. One of these is the crisis of the Corn-Law agitation, the much-discussed conduct of Sir Robert Peel, here set forth in a highly favourable light. The history of the *entente cordiale* between France and England, which the young royal pair were deeply concerned in cementing, and which brought them into close and affectionate intercourse with the family of Louis Philippe, is still more striking. The whole extent of this intercourse, from the happy meeting at the Chateau d'Eu, so naively and pleasantly related in the Queen's Journal, to the correspondence on the subject of the Spanish marriages, with which it may be said to conclude, is dramatic and attractive. The enthusiasm of the first meeting, the affectionate plausibility of the crafty old bourgeois monarch, the friendly, tender court paid to the Queen, in which respect for her elevated position mingles so prettily with the half-parental petting which an amiable old couple can so naturally bestow upon a young wife and mother, forms the opening chapter. Then comes the return visit with its effusive domesticities—all so plausible, so honest, so friendly—until the whole pleasant delusion is suddenly interrupted by the announcement of

the marriage, which, in the teeth of all his promises, pledges, and amiable affectionateness, the wily old plotter had been bringing about behind backs all the time. We fear that in our present calm indifference to foreign proceedings it will scarcely be apparent to many young readers why we should have cared so much at that period about the marriage of the Infanta of Spain with the Duc de Montpensier; but the deliberate cruelty and secret ambition of the plot altogether, cannot but shock any one who enters into the darker shades of the story. A more tremendous example of the cunning which is so often mistaken for wisdom, and which almost always outwits and overreaches itself, it would be hard to find. The explanatory letter of the royal old traitor on the other side of the Channel—cunningly transmitted through the Queen of the Belgians, for whom Queen Victoria was known to entertain a warm affection, and who seems to have been worthy of all love—is of itself a most curious study. He is said to have spent several days and nights over it, in his anxiety to preserve the *entente cordiale*, and that private friendship which strengthened, or seemed to strengthen it; and it is a very striking example of the literature of apology. These laborious and prolonged explanations prove nothing, indeed, except the incontrovertible wisdom of the proverb, "Qui s'excuse s'accuse;" but they show the unity of human nature under the most extraordinary diversity of circumstances, and how much an accused monarch put upon his defence resembles the indignant scullery-maid, whom nobody ever suspected before, and whose outraged innocence is so wroth at suspicion. "Je n'ai jamais trompé personne," says, with a similar whimper of indignation, the citizen-king; nor

does he omit that touch of pathos with which we are equally well acquainted. This accusation, he means, is one of the "plus pénibles chagrins que j'ai éprouvés, et Dieu sait que je n'en ai pas manqué dans le cours de ma longue vie!" The "longue vie" itself is made to supplant the impression of our brutality and injustice. The Queen's reply is of a very different order of eloquence. It is as terse and full of force as the other is detailed and diffuse, and is very dignified in its grave indignation and pained yet self-restraining incredulity. The two letters are a fine contrast, all the more agreeable since the superiority is so entirely on our own side.

The volume ends with the gathering of that storm of rapid retribution which was not long of following this disgraceful act; and we leave the Prince in the midst of this storm, somewhat awed by the occurrences which are hurrying one after another, seeing the shipwrecked princes arrive, as it were, one by one, in every kind of pinnace and unstable raft improvised for the occasion. A certain surprised gratitude and happiness in the steadfast security of this sound *terre ferme* of England, which remained unshaken and unshakeable through all these convulsions, is apparent, with just a slight tremor in it as of danger escaped, in the Prince's letters of this period. He was not, all his courage and calm of mind notwithstanding, to the manner born, like the Queen, who, though she had just passed through one of the ordeals of a woman's life, writes to her uncle, "I never was calmer and quieter, or less nervous. Great events make me calm; it is only trifles that irritate my nerves." With these words the volume closes, a certain dramatic force in the situation having, no doubt, conspired in Mr Mar-

tin's mind, with circumstances of space and labour, to arrest the narrative just at that interesting point. "The time had come to put to the proof the results of the severe discipline under which he (the Prince) had trained himself since 1839," his biographer tells us; and we cannot doubt that the curtain will rise upon a scene of nobler activity still, and the ever-increasing influence which Prince Albert seems to have gained, in spite of all jealousies, the more he was truly known. That the public and the country will fully appreciate this instalment of Mr Martin's work, we cannot suppose to be for a moment doubtful. But those who understand the difficulties of the task, which are so many and great, and who know how hard it is to deal impartially with events so recent, and how nearly impossible to preserve in the features of a portrait the high ideal soul which life exhibits naturally in every changing glance and variety of expression, will give a still higher approbation to the result of his labours. All the interest attaching to the Prince's name, and all the sympathy, naturally still warmer and deeper, which surrounds, in England, the movements of the Sovereign still living, and long to live, according to all human probability, among us, only makes the work more difficult. Mr Martin has steered himself with great skill through the dangers of his undertaking; he has resisted all those temptations to flattery and adulation which would have been so strong to an inferior mind; he has written what is really contemporary history, without a word which can wound or irritate—a very great achievement; and his book cannot fail to increase the admiration and reverence of the nation for the great and dutiful soul who lived a life, obscured by its very greatness, in the midst of us, and who only now can be fully known.

THE GREAT PROBLEM : CAN IT BE SOLVED ?

DEANE HOUSE, Dec. 19, 1874.

[MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,—I commit to your care what in all human probability will be my last effort in literature ; and I do so, not only because to the care of your father more than half a century ago I committed my first essay, but because throughout that extended interval there has subsisted between your house and myself the most entire confidence and friendship. And I ask you to find space for my views, in order that they may obtain a wider and more attentive consideration than I might perhaps be able to command for them, were they put forth under different auspices. You will see, and so will your readers, that I write exclusively for those in whom, unfortunately for themselves, the principle of faith has been shaken. Happy are they who, with the simplicity of childhood, believe, and are at peace in believing, just as their mothers taught them. These stand in no need of argument to confirm an assurance which is already strong. It is not so with their less favoured neighbours ; and to them, therefore, the reasoning elaborated in these papers is addressed.

If one wavering mind shall be made steady by the perusal of them, or one anxious spirit taught where to look for rest, then will the purpose for which these pages were written be fully accomplished.

G. R. GLEIG,
Chaplain-General.]

It would be idle to shut our eyes to the fact, that in all the countries of Europe, and nowhere more strikingly so than in our own, a change has passed, or is passing, over the minds of the educated classes, especially among the young, on the most important of all subjects. Old religious beliefs appear to be losing their hold on men's convictions, and nothing is brought forward to supply their place which seems capable of filling the void left thereby in the human heart. This is owing, no doubt, in part, at least, to the misuse that has been made of the discoveries of modern science. We find that the crust of the earth is older by countless ages than the assumed date of the Mosaic cosmogony ; we discover traces of the existence of man long anterior to the period which chronology has fixed for the creation of Adam ; we have satisfied ourselves that Nature works by laws which are regular, uniform, and immutable ;—and we ask—some of us

in fear and trembling, others with a presumption which is perhaps as much affected as real—"What confidence can any longer be placed in the story which the Old Testament tells ?" Nor is the simpler narrative of the New Testament, interwoven though it be with the most perfect moral system the world has ever seen, left unchallenged. Christ is indeed accepted by modern rationalists as a real personage. His identity is no longer disputed. But we seem anxious to bring Him down to the level of a highly-gifted man, whose claim to be considered, in any sense of the term, the Son of God, must be treated as the merest delusion. So be it. The cause of truth, or of what we are still old-fashioned enough to regard as truth, gains a good deal even from this meagre admission. If Christ really lived and taught as the New Testament represents Him to have done, there must be something in the Old Testament story which is not altogether

fabulous. For He undoubtedly connects Himself and His fortunes very intimately with the leading incidents therein recorded; and we but stultify ourselves if we speak of Him as at once the most perfect moralist that ever lived, and as one who founded His whole ethical system upon a lie.

It is not, however, to the misuse of the discoveries which have been made by modern science that we are disposed to attribute exclusively the hesitating temper into which, on religious questions, modern society has fallen. The misfortune—for a terrible misfortune it is—may be traced back quite as much to the dogged obstinacy of worn-out orthodoxy as to other causes. If our religious teachers insist still upon our accepting as literally true everything that is written in the Old Testament—if they will not allow us to apply to what is called sacred history, the same canon of criticism which we apply freely to profane history—and, above all, if, having invented a theological system of their own, and pronounced it to be from God, they cut us off from the pale of Christianity unless we cordially accept and unfeignedly believe it all, then is their dogmatism at least as much responsible for the state of uneasiness into which thoughtful persons are falling, as are either the flippant objections of Strauss and the philosophers of his school, or the more dangerous, because far more guarded, infidelity of Rénan, his followers and abettors. Nor, to confess the truth, does the position of the believer appear to us to be materially improved by the line of argument, if argument it deserve to be called, which Dr Farrar has taken up. In his interesting, and in many respects valuable, ‘*Life of Christ*,’ he looks at the magnificent subject of his tale through one medium only. Christ

is to him a hero, whose career he traces, just as he would trace that of Socrates or Alexander, relying absolutely for every statement which he advances upon the authority of the four Evangelists, and making no attempt whatever to explain the nature and main object of Christ’s mission, or to show when and by what means it was accomplished. We look upon this as a great defect in the work, which is the more to be regretted, because, in his preface, Dr Farrar gives proof that he is perfectly aware of the need of some such introduction to his wondrous story, and of his own competency to supply it. Let us not, however, be ungrateful for what we have got. “Writing as a believer to believers, as a Christian to Christians,” Dr Farrar has produced a narrative which is read now, and will continue to be read with pleasure and profit in many a Christian household. His style may be somewhat too flowery for his subject—fastidious persons may even say that he has diluted by unnecessarily expanding a tale which can never be made more impressive than as it is told in the pages of the New Testament. But he has done a good work notwithstanding—though it is not altogether suited to meet what is the crying want of the age.

Of ‘*Ecce Homo*’ it is too late in the day to speak either in praise or disparagement. The book has taken its place, and will long retain it, in English literature. And more than this. In spite of the somewhat extravagant eulogiums which it drew from Mr Gladstone on the one hand, and the carping criticism to which it was subjected by writers of inferior note on the other, it deserves to be regarded as perhaps the most effective tribute that has anywhere been paid to the ethics of Christianity.

No mean achievement this for any author to have accomplished. For though we cannot say with the poet,—

"For forms of faith let senseless bigots
fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the
right,"

we accept with reverence the dictum of a far higher authority: "He that doeth the will of My Father, will know of My doctrine whether it be true."

Like 'Ecce Homo,' M. Rénan's 'Vie de Jesus' has long passed out of the province of literary criticism. It has made its mark upon public opinion for good or for evil; and with persons capable of separating the wheat from the chaff in argument, scarcely more, we are inclined to think, for evil than for good. Admittedly it is the production of one who professes entire disbelief in revelation, and makes somewhat free with the historical authorities from which he quotes. But its general tone, when its author reasons, is sober, and when he pursues his narrative, it is grave and reverential. M. Rénan is no atomic or materialistic philosopher—he is too wise for that. He recognises in creation the handiwork of an intelligent and beneficent creator; and of Jesus, and of the religion which He founded, he speaks in terms of unqualified respect: "By that (his perfect ethics) he (Jesus) founded as upon a rock the true religion; and if religion be the one thing necessary for humanity, by that act he merited the Divine rank which has been conceded to him. An idea altogether novel—that of a religion based upon purity of heart, and the brotherhood of man, won its way through him into the world—an idea so lofty that the Christian Church, using it well, can have no difficulty in making his purposes

plain, but which in our day only a few spirits seem capable of realising in its simplicity." It is thus that M. Rénan speaks of the religion of Christ as it came pure from the hands of its author. Of Christ Himself he says: "His glory does not consist in taking a place apart from history. We render to him honour more true when we show that without him universal history would be incomprehensible."

It appears to us that such admissions as these go a great way towards helping the timid and the wavering out of the difficulties in which they find themselves immersed. Here we have the representatives of three antagonistic schools of thought agreeing in two most important points. The child-like believer, the philosopher who professes neither Christian belief nor its opposite, the open and avowed infidel, equally pronounce primitive Christianity to be the true religion; and all agree that Jesus, by whom it was given to mankind, is the one figure round which universal history gathers. What is there to prevent them from coming to a similar agreement on two other points—*i. e.*, that a religion so perfect must have emanated from God alone, and that its founder stood, and could not but stand, in such relation towards the Creator and Governor of the universe, as no other being ever stood of whom history makes mention? And if they meet here, why should they hesitate to go a little farther and inquire together amicably and in a candid spirit, whether or no the story which the Bible tells be not, after all, in every essential particular, worthy of universal credence?

Impossible, it will be said, because the story of the Bible is stuffed full of miracles and prodigies;

and of miracles and prodigies no philosopher can admit the reality. And if this difficulty could be overcome, there is in the Christian scheme, as Churches and divines expound it, so much that is derogatory to God's honour, and offensive to man's common sense of justice, that no sober-minded and impartial person can look at it except with aversion.

We have already spoken somewhat freely of that worn-out theological system, which revolts not pure theists only, but all thoughtful Christians likewise; and we shall endeavour hereafter to show, that as it is without any solid foundation in the teaching of Holy Scripture, so it need not stand in the way of the sort of inquiry which we venture to recommend, and from which we are sanguine enough to anticipate that good may come. It may be well, however, before entering upon this discussion, to notice very briefly the preliminary objection of all of which we are far from pretending to underrate the importance, though it need not, in our opinion, present an insuperable obstacle either to inquiry or to the attainment of a sober and just conclusion.

The objections to miracles may be summarised thus: First, universal experience is against them; next, they contradict the well-known and established laws of nature. With respect to the former of these objections, we may observe that its force is rather imaginary than real, for in truth there is no such thing as universal experience. Each man's experience is his own exclusively; he cannot share it with another. The results of your experience, when offered to me, are testimony, and nothing more, and I accept them as such if I have confidence, not in your integrity only, but in your fitness to deal with the subject under consideration. Moreover, if your state-

ments happen to agree with my own experience, I attach additional importance to them; but we may both of us be in error. The Indian prince who pronounced the European traveller to be a liar, because he said that water became at certain seasons solid in his own country, was justified by reference to his own experience. My father died before the electric telegraph came into play, my grandfather before steam was applied to purposes of locomotion. Had the one been told that it was possible to communicate with America in forty seconds, the other that the journey between London and Edinburgh might be accomplished in twelve hours, would not both of them have pronounced their informant to be a mendacious idiot? And am I much more reasonable if I affirm dogmatically, that because no real miracle has ever been performed within my experience, or the experience of any person with whom I am acquainted, therefore no real miracle has ever been performed since the world began?

It would appear, then, that the testimony of experience, though of unquestionable weight, is not absolutely conclusive on any disputed point in history. There may have been, in times past, causes at work which operate no longer, but which when in operation produced incidents which we call miraculous. Undoubtedly, also, no such causes may have existed, and therefore no such effects may have been brought about. But when we find ourselves obliged to balance probabilities or even possibilities, he must be a very inaccurate reasoner indeed who will not admit that the point at issue admits at all events of doubt.

It may be said that reasoning of this sort, however just under ordinary circumstances, becomes mere sophistry when thus applied. This is not an age of ignorance and idle wonder.

The laws of nature are familiar to all educated men, and we know them to be uniform and inviolable. But the laws of nature are not opposed to the combinations of forces, or to the results of such combinations however wonderful. The electric wire, for example, and the application of steam to locomotion, might not have been anticipated seventy or a hundred years ago. They were, however, just as possible then as they are seen to be now. But who will say as much of the resurrection of a dead man to life, or the blessing of sight bestowed by a word spoken on one born blind? These are effects which no combination of forces could produce. They are interruptions or breaches of the laws of nature, and we are therefore justified in pronouncing them to be impossible.

There seem to us to be two reasons why we should at least hesitate before coming to this conclusion. In the first place, the idea of law or laws necessarily involves the idea of an intelligent lawgiver; and to the intelligent being who gives or makes a law, the power surely belongs of suspending or altering the law, whenever such suspension or alteration shall appear to be desirable. In the next place, when we speak of nature and the laws of nature, we are prone to contemplate only that portion of the universe of which our senses can take cognisance. But the universe does not consist exclusively of visible and tangible objects. There is a world of mind as well as a world of matter; nor can it be doubted that the one is just as much subject to law—that is, to the control of the great lawgiver—as the other. We address ourselves, it will be seen, in this latter proposition, only to those among our readers who accept the former. If there be philosophers in the nineteenth century who really believe

that the universe is nothing more than the result of a fortuitous concourse of atoms, with them we cannot argue. Law, without an intelligent lawgiver, is for us just as much an impossibility as it is impossible to take in the idea of creation without a Creator, though we are quite prepared to judge of the character of the Creator by the obvious tendency of the laws by which the universe is governed.

Nobody, we presume, will question the fact, that in the visible world the rule is order—producing, and intended to produce, the greatest possible amount of happiness to sentient beings; the exception to the rule, disorder, leading to an opposite result. This is indeed self-evident, because the multiplication of animal life is a multiplication of aggregate enjoyment, even though, in consequence of the arrangement, species prey upon species, and disease and death come, in one shape or another, to all. For disease comes but rarely, and death once for all; and both, as among the inferior animals they appear never to be anticipated, weigh but as feathers in the scale against the sense of enjoyment that springs from conscious existence. But happiness varies according to the place which creatures made capable of enjoyment and suffering fill in creation. Of the inferior races the vast majority look for nothing, care for nothing, beyond the gratification of their animal instincts. The few which are brought into intimate relationship with man evince the germs of nobler qualities,—of reverence, gratitude, love. But their love, reverence, and gratitude attach them only as individuals to their respective masters; they never rise as a species; they are manifestly incapable of rising above the level on which they stood at the beginning. Their condition is

therefore as perfect as the place allotted to them in creation will allow. They know nothing of moral good or moral evil; they fulfil the end of their existence in following the bent of their instincts.

The case is different with man. He has received from the Creator higher gifts—reason, freedom of will, and that which, in the absence of a more appropriate term, we call the moral sense. His reason, if it were of force enough, at all times and under all circumstances, to control his will, would, we may presume, instruct him where to seek for true happiness; and under its guidance he might discover that there is as much of wisdom as of philanthropy in the golden rule, which bids each of us do to others as he would they should do to him. His moral sense, likewise, were it always healthy, and in full operation, would restrain him from indulging his own wishes, if in so doing he ran the risk, not only of giving pain to his neighbours, but of bringing evil at some future period on himself. But are these things so in fact? Universal history answers in the negative. Man, wherever we find him, follows the dictates of his own volitions, and his volitions are acted upon neither by reason nor by the moral sense, but by the motive, whatever it may be, which presents itself in sufficient strength to his will. Hence the necessity of holding society together by laws of which it is the object to restrain one man from seeking his own gain or gratification at the expense of injury to others. Such laws succeed, though in part only, because they can deal only with overt acts; and appealing to personal fear, the basest of all motives, they are worthless to form the character, to render it generous and noble and true. But this is not all. The inability of human

laws to attain even the imperfect end at which they aim, is proved by the fact that, in all ages and in every condition of society, an authority superior to their own has been called in to sanction and sustain them. Religion is that authority. You cannot go so far back into history, you cannot visit a country so rude, that religion in some shape or another is not appealed to as sanctioning the laws and customs under which its inhabitants live. The laws may be bad, the customs odious, the religion a degrading superstition; yet there they are, all three side by side, just as they have ever been since the elements of society came together. Is not this, to say the least, a very noticeable fact?

Another fact connected with this part of our subject is not less noteworthy. Wherever the religious principle is comparatively pure, and its requirements are universally respected and generally observed, there the tone of society becomes proportionately elevated throughout. Wherever religion is a thing of forms and ceremonies, of times and of places, pressed for State purposes upon the multitude, and by the governing classes discredited and despised, though it may help the magistrate to assert the supremacy of the law, its effect upon the general condition of society is rather to debase than to elevate.

Apply this reasoning to the subject before us. We have seen that the power which governs the material world governs it by laws, of which it is the tendency to produce among sentient beings the greatest amount of happiness of which they are capable. Surely it is not too much to assume that the laws by which the same being governs the world of mind—in other words, creatures endowed with reason as well as sense—must likewise be such as shall bring within their

reach the greatest amount of happiness of which they also are capable. To deny this would be to attribute to the Creator a less measure of benevolence in His dealings with superior, than we predicate of Him in His dealings with inferior, beings. But the happiness of rational beings is advanced, not so much by an adequate supply of their physical wants, as by just such a moral training as, without interfering with the absolute freedom of their will, shall supply them with motives strong enough to create a habitual shrinking from moral evil, and a habitual preference for moral good.

True, it will be said, but in the exercise of right reason, men discover these motives. It may be necessary to restrain the wills of the ignorant and the barbarous by bringing to bear upon them the terrors of superstition. But men enlightened and accustomed to reason on all subjects stand in need of no such restraining influence. Exactly, therefore, as communities become civilised, virtue is cultivated for its own sake, and, for analogous though opposite reasons, vice is generally eschewed. Is this assumption borne out by the facts of history? We think not.

The world was certainly not barbarous nineteen centuries ago. Time and the course of events had raised it far above barbarism. Single families had long grown into tribes; tribes had long expanded into nations; and nations, acted upon by war and commerce, had become great and populous empires. One of these, more powerful than the rest, was supreme over large portions of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa. Wherever the arms of Rome were carried, there went with them the civilising influence of Roman literature and Roman arts. In her cities, and especially in her capital, refinement was carried to the extreme of luxury. What

monuments remain to command our admiration of the skill of her architects, sculptors, and painters, and of the painters, sculptors, and architects, who had preceded them! Think of the poets, historians, orators, philosophers, who flourished previously to the Christian era! How profound are their speculations in every department of thought, how near their approach to truth in many! Nor must we confine our attention to Rome and to Greece—Rome's instructress in philosophy and letters. Empires great in arms, in literature, and in arts, had risen and fallen in the East, long before Western civilisation came in contact with them. What was the moral condition of them all? St Paul, whatever may be thought of him in other respects, is a trustworthy evidence in this; and the statements which he advances in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, are more than confirmed by the writings of Juvenal and Persius among the Latins, and of Lucian among the Greeks. How, indeed, could a community be other than rotten to the core where domestic slavery prevailed in its worst form, where the marriage tie was held in no respect, where the exposure of infants was habitual, and where for the amusement of the multitude men butchered each other in the amphitheatre? Perhaps the world was never more civilised, using that term in its conventional sense, than in the interval between the accession of Augustus and the reign of Tiberius Cæsar. Certainly it was never more steeped in corruption, which extended through all classes, making rulers venal, subjects base, crimes gigantic, punishments ferocious, destroying in individuals the very sense of shame, and outraging all the laws of decency and decorum.

Looking at the matter in this

light, remembering that there was a time when man's intellectual nature had wonderfully expanded itself, while his moral sense was utterly debased, the problem which presents itself for solution is this: whether is it more consistent with our notions of the wisdom and benevolence of the great First Cause to believe that He would look with indifference at the moral ruin of His intelligent creatures, and suffer it to go on; or that, as from time to time He adjusts the laws of the material world so as to bring order out of confusion, so He should apply to an evil which could by no other process be arrested, just such a remedy as He is represented to have applied in the New Testament? For what is the remedy? No violence whatever is offered to that absolute freedom of will which is inseparable from the nature of man; but motives are presented to him of sufficient force to outweigh, by the assurance of greater good in the future, the impulses which direct him to grasp at a present good, indifferent to consequences.

But why insist that in order to attain this end miracles were necessary? We admit that of all the moral teachers whom the world has seen, Jesus is the most perfect. But very much that He taught had been taught before He was born; and the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is inculcated by all religions, the most extravagant as well as the most simple.

We admit that the ethics of Plato, of Aristotle, of Zeno, and of Cicero are admirable. We admit, also, that both among Jews and Gentiles the belief in a future state was by the vulgar generally accepted. But what influence did the ethics of the schools exercise over the moral condition of mankind? and how many among the educated classes entertained any

belief at all in a state of retribution beyond the grave? The spectacle presented to our gaze at the period of Christ's birth is, as we have seen, that of a world sunk in the lowest depths of moral degradation. Religion and philosophy are alike dissociated from ethics; and perfection in literature and the arts seems only to give fresh zest to pursuits which brutalise. What takes place? At the very moment when this deplorable state of things has reached a climax, there appears in one of the most despised provinces of the empire one who gives out that he has been commissioned by God to reveal, not to his own countrymen only, but to every people under the sun, the true nature and will of the Supreme Being, and the duty which they owe to Him and to one another. But his mission goes further than this. What the loftiest intellects that preceded him guessed at, hoped for, and misunderstood, he positively and authoritatively affirms. With him a future life is no subject of speculation; it is a great reality: and in that future life all the inequalities which in the present perplex the wise and offend the good are to be made even. The individual in question sets about his task, the most gigantic that was ever undertaken upon earth, unsustained by any of the advantages which usually enable ambitious men to achieve or even to attempt revolutions. His birth is humble; he is poor—so poor that at times he hath not where to lay his head. His adherents are a little band of persons, scarcely raised, if raised at all, above the condition of peasants. The chief scene of his labours is the obscure district of Galilee, with occasional inroads into Judea, and visits paid at rare intervals to Samaria, and the hamlets and villages that touch

the borders of Tyre and Sidon. There he undertakes, by his own teaching, and with the co-operation of twelve fishermen, to change the whole current of human thought, not alone in his native country, nor yet throughout the Roman empire, but all over the world. The enemies of Christianity themselves admit that he succeeded. For though, so far as regards numbers, the professors of the religion of Christ be still in a marked minority when compared with the professors of some other religions, the influence of Christianity is felt, and felt for good, to the utmost limits of the earth. Is this the work of God, or of man? Could it have been devised, far less carried into effect, through the mere exercise of human ingenuity?

But the marvel does not end here. The author of this new religion, the founder of this new school of thought, is arrested in mid career and put to death. His religion, his philosophy, call it which you will, so far from dying with him, gains fresh vigour from the catastrophe. They who had been his companions in life declare that he is risen from the dead; that they had themselves seen him, conversed with him, handled him; that they were commissioned by him to take up the work of the world's regeneration where he had laid it down; and they take it up, and push it forward boldly. They make no secret all the while of the recompense which is in store for themselves and their disciples. In this world they must encounter shame, scorn, alienation from kindred, torture, death. The crowns reserved for them are in that future world, to impress on the minds of all whom they approach a settled faith in the reality of which is the one great end for which they live and labour. That a work of such stupendous magni-

tude, so begun and so pushed forward, should have come to a successful issue, may surely be described as, in itself, a miracle of miracles. We see in it, not civilisation prevailing gradually over barbarism, not wisdom shedding its light by little and little over ignorance, but the ignorance of this world literally and truly giving the law to its wisdom—the mean things of the earth acquiring a mastery over the great. Enthusiasm in a cause which men believe to be right will, no doubt, go a great way towards insuring success. But enthusiasm which is not sustained by something from without more powerful than itself—by military force, for example, or political force, or such moral force as superior social and intellectual station supplies—never carries those who are guided by it beyond very limited triumphs. The founder of Mormonism succeeded in founding one small state or community, which is already falling to pieces. The Agapemone embraced a single family establishment, and never went further. Mohammed, on the other hand, spread his religion far and wide by the sword; and the partial success of the Reformation in Europe was not achieved without war. Of the origin of Buddhism, and other ancient creeds, it is difficult to speak, because history is for them lost in tradition; yet, as far as we are able to trace them to their sources, they one and all secured their first impulse not less from the political influence than from the superior knowledge of their founders. But Christianity, which took its rise from poverty, lowly station, and the comparative absence of all that men usually regard as learning and genius, has in eighteen centuries succeeded in establishing a wondrous influence over the whole world of human thought. If this be the

result of human reason, unaided by something higher—it is of human reason acting in direct opposition to the teaching of experience and the common order of things.

All this may be admitted—indeed it is historically true; but why, we shall be asked, insist upon believing the tale of the resurrection? If you speak to us of the immortality of the soul, we can take in and assent to your reasoning. But that soul and body once separated should ever come together again is for obvious reasons impossible. We know that the body which we commit to the earth or to the ocean decomposes, supplying nutriment to herbs and grasses, and through them to other animals, and among the rest to man. We know, also, that the matter of the universe, however frequently it may change its forms, has neither increased nor diminished since the universe began. How can it be alleged, in the face of facts like these, that the atoms of which any special body was composed, can ever be brought together again? You say that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, and with St Paul you rest upon that fact your belief that all who now live and die—that all who have ever lived and died—that all who may live and die to the end—shall in like manner rise from the dead. But you scarcely do justice to your great authority, whose argument cuts both ways. In one sentence St Paul affirms positively enough “Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that sleep.” In another he inverts the proposition and says: “If the dead rise not, then is Christ not risen.” This is very like reasoning in a circle, especially when we recollect that the resurrection of Christ, if it took place at all, took place within six-and-thirty hours after death—a space of time scarce-

ly sufficient to admit of the beginning of that decomposition which, in the case of men dying a thousand or even a hundred years ago, has dispersed the atoms of which their bodies were composed to the four winds. Is it not, therefore, more judicious to believe that they who vouched for the resurrection of Christ were themselves mistaken, than to build upon their assertion a doctrine so extravagant as that on which the whole Christian scheme is supposed to hinge?

We admit the difficulty—the enormous difficulty—of the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead. Treated as popular theology treats it, the subject will not bear a moment's grave consideration. But is the doctrine of the immortality of the soul one whit more intelligible? What is that thing which we call the soul? Has it, at the present moment, an entity distinct from the body? Can we form any conception of the means by which consciousness of existence could be retained by it, were the link which connects it with the body severed? Constituted as we are, we know, or fancy that we know, how to solve the mystery of our being. We see with our eyes, we hear with our ears, we taste, we touch, we smell. By the exercise of one act of volition we lie down, by the exercise of another we rise up; and we explain all this by saying that the same mind which receives impressions through the organs of sense, directs, by what we call its acts of volition, the body now to labour, now to rest. But what the mind is which receives these impressions, and exercises this power over the body—whether it be really anything distinct from the physical frame, and, if distinct, where it resides?—these are problems which

have never yet been solved, nor, as far as we can see, are ever likely to be solved by the exercise of human reason. And if the difficulty be thus insurmountable of arriving at a clear conception of the mode of the soul's existence now, how much more above our comprehension is the idea of the soul's active existence in a state separate from the body?

In expressing ourselves thus, we are not, be it observed, arguing against either the immateriality or the immortality of the soul. We firmly believe in both; not because we hold the one to be the necessary result of the other, but because the one is made clear to us by our own consciousness, and the other rests upon faith, having its root in sure testimony. But what we do not understand—and we defy the most ingenious of philosophers to explain it to us—is this,—How could the immaterial being which I call my soul exercise any of the powers that are inherent in it, if it were deprived of the organs or tools with which it now works, or of organs or tools of a kindred nature?

Lord Brougham, in his introduction to Paley's *Natural Theology*, has gone as far as man can go to meet this difficulty. He says, and says truly, that mind is just as much the subject of investigation or experiment as matter. He dwells much upon the evidence of consciousness—which identifies the full-grown man with the infant—on the mind's capability of exercising itself in mathematical calculations, in recalling events past, in forecasting the future—on dreams, as affording evidence that the mind never ceases to work, and that it can work just as well without the bodily organs as with them. And from all this he draws the inference that, being immaterial, the

soul is indestructible, and therefore necessarily immortal. But does not Lord Brougham's reasoning rest altogether upon a fallacy? Dreams come to us only in the brief interval which immediately precedes either our falling into deep sleep, or our awakening from it. In sleep, if it be healthy and sound, all consciousness is suspended. Undoubtedly there is suspension of consciousness in a swoon; and the patient who is under the influence of chloroform knows nothing of the preparations that are made for operating upon him, or of the operation till it is performed. As to the power of the mind to exercise itself in mathematical calculations, in recalling events past, and in forecasting the future, is it not entirely dependent on the healthy state of the brain? Puncture one cell in that delicate organ, or let an apoplectic shock fall upon the thinker, and where are his calculations, his memories, or his prognostications? On the other hand, consciousness testifies to the fact, that animal life is not, and cannot be, the mere effect of organisation. I who write these lines in extreme old age am conscious that, though every atom of my physical frame has been changed over and over again, I am the same being who, seven decades and a half ago, walked hand in hand with my nurse or my mother, and learned from both to express my wants by articulate sounds. But my consciousness teaches me much more than this. It testifies to the fact that the growth of my mind in vigour and capacity kept pace with the growth of my body; and if I live long enough for my body to become thoroughly crippled, others will see, though I myself be unconscious of it, that my mind "jangles out of tune."

The fact that the mind strength-

ens with the body's strength, and decays with the body's natural decay, admits of no question. Men struck down by fatal accident or acute disease, often retain their faculties to the last ; but of all who pass their threescore and ten or fourscore years, how minute is the proportion who fail to fall into a second childhood !

"From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show."

But this admitted fact supplies no argument against either the immateriality or the immortality of the soul. All that it proves—and this we think it proves to demonstration—is that the immaterial soul can no more without physical organs of some kind exercise the powers that belong to it, and not to the material body, than the watch-maker—in whom the power absolutely dwells—can make a watch if you deprive him of his tools.

Believing all this to be true, we seem to have no other alternative than to believe also that the soul, being immortal, must, on its severance from the material body, either become absorbed in the soul of the universe, and thus lose all consciousness of separate existence, or find itself "clothed upon" by another body, of which the apostle speaks as a "spiritual body." The former was the belief entertained by the most profound thinkers in the various theistic schools of Greek philosophy. We need scarcely add that it is the cardinal article in the creed of Buddhists and Brahmins of the present day. The latter is clearly and distinctly what is taught by Christianity. The former had no influence, and could have none, as a motive of action in human affairs. The latter holds constantly before men's eyes the prospect of a future life, which

shall be to each individual a separate and distinct existence linked to that which now is by the same chain of consciousness which assures the full-grown man that he is identical with the schoolboy. Nor is it any objection to this theory to urge, that such a state as we here imagine would be the result of a new creation. Why should it ? Our material bodies have entirely passed from us over and over again since we were born, yet our consciousness of identity has never been broken. Why should death, of which the effect appears to be to achieve in a moment what in life was brought about by degrees, destroy this identity ? If "the spiritual body" which we anticipate be not evolved at once, then consciousness is suspended. But consciousness has been repeatedly suspended in us all when we swooned, and when we slept the sleep of health. Why shrink from the contemplation of a more prolonged suspension — if consciousness be again suspended at the hour of death ? Sleep, when it is deep and sound, takes no note of time ; and when the process of "clothing upon" takes place, the interval between the loss and the recovery of consciousness will seem to each resuscitated soul to have been but momentary.

But it will be said, the resurrection of Christ, as it is set forth in the New Testament, was the resuscitation of the same body which the disciples laid in the grave. It was tangible, for they handled it ; it was a human body restored to life, for it ate in their presence. Is this credible ?

Why should it be incredible ? If the body of Christ risen was visible and tangible, it was so entirely at His own discretion. He is described as appearing and disappearing at pleasure—now in Galilee, now in

Jerusalem. Doors bolted for fear of the Jews can neither exclude nor retain Him. The change, in fact, which at death passes unobserved over the physical condition of others, passed perceptibly over His. "Sown in corruption, His body rose in incorruption; sown in dishonour, it rose in glory; sown a natural body, it rose a spiritual body." And for this there was a reason. The shadowy appearance to the survivors of one known to be dead, may startle and solemnise for the moment. Most of us, indeed, can vouch for the effect of such appearances in our dreams; some of us can even speak of them as visible in our hours of waking, but not healthy, consciousness. What then? The impression, however vivid, soon passes away. We awake, and lo! it was a dream; or we regain our vigour of mind and body, and recognise the delusion. Now, the Christian holds that it was the great purpose of this one exercise of Divine power so to stamp its impression on the minds of those who were subjected to it, that neither time nor tide, nor difficulties nor dangers, should ever

suffice to weaken, much less to blot it out. The condition of the tomb when visited by Peter and John—the renewed intercourse, by fits and starts, of the risen Lord with His disciples—His submitting the spiritual body to the test of their senses,—all these things were necessary in order to convince them that they were not labouring under any hallucination; but that He Himself, whom they had followed in His humiliation and to the death, was indeed alive again, and become the first-fruits of them that sleep. It appears then, that, accepting the postulate that, for a great moral purpose, the reality of a future state must be brought home to the convictions of mankind, there is not only nothing in the evidence afforded to that fact in the New Testament with which a reasonable man ought to be offended, but that any other mode of bringing the fact home to the conviction of all classes—the high, the low, the educated, the uneducated, the civilised, the savage, the full-grown man and the child alike—it passes the most lively imagination to conceive.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCXII.

FEBRUARY 1875.

VOL. CXVII.

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EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

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GIANNETTO.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER VII.

WE were careful, before going, to leave our address in England with the Franciscans, the Matteis, and the Curato of San Jacopo, to whom I sent two or three envelopes directed to myself and stamped; and it was through occasional correspondence with all these that we heard enough of Giannetto and his wife to enable me to carry on the thread of their history.

When Fra Geronimo reached Venice, he established himself in the convent of his order, and set himself to watch.

All Giannetto's old passion for the sea returned when he again beheld it. In all weathers, at all hours, he was out,—now gliding along the silent canals in the smooth, swift gondola—now rowing far out of the town and beyond the wide lagoons, dancing on the waves, and feeling a wild enjoyment in his freedom. He was never still; a sort of burning, overpowering restlessness seemed to possess him, body and soul. He was always singing: when at home, bending over his

little child, he would sing softly and sweetly, till the tears welled into Elvira's eyes; when tossing on the sea, and the wind and waves were high, the passers-by leant forward with rapture, listening to his wild and thrilling tones, then drew back within the shelter of their gondolas with a shudder, at they knew not what.

Nothing seemed to affect his voice. When the violent heat came on, and the other singers at the opera found their voices becoming weak and hoarse, his was the same as ever—there was no variation in its power. After singing the whole night it was clear and strong as at the beginning. His fellow-actors became uneasy and suspicious, though of what they could not define; but involuntarily they drew further and further aloof from him, so that he and Elvira found themselves without friends, and with but few acquaintances, in Venice.

It was a calm sultry evening in July, and Giannetto had been out all through the afternoon. He was

weary and heated, and lay back in his gondola, leaving its guidance (not according to his wont) to the gondolier. As they glided through the streets, the strong smell of the almost stagnant water sickened him. "Hasten!" he said; "an extra *buona-mano* for speed."

The gondolier smiled, and bent more willingly on his long oar. "The Signore is generous," he said. "I was idle, I was not working with a will; but times are bad, and, heaven help us! we have become lazy."

"Times are always bad in Venice," said Giannetto, irritably; "it is always the same story with you all."

The man gave a little patient sigh. The gondola skimmed out of the Grand Canal, and stopped before the steps of a palace on one of the smaller canals. Giannetto paid him, and stepped lightly out.

It was a very old and crumbling, though once fine, building, this Palazzo Lucchetti, in which Giannetto and his family had taken apartments. One large room with hanging balconies looked on to the Grand Canal, but the long façade of the palace was on the smaller street. Beautiful it was in its decay, with its walls of great hewn stones, in which the rusted iron rings for torches yet remained. The posts to which the gondolas were fastened still bore the bright colours of the old family to whom the palace had belonged, and from whom it had taken its name; but the dark water scarcely showed their reflections, the paint was so faded away. Everything spoke of sadness and desolation—of a city whose glory is departed.

Giannetto mounted the broad white steps, passed through the small courtyard—where a few thirsty orange-trees drooped and pined for want of care—up a marble staircase, and into a suite of long

lofty rooms. They were hung with old, faded green silk; but the heavy stucco ceilings, richly gilt and painted, retained somewhat of their original lustre.

Through three of these rooms Giannetto passed, till he reached the furthest, that overhanging the Grand Canal, which was Elvira's favourite apartment.

It was nearly dark, the windows carefully closed with dark-blue blinds, excepting one which had been set wide open, and admitted a stream of almost visible heat.

On the floor in front of this window, and on the balcony without, five or six pigeons, beautiful in their soft opal plumage, were pecking up bits of bread and cake; and among them, with bare feet and shoulders, sat the dark-eyed little child, Felicità. The pigeons were billing and cooing all round her, some venturing even to hop on her tiny feet, causing her to crow with delight.

As Giannetto entered, Elvira came forward from the dark corner where she had been seated, and pointed to the child. "See, Nino," she said (for so she called him)—"look, Nino mine!—is it not pretty? The pigeons of St Mark love our little child; they come thus every day." Giannetto thought lovingly that she looked as pretty and as pure as the little stainless child; he looked down on her very fondly. "Alas!" she said, pressing her soft hand on his brow, "how it burns! It is too hot; you should not go out in the great heat on days like these."

Giannetto advanced to the little Felicità, and held out his hands. At his approach the pigeons took alarm, and began to fly out of the window. "See," said Giannetto, bitterly, "all good and holy things fly at my approach!"

Elvira hastily snatched up her child and held it towards her hus-

band, smiling. The little one put out her arms, and jumped to be taken.

"Here, Nino," she replied; "there is the best answer. Those foolish pigeons know quite well that a child cannot hurt them; but they have not the same confidence in a man. Sometimes even *persons* as well as pigeons think you rather formidable—just now and then," she added, her voice quivering a little.

"Not you, Elvira? You at least are never afraid of me?"

"No, no; not I. Why should I fear you? You are always good to me—too good by far; but others—I cannot tell why—many others think you much to be dreaded. But here is Manna: she has come to take Felicità to bed; she has not been well to-day. Nino, feel her hands and her little head; they are burning! And one little cheek is so scarlet, the other so pale! All day she has been heavy and sleepy, and, till the pigeons came in, she has scarcely noticed anything."

"Poor little thing!" said Giannetto, kissing the upturned face; "what ails my little one?"

"Ah!" said the nurse, as she lifted and carried the child away, "it must be her teeth. If the Signora would only let me give her some of that medicine I told her of."

"No, no; put her to sleep, Manna, and give her no medicines." The nurse left the room.

Giannetto had thrown himself down on a hard green sofa, and Elvira quietly seated herself on the ground beside him, holding and fondling his hand.

"Nino," she began hesitatingly, "you love little Felicità very much?"

"Of course I love her."

"Nino, you would not like her to go away, and never see or think of you again? It would grieve you, would it not?"

Giannetto started up, and snatched away his hand. "Elvira, cannot

you let me alone? I know well what you mean. When will you cease to plague me on this subject? I have told you again and again that these feelings of which you speak—these natural affections, as you call them—are those only of an educated mind. A peasant like my mother is not thus sentimental."

"But, Nino, you do not know, you cannot tell, what a mother's love is, and always must be. Educated! Why, look at the very animals, how they love their children!"

"Until they are grown up," said Giannetto—"till they are independent of them—and then they throw them off. Believe me, Elvira, your pity is wasted on my mother. I do not wish to see her; she would not care to see me,—and—and—I cannot go home."

Elvira sighed. After a little pause she said, gently, "Nino mine, do you not think sometimes that there are duties which should not be left undone, however painful they may be? Nino, she was left a widow very young; she toiled for you, suffered for you, wept for you; and—indeed, indeed, she loves you still."

Giannetto turned round suddenly—"How do you know? What do you mean? Have you heard anything? Answer, Elvira!"

Elvira took a thin, carefully-written letter from her pocket: "See," she said—"my mother has just sent me this; she writes a few lines herself to say that, as it was directed to me, she had opened and read it. But, Nino, Nino, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Giannetto had become as white as a sheet. He had at once recognised the handwriting of the priest of San Jacopo. He snatched the letter from her; it was not long, and a glance reassured him—his secret was safe.

As he sank back, the drops of perspiration stood on his brow. "It

is nothing, nothing, Elvira," he said; "only a sudden pain. Read me the letter." Elvira was not satisfied till she had bathed his forehead with orange-flower water; and she sat fanning him with one hand, while holding the letter in the other. Giannetto acquiesced, willing that she should attribute his sudden agitation to illness.

This secret between himself and his wife was becoming unbearable to him. He lived in a perpetual dread lest Elvira should learn the particulars of his early history; and he felt a sort of conviction that, his secret once revealed, their severance would become inevitable.

"Now, Elvira," he said, "read me the letter. I wonder why he should write to you instead of to me this time?"

"Perhaps," she said, rather timidly—"perhaps some letter of yours has been lost. Indeed, so it must be; for he says they have had no news of you for very long. I will read it." She began—

"SIGNORA,—I feel that, without doubt, you may look upon my presuming to write to you as a great impertinence, and that I have scarcely a right to do so; but the very great interest and solicitude I have always felt for your husband cause me to beg for your indulgence. It is now a long time since I have received any answer to my letters, and I have no news of him to tell to his mother, so that she is breaking her heart; and for her sake I have ventured to appeal to you, who are also a woman, and can understand better than a man what it is to feel herself forgotten by a son for whom she has toiled, and laboured, and suffered so much. The last we heard of him was, that he had taken a wife, and that in you he had found perfect happiness. He also told us that he is not your

equal in birth—that you are a lady; and it appears to me possible, in that case, that you may be ashamed of the poor old peasant-mother, and wish to keep her son entirely away from her. Is this true? Ah! if God has given you also a little child, you will be better able to understand what her feelings must be; for she has been a very fond and loving mother, and for many years he was all in all to her. She grows old now, and is worn out with care and pining for him; and though you have both been very good, and sent her money constantly, she often says that could she see your husband once again, it would do her more good than all the comforts the money gives her. Can you not both come to San Jacopo? You shall be treated as becomes your position; I will see to that. Tell your husband that all his old friends and companions are well——"

"I had no friends, no companions," broke in Giannetto, angrily. "The man is in his dotage!"

Elvira looked at him in astonishment before she resumed her reading.

"Tell him also that, should he come, they will all welcome him warmly. Several changes have taken place. Pietro's wife is dead, the good Baldovinetta; and he has married again, old Masaniello's youngest daughter, whom we used to call 'Brutta e buona,' and she makes him an excellent wife. Tonino has been apprenticed to Andrea Castagno, and is a clever lad. Andrea kept on the new boat after his father's death in the great storm, though he was but sixteen at the time; and, by the blessing of San Jacopo, he has succeeded very well. I have employed the last sum of money your husband sent in buying for Carola that large

vigna behind the place where old Nicolo's cottage stood, that was washed away; and she hires his son, Ceccho, to cultivate it, and keeps a mule of her own. It is her one happiness to think that all these riches came from her beloved son; but one moment's sight of him in his own person would be the richest gift he could bestow upon her—and she wearies Madonna to grant her this blessing. Dear Signora, forgive me if I take too great a liberty in thus addressing you; but I also am growing old and infirm, and Giannetto——"

Elvira paused. "Giannetto! Who is Giannetto?" she said. "It is I," answered her husband, with ill-concealed impatience. "That was the foolish name I always went by. I dropped it, for I hate the very sound of it."

"Foolish! oh no. I like the name—your mother's pet name for you." She returned to her letter—

"And Giannetto was as dear to me as any son could be to his father; so that, in addressing his wife, I feel as if I must know her already. If it be in your power, then, let Giannetto come back to his mother,—not to stay—I know well, and have explained to her, the different sphere of society to which he has attained. We would not, for the world, that he should give up his new pursuits, companions, or friends. Only this I ask—and further, I am bold enough to demand, as a Christian priest—that he should now and then remember that he is the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

The letter dropped from Elvira's hand, and she turned her brown, wistful eyes on her husband. He did not speak.

"It is a touching letter, Nino. The poor mother must have suffered very much. Is it quite impossible that, when we leave Venice, we

should go to San Jacopo? only for a few days—for one day even?"

Giannetto leapt off the sofa, and paced up and down the room. "Elvira," he said, his face full of keen distress, "listen to what I say. What you ask is an impossibility. I cannot, and I will not, return there. I cannot tell you why—it concerns myself alone; but, Elvira, trust me, it is a sufficient reason. There are some things in which a wife must trust her husband implicitly without striving to understand them, and this is one of them."

"And the poor mother?" murmured Elvira.

Giannetto stamped on the ground in real anger. "Elvira, do not go on like this. You do not know what you are talking of. I will take care that that meddling priest does not come between you and me."

"Stop, stop, Giannetto!" she cried, rising from the ground and clasping her hands; "do not say what you will repent of as soon as said. I will say no more, I promise you; but oh, Nino——"

"You will say no more; you have passed your word?"

"Nino! Nino!"

"It is a promise," he repeated, distinctly.

Giannetto took up the letter, tore it into a thousand pieces, and tossed them out of the window. Elvira covered her face with her hands, bitter tears forcing themselves through her clasped fingers.

Giannetto stood and looked at her wistfully. After a few moments, she pushed back the masses of dark hair from her brow, and came up to his side, raising her sweet face to be kissed. He clasped her suddenly to him. "Elvira! Elvira! if I only could—if I only dared——" he stopped, the full consequences of what he might say flashing upon

him. "But, Elvira, you will trust me; you, at least, will always trust me!"

"With my whole heart, Nino," she answered. "God will direct you aright. I will have faith in you. You are cold, Nino; you shiver."

"No, no; it is nothing—only that pain again."

Both their hearts were heavy that night. Giannetto came home late from the opera. After all was over, he had rowed far out to sea, striving to regain calmness. He had been singing magnificently. Applause resounded through the theatre, and from every side bouquets fell upon the stage. The heat was

intense, but the house was crowded. But as he came off the stage, he could not help observing that, even while congratulating him, his fellow-actors shrank from him, and whispered behind his back. He felt very sore and aggrieved. And there was this ever-present trouble, too, between himself and his wife. It was all very hard to bear. Weary and heart-sick, he threw himself on his bed, and sank into the heavy sleep of exhausted nature.

Elvira, after he left her for the theatre, stole quietly away to her child. She dismissed the nurse, and sat watching it far into the hot summer night.

CHAPTER VIII.

About four o'clock in the morning the violent ringing of a bell echoed through the Palazzo Lucchetti, and Giannetto was aroused by a light gleaming in his face. Elvira, white and terrified, stood beside him. "Nino, Nino, get up! quick, quick! there is no time to lose! The child is ill. Oh, Nino! I fear she is dying!"

Giannetto sprang out of bed. "What is it, Elvira? What must I do?"

"Oh, fly, fly for a doctor! Call any one—only be quick! be quick! or she will die!"

Elvira hastened away swiftly as she had come. Giannetto dressed himself hurriedly, and followed her to the room where the child lay. Terrible was the shock that awaited him. The little one lay in Elvira's lap, passing from one convulsion into another. None could have recognised in that face, so distorted and changed, the sweet calm of little Felicità.

Elvira looked up, almost wild in her anxiety. "Not gone yet! Nino,

Nino, every moment is an hour!—not yet! Manna, you go! quick! we may yet save her; you know of some doctor? Oh, go! go!"

Manna, who had been kneeling by the child, sprang to her feet and rushed from the room, leaving the father and mother alone.

Elvira did not speak, but now and then a little moan came from her lips.

Giannetto sat down, drawing his chair forward and looking down on the child. "Elvira," he said hoarsely, "will she die? is she going to die?" Her sole answer was to raise her eyes to his with a look of agony. They sat watching—how long, they knew not; it seemed a year, though in reality but a few minutes.

An old doctor was living in an upper apartment in the Palazzo, and to him Manna and the landlady went. He came at once; and in five minutes the little one was placed in a warm bath, and for the time the danger was over. For hours they sat and watched. The

little face regained its soft calm, the tossing limbs grew still, and she sank into a sweet calm sleep. They wrapped her in warm blankets and laid her on her bed. The doctor felt her pulse; it was even now, but for an occasional wild throb. He turned to Elvira and said, "She will do well now, if I mistake not; but give her the medicine I send you as often as you can."

He was going, but Elvira stopped him. "Pardon me," she said, "but tell me the real truth—will she die?"

The old doctor looked at her very compassionately. "Poor Signora," he said, "you must not hope too much. I have never seen a more violent attack; and if it comes again——" he shrugged his shoulders.

Every trace of colour fled out of Elvira's face and lips, and she grasped Giannetto's arm to support herself.

"Why tell her this?" he exclaimed, passionately. "Why should you make it worse by telling her beforehand?"

The doctor looked rather displeased. "Some say 'tell,' some 'conceal.' I, for my part, speak the truth when I am asked; and you, sir, should have the complaisance to hear me finish what I have to say. If, by giving the proper medicines, and having a warm bath always ready, you can keep off the attacks, well; if not——"

He took off his spectacles, beginning to wipe them with his large blue handkerchief. Giannetto sat down again moodily. With a deep bow, which all were too much pre-occupied to acknowledge, the doctor quitted the room.

They heard him speaking outside to a little group of servants and lodgers, drawn together by sympathy and curiosity, headed by the Padrona or landlady. "It is a bad case,

Signora Padrona—a bad case; and I fear me they will lose their child. The first child, you say? It is a pity; but it is the will of Heaven. If the convulsions come on again, for the love of heaven, Signora Padrona, have a priest in the way with the holy unction; for they are frightfully violent, and the child is very weak. Was there no one to tell them to put it in hot water at once? What fools people are! and the women in especial! But it is too true. The mother is very young, and it is a first child. A thousand thanks, Signora; no wine, but I would take a cup of coffee with cognac. A thousand thanks. With permission, I will wait here, and will snatch a moment's sleep—I cannot find it in my heart to go up-stairs. Ah! there is the coffee—none in Venice like yours, Signora Padrona. It is now striking the six hours. Well, well, I will take a little more repose." And the rough but kindly old doctor stretched himself on a couple of hard old-fashioned chairs.

The day came on, and grew into a fierce glare of heat, and still the little one slept. The blinds were drawn down, and kept constantly wetted by Manna with cold water; and a huge block of ice sent in by the landlady helped to keep the room comparatively cool.

All day Elvira sat at the foot of the bed, little simple books of devotion by her side, which now and then she took up. She could only read a few lines at a time, but they suggested thoughts on which she strove to fix her mind. When Manna brought her food, she ate it mechanically, for she knew that she must not waste her strength. Giannetto was so restless that she persuaded him to go out when mid-day had passed.

The doctor came in constantly. Elvira believed that all was going

on well ; but he did not like the heavy sleep of the child, and often desired it to be roused, to swallow medicine.

Evening came again ; the sun went down in a bath of liquid fire, and fierce rays of dark crimson streaked the sky, still purple with glowing heat.

Giannetto came softly in. "How is she? how is she doing now?" he whispered. "Just the same. Thank God for this long sweet sleep!"

Elvira moved slowly to the little bed. As she gazed, a look of horror came over her face—the convulsions had returned. "Nino! Manna! it has come again!—quick! fly!" Giannetto flew up-stairs for the doctor; Manna brought forward the bath. The doctor, as he came hastily down, called out, "Signora Padrona—Signora, quick! send for him at once," and he followed Giannetto into the room.

The landlady knew only too well whom and what he meant. Down she went, on to the steps at the door, and hastily called to a gondolier.

She was just about to step off the stairs, when another gondola came gliding swiftly round the corner, under the canopy of which, with his hands folded in his habit, sat the stern, upright figure of a Franciscan monk.

"Padre! padre!" she shouted, at the utmost pitch of her shrill Italian voice. "Padre! for the love of God!"

The friar started from his apparent reverie. "Stop," he said to the gondolier. "I am wanted."

The landlady bent forward,—"Father," she repeated, "if you are a priest, come in—come in at once. A child is dying—the only child of Giovanni, the great singer."

The friar stepped out of his gondola, and followed the kind-hearted woman, as, breathless and

almost sobbing, she hastened up the stairs. "It is the hand of God," he muttered to himself.

On they went, through the long suite of cool rooms, across the gallery at the end, into the sick-chamber.

One single glance was enough—they were too late.

The room was full of people. Elvira sat upon the floor with the child on her lap. Manna had lifted it out of the bath, and placed it there; and, all unheeded, the water was dripping from its soft brown hair. As if turned to stone, the mother's eyes were fixed upon the tiny corpse. Manna's sobs rang through the room; the others, mere spectators of the scene, lodgers and servants in the house, stood close round, and now and then one of them spoke a gentle word of sympathy. Giannetto remained motionless, with his arms folded, as he had stood to watch his child die.

This was the scene that met their eyes as the door opened.

All made way involuntarily as Fra Geronimo (for he it was) entered. All knelt when he approached—all but one, the unhappy father, who, as the first sacred words broke the silence, stole away, crouching, creeping, cringing, as the voice of prayer uprised itself to heaven. Outside the door he stood, alone, an outcast from God and man.

They removed Elvira from the room. Gently, tenderly they carried her away, and laid her on the green couch in the large empty room. She was not insensible, but she lay stunned and tearless, without moving, where they placed her. They threw the window wide open and let in the evening air; one little ray still lingered from the dying sunset, and checkered the polished floor. They sought for Giannetto, and sent him to her there. The friar was gone. He knew that this was not his time—

that for his work patience was needful.

Giannetto stole in, and sat clasping his wife's hand, which lay in his quite cold and motionless.

Peck, peck, peck! what was that? and then that soft-sounding cooing? Motionless they watched. One by one, pluming their soft wings, billing and cooing to each other, the pigeons of St Mark came gently in. They looked for the tiny hand that had fed them, for the little one that had loved them so well.

Peck, peck—there was no bread to-day. Was it only imaginary that the cooing voices took a wondering sound? They came closer, turning their pearly heads from side to side, passing in and out of the dying ray of light.

Elvira suddenly started forward and burst into a wild fit of hysterical weeping. With a loud whirl of terror, the pigeons flew away.

The storm of grief let loose seemed to shake her from head to foot; her self-command had given way, and she knew not what she said. Clinging, holding on to Giannetto, she poured out the agony of her grief; now imploring him to tell her what the secret was that kept them apart, now telling him that she could and would trust him, but he must not look at her like that, not be angry with her; for her child was dead,

and there was nothing left to her but him. Then she would call upon the child, calling her her comfort, her only hope for Nino's conversion. Fits of exhaustion followed, but the slightest word brought back the flood of agony.

So through the long, long night, till another morning dawned. Then Giannetto took his pale wife by the hand, and led her from the chamber. She let him do what he wished with her, following him whither he would.

Down the silent canals they passed, crossed the piazza of St Mark, to the door of the great cathedral. "Go in," he murmured hoarsely; and she obeyed.

Compared to the outer air it was dark, but she saw at once what her eyes mechanically sought. Before the high altar stood a little bier, covered by a pall as white as driven snow; wreaths of lovely flowers lay round and upon it, not all white, but red, and purple, and gold, glowing with colours, typical of that glory to which the child had attained. Elvira sank upon her knees, and her heart rose up in fervent prayer.

In a far corner of the cathedral, where it was all dark and in shadow, knelt the Franciscan, pale from fasting, exhausted by the vigils of a long night, in which, in pain and penance, he had been wrestling for a fallen soul.

CHAPTER IX.

"I am sure we shall be too early, John," said Amy to her husband. "Nonsense, Amy; we are not in London. Remember how early Roman hours are."

They were driving up to the door of a house in Rome one evening on which some English friends had a large party. It was a soft oppressive

evening; the sirocco had been blowing all day, making the air heavy and languid. They drove rattling under the covered doorway, the heavy Roman carriage-horses stopping with a suddenness which threw Amy forward.

"How I hate that way of stopping!" she exclaimed, as she shook

out her ruffled plumes, and followed the porter up-stairs.

The room in which the lady of the house received her guests was pretty and peculiar. It had often been used for private theatricals, and possessed a recess between the two tall French windows, filled by a raised orchestra or stage, now brilliant with flowers, and enlivened by a large cage full of little merry birds. The hostess, seeing that Amy was watching them, told her that they were a constant source of anxiety to her children; for, from time to time, three or four of the poor little prisoners disappeared, and such a disappearance was too often followed by a dish of so-called larks at dinner, causing most uncomfortable misgivings.

The room was full of guests, most of them English; but there was a sprinkling of German *attachés*, who looked bored, and twirled their yellow moustaches; and a few Italians, chiefly men. The English were of every description,—young eldest sons “doing” Rome; mammas giving fair, very young daughters, a first taste of society before bringing them out in London; most of the regular English residents in Rome; and here and there an Italian artist, very much out of his element.

There was a little music. The young lady of the house sang tolerably, and her music-master, a small dapper Italian, accompanied her in high glee; for she sang songs composed by himself, of the very weakest description. Ices were handed round at intervals, and tea, from which the Italians shrank back involuntarily.

The mixture of social elements was too incongruous, conversation flagged, and Amy felt wearied. She pushed open the half-closed window, and went out to enjoy the cool of the little garden.

It was very pretty in its own

way; and it amused her to watch a tame jackdaw hopping about on the wall, with its head very much on one side. There was a good deal to explore and discover, notwithstanding the diminutiveness of the place. On the right was a little grotto, curtained with maidenhair fern, in which a nymph in white marble, nearly the size of life, reposed, in utter disproportion to the dimensions of her shrine. There was a little grove also; as you wandered through its mazes you came upon busts, and statues, and fountains full of gold-fish; many of the busts had lost their noses, but they were nevertheless suggestive, all of them being antique. Over one fountain the ivy and leaves grew very thickly, and half hidden among them lay a little marble Cupid asleep. Amy, wandering about, was bending down to look at him more nearly, when a sound from the drawing-room made her suddenly turn back and approach the window.

It was a sound of singing, so lovely that she would not interrupt or break the spell, but leant against the wall outside, in the midst of a great bush of scarlet salvias, which contrasted prettily with the soft white gown she wore.

She could just see enough to perceive that the little singing-master was accompanying; his mobile Italian face was screwed into an expression of ecstasy, as the glorious full notes of a wonderful tenor voice swelled through the room—now it rose to inconceivable power, now softened till the strain was almost heavenly in its sweetness. Amy was entranced; she stood motionless till the last sound died away. The silence was broken by a sudden burst of applause, and the gentlemen gathered round the singer.

Amy took advantage of the movement, and came in unobserved amid the general confusion. “Who is

he? What is his name?" she asked her nearest neighbour.

"It is Giovanni, the great tenor; he has just come to Rome. Did you ever hear such a voice? is it not lovely, glorious?" And the old English lady whom she had addressed very quietly managed to wipe away a tear. There was a general hush; people fell back, many seated themselves, and Giovanni sang again.

Amy felt the sort of superstitious dread creep over her that her partial knowledge of his history gave. She could not take her eyes off his face, it seemed so altered, and yet so like what it had been when she first saw him.

The second song over, Giovanni moved away from the piano, while renewed murmurs of admiration filled the room.

The crowd made way, and the lady of the house bustled up to Amy. "Allow me to introduce Signora Giovanni," she said, in French, adding, in a low voice, as she hurried away,—"his wife, you know—she is anxious to be presented to you."

Amy made room on the sofa beside her for the pale but still lovely Elvira, who, in her heavy black velvet gown, looked even more white and frail than usual.

"I must ask a thousand pardons, Signora," she began at once; "but your likeness to your sister struck me so forcibly, that I asked who you were, and could not resist taking the liberty of begging to be presented to you."

"I am very glad of it," said Amy; "I have heard so much of you that I have been long anxious to make your acquaintance, and to meet your husband again. I must indeed congratulate you. What a talent! What a singularly beautiful voice!"

"The Signora is too good. Yes,

she is right; it is a wonderful talent. I trust that the Signor Conte your father is in good health; and your sister, she is well?"

"They are both well; and it will give them great pleasure to hear that I have seen you. They have often spoken to me of you, and of Signor Giovanni,—and the baby, little Felicità, is she well?"

Elvira showed no more signs of emotion than the quivering of her voice, as she answered—"Thank you, dear Signora; but when you write to them, will you tell them that she is dead?"

Amy looked and felt shocked at this answer to her question; but Elvira smiled very sweetly, and went on,—“Are your little children well? The Signora Elena used to tell me about them when we were at Florence. Are they with you? But no! Surely you have not brought them so long a journey?"

"No, indeed!" answered Amy; "they are too young. I thought it best to leave them at home. Helen has charge of them."

"Ah, what a happiness for her!"

"By the by, Signora Giovanni," said Amy, suddenly, "do you ever see anything of a certain Fra Geronimo, a Franciscan, in whom my father was much interested? I think (but I am not sure) that you knew him, that he was your friend?"

"No, no," said Elvira—"not then; but it is curious that you should ask. We did not know him then. Without doubt, we mean the same person—the great preacher. We know him now; but it was accidentally, and under sad circumstances, that we first met him, about six months ago, at Venice. He is in Rome now, I understand; and this very Sunday that comes, he is to preach at Santa Maria del Popolo. If the Signora has not heard him, she should go; for it is a won-

derful power, and given to few. Do you remain long in Rome? Are you interested? amused?"

"Very much; it is a marvellous place. And you, have you been here long?"

"We have but now come. My husband has accepted a very short engagement till the beginning of Lent. We have been lately at Turin and at Milan. He does not like the music here, neither the pieces given, nor the musicians—they are all bad; there is no school, no method, he says, except in the Papal choir, and that stands by itself, apart. They are ill-taught at the opera; but the voices are good—fine in tone and quality."

Giannetto approached his wife. "Elvira," he said, "I fear that we must take leave; for I have promised to sing elsewhere to-night." Elvira rose, and, with her pretty Italian curtsy, wished Amy good-night.

Scarcely were they gone when a perfect buzz of conversation arose, to which Amy listened, anxious to hear all she could about them. One of the gentlemen—an old *habitué* of Roman society—professed to know more than any one. He was talking rather mysteriously as Amy drew her chair into the little circle which had formed itself round him.

"Yes," he was saying, "there is something decidedly odd about the man and his pretty wife. A friend of mine told me that at Venice very strange things were said about him, and the extraordinary power and unchanging quality of his voice. For instance, once he came to the opera, half fainting with fatigue—as white as a sheet, and trembling as if with palsy; but when he opened his mouth, his voice was as grand and clear as if he was in the fullest strength. My friend heard afterwards that he had lost his only child that very morning."

"But," said one of the bystanders, "a very powerful will will often carry one through on such occasions."

"True; but how would you account for this—that through heat and cold, draughts, crowds, all those accidents that most affect a singer's voice, his has never been known to vary? He is always singing, never gives himself any rest. No, no, my friends; it is very unaccountable, and not so easy to explain as you seem to think it."

Here the little singing-master broke in—"Ah, Signori! is he not a wonder, a marvel? After one has heard him, one can listen to no more. Truly, it seems to me that his singing is a *finale* to the music of the evening."

"Do you know him? Are you acquainted with his history?"

"I know him, certainly; but I know nothing of his history. I have been at his house occasionally. He is good and charitable, and gives largely. I know of some very poor families in Venice to whom he has been very kind; and even to others who are apparently in better circumstances, but who, God knows, often need as much, he has been a true friend." His little twinkling eyes glistened as he spoke.

"And his wife, who is she?"

"I can tell you that," said Amy, gently. "She is the daughter of a very respectable Government official at Florence; and my father both knew and respected the family much. There is nothing at all mysterious about her," she added, smiling.

When the party had broken up, and Amy was alone with her husband in the carriage, she told him how anxious she was not to lose sight of Giovanni and Elvira, for she felt the deepest interest in both, but especially in the sad-looking young wife. But days passed in the

usual whirl of life in Rome, and they never chanced to meet.

The time passed in sight-seeing all day, going into society at night, and occasionally a visit to the opera. Giannetto was so great a man now that he could afford to be capricious; he sang rather irregularly—sometimes disappointing his audiences by refusing to do so.

The Carnival approached, and gaieties increased; balls and parties every night, the usual fun in the Corso, the throwing of *confetti*, of bouquets, bonbons, &c., from balconies and windows—all the customary noise and bustle, which Amy and her husband were still young enough to enter into and enjoy most thoroughly.

Then came the sudden change—the falling, as it were, of the black veil of Lent over the merry streets. No one who has not seen it can imagine the transformation of Rome, not only outer but inner Rome, at that season; for the streets, no longer crowded with singing, dancing revellers, are quiet and empty,—the same crowds that lately swarmed in them kneel in the churches, calm, collected, and devout; some hundreds of them have passed from the wildest excitement to the deepest prostration of spirit; all are alike sobered and absorbed by the religious duties of the season.

The weather changed, and became cold and bleak; a bitter *tramontana* swept the streets; and most of the English left Rome for Naples, there to spend the weeks between the beginning of Lent and the Easter festivities.

Giannetto and Elvira remained in Rome. He spent most of his days wandering in the Campagna, often not coming home till late, for his restlessness kept him always moving. Her life sank into a gentle, regular monotony. Like most Italian women, Elvira had no resources in

herself—she neither drew nor worked, she scarcely ever read; but, during this season, she passed almost all her time in church. There she seemed really happy; and her neighbours called her *dévota*, a saint. Her confessor, Fra Geronimo, encouraged her. "Courage, daughter," he would say; "pray—fast and pray. Wrestle as I wrestle, and the soul of your husband will be given to us."

Under a stern sense of duty, Fra Geronimo had never revealed to Elvira what he knew of her husband's history, so of that she was ignorant still.

Giannetto seemed instinctively to know where and how she passed her time, for he never asked. More and more taciturn and sad he grew, till all the sweet smiles with which she greeted him failed to elicit one in return. She thought that the enforced idleness of Lent told on his spirits, and she made many efforts to rouse and cheer him, but too often in vain.

One day he came in looking brighter and more lively than he had done for a long time. He was flourishing a letter in his hand. "Elvira, what say you to this?" he cried; "the offer of an engagement in London—from Covent Garden! The offer is a magnificent one. Tell me, dear one, should you not like the change?—the novelty of it all? You would see your English friends. What do you say?"

"England! London!—ah! shall we really go there?"

"Yes, really; I wait but your consent to accept. They are appreciative, these English—it will be a pleasure to sing to them. It will do you good, Elvira—the cool summer will bring the colour into my dear one's pale face."

The little pale face was now flushed with pleasure at the unwonted brightness of his tone, and

she looked up eagerly. "Ah, Nino mine, it will do us both good! When do we go?"

"Immediately after Easter, when London is most full. More fame to be won yet, Elvira. I climb! I climb! and before long it shall be said that I am the greatest singer the world has ever seen!" His face flushed, his eyes sparkled, and he drank in the proud conviction that the crown of his ambition was coming, an unrivalled and world-wide fame.

"Ah! truly there is none to compare with my Nino," said his young wife, twining her arms around him; "and there is nothing like the gift of song."

That evening a small close carriage stopped before the 'Fontana di Trevi.' There is a well-known and cherished superstition, that if you drink of this water the night before leaving Rome it insures your return.

Out of the carriage stepped Amy and her husband, and descended the steps to the fountain-edge. The water sparkled and danced in the moonlight; and the shadows of the rock, Tritons, and great sea-horses were so disturbed that it seemed almost as if they were in truth plunging and tumbling in the clear streams which dashed over them.

Giannetto and Elvira passed

slowly by on foot, enjoying a moon-light walk.

"See, Elvira, there are travellers going down to drink at the fountain to insure a return to Rome!"

Elvira let go his arm. "Look, look, Nino!" she said; "it is the English Signora Aimée and her husband." And she went down the steps.

"Once, twice, three times for good luck!" exclaimed Amy, drinking the clear, sweet water.

"It is all nonsense," grumbled her husband—but he drank neverthe-

"Signora, Signora Aimée," said Elvira's soft voice; "so you leave Rome?"

Amy turned round eagerly. "I am so glad to have seen you once more. Yes, we go to-morrow."

"I am glad to be able to wish you a good journey." She held out her hand. Amy took it, and with a sudden impulse bent down and kissed her.

She went away to her carriage, and Elvira stood watching till they were out of sight.

Giannetto drew her hand under his arm. "How cold you are, child! come home at once." He stooped and drank a handful of the water. "It is refreshing," he said; "but do not let us delay—these Roman nights are treacherous."

CHAPTER X.

Elvira caught a very severe cold that night—so severe that for days she was unable to leave her bed. Like all ailments in Rome, it partook of the nature of low fever, and weakened her greatly. Easter came and went; but when the day drew near on which Giannetto's London engagement was to begin, she was still too weak for so long a journey. Giannetto, therefore, carefully wrap-

ping her up, and making her as comfortable as possible, took her to Florence, and left her under the loving care of Signora Mattei, while he continued his journey by himself.

Elvira was received by her mother with rapturous joy; the brothers and sisters danced round her; her old father would scarcely let her out of his sight. All this cheered

and comforted her wonderfully. There was also the excitement of a wedding in prospect. Adelaide, her second sister, a pretty, dark-eyed girl of seventeen, was to be married to her *fiancé*, Gaetano Vacchini.

Elvira did not recover her strength as they had hoped she would. She was unable to enter into all the bustle of the family arrangements; but it was her great pleasure to furnish Adelaide with money, and send her out shopping with her mother, or with Violante the servant, and then to witness the ecstasies of the delighted girl when she brought home and exhibited her finery.

"Sec, see, Elvira! this lace, how beautiful! and a silk gown of the new colour! Carola Irei wore one like it at their house; and she said to me, 'Adelaide, now is your time; do not be married without one. Extravagant! Ah, bah! if one is not extravagant when one is married, when is one to be so? And one must be well dressed at first.' Then see! this shawl. I wept, I entreated the mamma; but she would not give it to me. She said that she had not a *baiocco*—that it was flimsy trash; and now, thanks to you—" and Adelaide threw her arms round her sister's neck, half smothering her with kisses.

The wedding-day came, and it was Elvira's task to dress her sister in the pretty white bridal dress her own taste had chosen. She could not keep her tears from falling fast as she watched the little procession start from the door. She was not strong enough for the whole ceremony, so she reserved herself for the last part, waiting till the little procession appeared in sight on their return from the Mairie in the Borgo Ognissanti, and then joining them on their way to church. The religious ceremony was performed at their parish church, San Marco.

They returned home; and then

followed all the packing up of large boxes of bonbons, to be sent to the friends and relations of the bride and bridegroom, so that there was no time for sitting down to think; and the first leisure moment had to be spent in writing a long account of all that had passed to Giannetto in London.

Elvira was now always on the sofa. Every day her loving friends tried to believe that she was better; every night found her more weak and restless; and those of their acquaintance less interested and more experienced, perceived too clearly that the bright flush on her cheek was not the hue of returning health.

The day after the wedding brought a large packet of extracts from the English newspapers. Giannetto had found among the chorus-singers a young Italian who understood English pretty well. He was very poor, and thankful to be employed in making rough translations from all the papers of the reports of the great tenor's successes at Covent Garden, for Elvira's benefit. Her pride in her husband's achievements was much increased by the praises thus bestowed on him.

She lay on the sofa, reading them aloud, Signora Celeste, with hands and eyes uplifted, beside her; the old Cavaliere, violin in hand, resting it on the ground, and softly beating time with the bow; the children in front; Violante, her sleeves tucked up above her elbows, behind,—all listening as she read how Giannetto had been recalled four times after the fall of the curtain—how each time bouquets had been thrown from every part of the house—and how, on one occasion, he had been three times encored. "No voice," one of the papers said, "had ever been heard in England at all approaching the voice of the new tenor in power or beauty. It

was only a pity that he was not a better actor ; there was a want of grace in the lighter scenes, his efforts at gaiety and playfulness appearing forced and unnatural." Elvira coloured, and all her listeners defiantly declared that newspaper criticisms were never to be relied on, with the true inconsistency of admiring affection. The papers went on to notice the wonderful strength of Signor Giovanni's voice—how, after singing all night and numerous encores, it was as fresh as ever ; and finally, they prophesied that, if the slight defects in his acting could be got over, he would be in truth the very first of his profession.

Elvira put down the papers with a proud heart. She kept them always beside her ; for whenever friends and visitors came in (which happened very frequently), Signora Celeste would come bustling up, insisting on reading the whole set of them again ; for she dearly loved the congratulations of her neighbours on her now famous son-in-law's success, and was never tired of hearing them reiterated.

Giannetto was happy in London. His success was complete. He found himself plunged into all the gaieties of a large musical and artistic society, of which he speedily became an *habitué*. He enjoyed the perfection which music, both instrumental and vocal, has attained in England ; and, more than all, he enjoyed finding worthy support in his fellow-singers. The "cast" at Covent Garden was a fine one, the orchestra in first-rate condition. No *primo tenore* could have wished for a better introduction to a new audience. He was rich. He was famous.

Giannetto would scarcely acknowledge to himself that it was almost a relief to be away from his wife. Not that he did not love her. His attachment to her was passionate

as his Italian nature, but it was the very force of that attachment which gave him the feeling of relief. He had no longer to combat the almost ungovernable longing to tell her his whole life's history, to break down the barrier which his want of confidence had raised between them. While thus absent, he was no longer tormented by her wistful looks. When his abnegation of religion, his absolute alienation from God, betrayed itself, those amongst whom he now lived seemed to be indifferent to such matters, and for the time he felt himself free.

Giannetto studied music indefatigably. He also devoted much time to the improvement of his general education. He engaged a tutor, and worked hard, endeavouring to raise himself to the level of his better-educated companions. Still, occasionally, the old fits of restlessness would return irresistibly for days at a time, during which he could settle to no definite occupation.

He was not altogether popular. He was too capricious, and often too moody to please. He made a point of never permitting companionship to advance beyond a certain limit ; so that many who, attracted by his singular power of fascination, imagined themselves on the road to intimacy and confidence, suddenly found their advances coldly received, and themselves treated with something not unlike repulsion. At the same time, he had few enemies. He was never boastful or bragging. The proud feelings of gratified ambition that swelled his heart were for himself alone. Outwardly he appeared too haughty to be vain ; and he treated his unprecedented success as so much a matter of course, that the lookers-on often wondered whether this arose from the most sublime affectation or simple indifference.

The days passed on ; and as the

time of Giannetto's return drew near, Elvira became restless and anxious. Her strength began to fail rapidly under a burning inward fever which consumed her; and by degrees a strong conviction dawned upon her that she had not long to live.

One day the Cavaliere, entering the music-room, where Elvira usually passed her mornings on the sofa, found her weeping over a letter just received. The kind old man hastily drew a chair near to her, and sat looking at her wistfully through his large spectacles.

"No bad news, my precious child?"

Elvira shook her head. "It is nothing, nothing; only that I am very weak, very foolish. Nino cannot be here for a fortnight more; he has accepted an engagement which will keep him longer in England. Ah, father, dear father! I feel as if there were no time to lose. I must see him before I die!"

"Die! Elvira, child, do not speak of dying."

"I must speak of it, for the time is short; and I must—*Dio mio!*—I must see him before I die. Oh, father mine, I am frightened when I think that I may not see him again. I have so much to say to him."

The old Cavaliere slowly brushed away two large tears before he answered—"Alas, my child! I fear sometimes that your life has not been a happy one."

"Happy? Ah yes! happier far than I deserve—but for one grief, one sorrow."

"Felicità?"

"No, no; that grief has at times been almost a joy. I mean that Nino—Alas! what can I say? he loves not God nor holy things."

"Poor little one!"

"Ah, father mine, I have never spoken of this except to him and in my prayers; but now—the relief,

the comfort of telling all to you! You say nothing; you only grieve with me. It is that I want. Father, what is this mystery? What does it all mean? Oh, if this barrier could but be broken down that stands between us! Why will he not go to his old home? Alas! what does it all mean?"

"My child," began the Cavaliere, "sometimes the indifference of youth——"

"It is not indifference—indeed, not indifference. When I have spoken to him, I have seen the look of grief, the shadow of some great unspoken sorrow, in his face. He seems to shrink—to be afraid—Sometimes—I dread that—that some great crime. . . . My God! what have I said?"

She buried her face in her hands, shuddering violently.

The Cavaliere laid his hand on her head. "Do not fear, my child. No one is here but your old father, who will help you if he can."

Elvira raised herself again. "Father," she said, "I cannot understand it. When I speak of his mother, he assumes a harshness foreign to his nature. Then, and then only, he has been unkind to me. Alas! he made me promise never to ask him to go home again; but while he spoke so harshly, his lips were quivering, his eyes looked at me in such agony. Ah! what can it mean?—what can it mean?"

"My precious child!"

"Long ago, my mother had an idea that all was not right. I know not why, but she thought it was something to do with his voice—possibly that he might have become a singer in defiance of the wishes of his mother and his friends—who knows? I cannot tell why she thought so. She tried to learn what she could from the English Conte. He had nothing to tell her.

What could he have had to say? And, alas! the fact remains the same. And he may die impenitent, unabsolved. *Dio mio!* my heart will break!"

"Elvira, darling!"

"Oh, father, night and day I pray that I may be spared to see him once—only once again! Through the long hours of the night, when I lie awake, I am planning what to say to him, what arguments to use, what points to urge; and I am so ignorant, it all ends in this, 'Nino, Nino! if you love me—for my sake!'"

The old Cavaliere only kissed her forehead; his voice was choked—he could not speak. Elvira looked up at him with her large sad eyes. She went on—"Fra Geronimo tells me that if I am patient, and go on hoping and praying, he will at last be won; but time goes on, and he cannot come home for a fortnight longer, and who knows whether I shall live so long? Father, give me this promise—if I should get worse, send an express for him at once. Let me feel that I can rely on this. Even should it be a false alarm, he will forgive it; and I must see him before I die."

"I promise, Elvira, my darling; let me write at once. Surely it is better that he should be with you now?"

"No; do not call him home if you can help it. Sometimes I feel as if the very longing to see him again will serve to keep me alive until he comes. Father, dear father, if I fail in persuading him, do not give him up; but, for my sake,

look on him as you would on a son of your own." She went on, almost to herself, "Nino loves his mother, I am sure of it; and he loves that good priest who wrote to me. What can it mean? Why does he feign anger when I speak of them? Why does he make believe that he does not love them? It cannot be as my mother thought—they would have been so proud of his singing; and yet how unwilling he is to speak of his voice. His life before we first met is a perfect blank to me."

The Cavaliere resumed gently, "My child, are you sure that you are not imagining all kinds of foolish things? Giovanni is young, and strong, and thoughtless. When sorrow comes, or illness, or any sad experience, he will turn where only comfort can be found."

"Father, have you then not noticed the dread he has of sacred things? It is not indifference. I have seen him stand looking through the door into a church, with a look of longing that went to my heart. Then if I begged him to come in, he would be angry, and irritable; but I could see his great distress. Once he said to me, 'You do not know the sacrifice you wish me to make;' and I did not know—alas! I sometimes fear that I shall never know what he meant."

Though exhausted at the time, Elvira felt much comfort from this conversation with her father. It was a relief to have spoken of her sorrows; and his silent sympathy was more to her than any words could have been.

CHAPTER XI.

The season came to an end in London, Parliament adjourned, and the fashionable world dispersed in all directions. Giovanni's last appearance at Covent Garden was

over; and, rich in fame and purse, he prepared to return home.

But yet one more triumph awaited him. He received an offer from Paris, too liberal for

him to refuse. He consented to sing for two nights only, on condition of the terms being doubled. The arrogant demand was immediately acceded to, and Giovanni went over to Paris.

His success was complete. He was borne from the concert-hall on the shoulders of the crowd. Wherever he went they flocked to see him. He received presents of every description, bouquets and jewels; the Conservatoire crowned him, and bestowed honorary titles on him.

"I have nothing left to wish for," he wrote to Elvira. "I am on the topmost step of the ladder. Rejoice with me; I have nothing more to win."

He returned to his hotel the last night before leaving Paris, to find a foreign despatch on the table. The message was very brief: "Elvira is frightfully ill: come quickly, if you would see her alive."

Who can describe the misery of that journey? Night and day he travelled, and it seemed to him that the swift express trains crawled at a foot-pace. The time lost in crossing Mont Cenis seemed interminable—double and treble relays of horses and mules were sent on, but the time seemed endless.

He reached Florence at last. There, waiting for him at the station, stood the old Cavaliere. "She is better!" he shouted, before the train had time to stop. "She is already better, thanks be to God!"

Before many moments had passed, Giannetto stood by the bedside of his wife.

Though the summer was at its height, the warm weather had not restored Elvira's strength. Her family, always beside her, did not perceive how thin she grew; and they became so much accustomed to the little short cough, which had never left her since her illness at Rome, that at last they scarcely noticed it at all.

The lovely colour that now so frequently succeeded her paleness, foreshadowed, alas! too truly, the dreaded *malattia Inglese*—the consumption that is so little known, but so greatly feared, in Italy. She had not appeared more failing or ill than usual, when one day she was seized with a very violent fit of coughing, attended with much pain. Fearful that she had caught fresh cold, they sent for the doctor, who pronounced her to be suffering from acute inflammation of the lungs. "She cannot live," said the doctor; "the disease gains ground. It may be days or weeks, possibly months; but I can do nothing."

Two days afterwards she broke a blood-vessel; and the danger seemed so imminent that they at once telegraphed for Giannetto. Before his arrival, however, the first anxiety had passed away; and, although much weakened, she was pronounced out of immediate danger.

Giannetto proved a most tender and efficient nurse; but he absolutely refused to believe in her danger, and was almost rude to the doctor when he spoke despondingly of his patient's state. He was always insisting that she was better, getting well.

Everything that money could procure of the rarest and most costly nature he obtained for Elvira; soft eider-down from Germany, rich Indian shawls, luxurious English sofas and invalid chairs. He liked her to wear costly lace, and put beautiful rings that he had purchased for her in London and Paris on her little thin fingers.

"My Elvira is a great and rich lady," he said to her; "and when she is well again, we will buy a beautiful villa at Florence, and become grand Signori."

She would sometimes hold out her fingers and watch the rings drop off one by one. "Look, Nino mine," she said; "like these, the

pleasures and riches of this world are dropping from me!" He could not be angry with her now when she said these things.

Fra Geronimo was living at his Franciscan home at Fiesole when the news reached him of Giannetto's return to Florence. He waited some days, and then determined that he would seek him out. Two or three times he called at the Casa Mattei, and each time Giannetto was denied to him. Once Elvira sent for him, and begged him to see her husband; and, if necessary, to force him into an interview.

"Father," she said, "I feel that every day that passes now is an opportunity lost. See him, and tell him that I am dying, that before many weeks he will be alone; and tell him that I cannot die till his soul is safe, till he returns to the God whom he has forsaken. Father," she added suddenly, the hectic hue flushing into her face, "it is not that he does not believe; he believes—he suffers—I know it."

"He believes and suffers," repeated the friar. "My daughter, I have prayed long for him. I have striven against the power of the enemy; and by God's grace I shall prevail, and his soul shall be saved!"

That night, when all were at rest, Fra Geronimo slowly and patiently paced the Borgo Pinti. He knew that this was the hour in which Giannetto allowed himself exercise and relaxation from the constant attendance on his wife; and he awaited his return homeward.

The night was calm and still, the silence only now and then broken by the irregular clang of different church-bells, telling the quarters of each passing hour. The shadow of the tall friar looked almost gigantic as it fell before him; and Giannetto started back when he saw it, as he came up the street, and the song he had been softly singing died away unfinished on his lips.

"Giannetto," said the friar—and Giannetto started again at the sound of his old, once familiar name—"I have sought you day after day, and the doors are closed against me. I must speak with you, Giannetto."

"Would that you would leave me to myself," said Giannetto, angrily; "I need no meddling monk to pry into my affairs."

The friar laid his hand powerfully upon his arm. "I know your secret," he said. "You have nothing to tell me that I do not know."

Giannetto shuddered. "Then I need tell you nothing, Father. Leave me in peace."

They had reached the door of the house. Almost as if the hand of the friar acted on him as a spell, Giannetto opened it; and they passed side by side into a large room on the ground-floor. It was not dark, for the moon streamed in, and her ghostly, colourless light filled the room.

Giannetto flung himself down on a chair, his face turned sullenly away. Fra Geronimo slowly paced the room, his eyes bent on the ground.

"Giannetto," he said—and the low hollow tone spoke of mental and physical suffering—"I must have you listen, and forgive me if I speak too much of myself. I was once young, and strong, and brilliant, as you are now. My life began in courts. I was rich, I was prosperous, and beloved. Giannetto, I also was a scoffer. To me, God was a mockery; religion the foolery of priests and women. My life was all enjoyment. I cared for nothing, thought of nothing, but the pleasures of the hour. I watched my mother's heart break slowly; for, Giannetto, she loved me—I was her idol, and I spurned her God. She had another son." The friar's voice grew lower and more husky as he spoke on.

"This son was young, and fresh, and innocent. On her deathbed she charged me to guard and watch

over him for her sake. O God ! O God ! I swore to do so. I broke the oath. I was wild, dissolute, and recked not what I did. Into the dark regions of sin and hell I led him. I surrounded him with temptation. I laughed to see him yield ; and thus I led him on, from bad to worse, till the measure of his iniquity was full, and there was no time for atonement. Giannetto, he died cursing God and man ; and I knew that I—I—his brother, his sworn guardian—had driven him to damnation !”

He paused in his walk to and fro, and clasping his hands, he stood before Giannetto, who had bowed his head on the table.

“ I tell you, that since that hour I have known no peace. I tore myself from home,—it was a time of madness and despair. I sought oblivion in vain ; the wild eyes of my dying brother haunted me night and day, and the awful blasphemy of his words, as the foam of death was gathering on his lips—good God ! they haunt me now. Then came a time of illness, and all said that I must die ; but life was strong within me, and there was work for me to do. I lived—a blighted, suffering man—for God had work for me to do.

“ There was a priest, an old man, who came to tend me. God has rewarded him for what he did for me. He gave me hope ; he bade me spend my life in bringing souls to God. ‘ Atone,’ he said ; ‘ bring back the fallen ones to Christ ; and so, by saving many souls, atone for destroying one.’

“ I went forth to the combat, armed by St Francis with Humility, Fasting, and Poverty : and the years go on, but the atonement is yet unaccomplished. I pray, I fast ; but there is one soul I cannot win, there is one sinner I cannot save. Giannetto, have pity on me—have pity on yourself !”

He stood before him, tall and powerful ; and the pale moon lit up his figure, leaving Giannetto shrunken, shivering in the shade. The monk’s voice changed to a softer, gentler strain—

“ Nino, my son, there is not much time remaining. The light of another world begins to beam on the brow of your angel-wife—she is dying ! You strive not to believe it ; but, Nino, it is true. Not many weeks are left you of her love—the time flies fast,—repent while yet she lives, and let her die in peace ! Tell her all. You have much to renounce—fame, riches, happiness—but you have all to gain. I charge you, if you love her, to repent !” Another pause. The friar sank on his knees.

“ Once more, Giannetto, I beseech you to repent ! Suffering ! what is present suffering compared to the peace which passes all understanding ? What is daily, hourly suffering, compared to the agony of unrepentant remorse—remorse that will stand beside you night and day, will infuse a bitter gall into every pleasure, will sharpen every pain, and will linger on in the very memory of your young dead wife ? Have pity on Elvira—have pity on yourself !”

Still Giannetto lay with his arms stretched out before him, and his head hidden. He writhed as the friar spoke, but he answered nothing.

Once more the friar rose to his full height, gazing down on the prostrate figure—“ Giannetto, one more appeal ! Who are you, what are you, that you should brave the wrath of God ? The worm crushed under the foot of man is not more impotent or more contemptible. There, as you stand, the strength of manhood pours through your veins, your intellect tells you that in knowledge of good and evil man is as a god, and yet, in the pride of

your being, you cannot understand what it is to die. Now is your hour, you say; but the hour passes away, and you are not. You believe—I know it; it is not that you cannot believe. It is that openly and avowedly you say, ‘Let me eat and drink, for to-morrow I die!’ And thus you would make the Word of God of none effect; and such will be the end—you will eat and drink, and to-morrow you die—unless—My son, my son! eighteen hundred years ago, an Atonement was made for man, in suffering, in agony, in shame! Your Saviour pitied you; have pity on yourself!”

Giannetto raised his head—the agony of the struggle was visible in his haggard face, but the conquest was achieved. “Father, Father, I yield! Teach me to repent!”

Long hours through that night Giannetto and the Franciscan remained together. Giannetto made a full and free confession. No ear heard or eye saw what passed between them; but the dawn had already gleamed in the sky before they separated,—Giannetto, worn out, to throw himself on his bed; the friar to go on with his work, fasting and in prayer, before the mercy-seat of God.

The following day was Sunday, and Elvira rose from her bed about the middle of the day; but Giannetto did not come as usual to carry her into the music-room, and watch and tend her. Her father brought her in before going to mass, and they left her alone, anxious and watching for her husband’s coming.

After they were all gone, Giannetto came quietly in and stood by her side. She raised her eyes to his face, and saw that it was very pale; but there was a look in his eyes, as he knelt down beside her, that gave her heart such a strange bound of hope, that for one moment she was speechless.

He knelt on silently by the

couch, where she lay pure as a lily and almost as white, his eyes eagerly watching every movement of her sweet face.

“Nino,” she said at length, “I had a dream last night—such a strange dream! It seemed to me that I lay here as usual, and yet the room was not the same. A window was before me, the lattice set wide open; and a glorious stream of yellow light was flooding in,—and there, in the light, which shone like a golden glory, knelt our little child. Her hands were clasped in prayer, and she was dressed, like the holy Innocents, in purest white; and all around her, shadowy, till they seemed but wings of pearl, hovered the pigeons of St Mark. The child was praying, and at times she appeared to pause and listen intently. Sadness, then anxiety, then sorrow, seemed to follow each other in shades across her face as she listened—then all changed into one brilliant, radiant smile; her little hands were uplifted, her robe seemed to become a robe of glory, and a soft cloud hid her from my sight. There was a sound of sweet singing in the air, and I thought I heard the words, ‘Alleluia! Alleluia! a triumph has been won!’ Then all passed away, till I felt something soft and warm in my arms, nestling to me, and a little voice, which said, ‘Mother, mother, I have finished the work that was given me to do,’—and I awoke. It was only the first peep of dawn, but already some one was leaving the house, for I heard steps going down the street. Oh, Nino! my arms feel so empty, my heart so hungry! Nino, Nino! she never learnt to call me mother!” She hid her face, struggling with her tears.

Giannetto held her closely in his arms; then taking her small thin hands in his, he drew them on to his bowed head, as he murmured rather than spoke—“Elvira, pray

for me, that God will be merciful to me a sinner."

Elvira started up, her face beaming with a perfect joy—"Oh, my Nino, is it true? Has God granted me this precious gift? Now at last I can die in peace."

"Not die, my darling; oh, not die! Live, to help me to atone for the bitter past!"

"Ah, Nino! we will go home together, and kneel at your mother's knees, and she will bless us both, and all will thenceforth be peace."

Then suddenly she added, "Let us go at once, Nino. Do not put it off one single day. The poor ino-

ther, she has watched and pined so long! Ah, how happy I am now!"

"Elvira," said Giannetto, clasping her hands, "it shall be as you say; but—but then you must learn my secret,"—and he shuddered violently. "Can you bear it?"

"Nino," she said, gently, "there are no secrets in the grave." She lay back, breathless and exhausted.

Nino went on, speaking very gently—"Elvira mine, Fra Geronimo must go with us; he would wish to be with you——"

"At the last," she finished; for he had bowed his head in grief too deep for tears.

CHAPTER XII.

The long and painful journey was over, and at last Elvira lay in her husband's early home. It had been a very difficult one: many times they had stopped on the way, terrified at the deadly weakness which crept over her, and it was always her own wish that hurried them on.

"Let us hasten, Nino," she would say—"let us hasten on; the time grows very short." The last two hours she had to be carried in a litter on men's shoulders, for the paths to San Jacopo were too rough and narrow for any other mode of conveyance.

Every comfort and luxury that she could think of had been sent on by Signora Celeste. She herself accompanied them part of the way, and then returned to Florence, by Elvira's special wish. Elvira had a sort of feeling that, in giving herself entirely to Carola's care, she should in some measure make up for Giannetto's long neglect.

Carola spent her days of expectation wandering through the house, arranging and rearranging, over and over again, the bed, sofa, and soft chairs which had arrived from Florence. Her joy in receiving again

her long-lost son was very great. She greeted him with the brightest, happiest of looks, and refrained from one word of reproach; but the sight of her worn and altered face grieved him more than any words she could have uttered.

The *Curato* was much changed; he was failing fast, and very infirm. He was glad to welcome Giannetto back; but there was a certain sternness even in his welcome which Giannetto perceived at once. The good priest was far too just-minded and honest-hearted not to show by his manner that he greatly blamed his old pupil for his long and cruel absence.

By his old companions and fellow-fishermen Giannetto was received with a good deal of awe and wonder, but little cordiality. All perceived at a glance the great disparity that had been established between them, in manner, dress, and appearance, as much as in wealth and station. It was a relief now and then to poor Carola to go out and have a comfortable chat with one or other of her friends; for the refinement that filled her own house bewildered her. "I feel

as if he were not my own son," she would say, rather piteously. "He is such a grand Signore, it would become me rather to curtsy to him, and wait upon him, than he should do everything for me, as he does now; and my daughter-in-law—alas! it is sad to see how she fades away! Truly, she is already an angel!" And the good woman brushed away a tear.

Fra Geronimo had taken up his abode in the house of young Andrea. On Sunday he preached to the fisher-congregation, and at other times visited the sick and poor, and spent his time with the good *Curato*.

It was evening. All was profoundly calm and still. The little waves came softly in, kissing the pebbles on the beach; the fisher-boats dotted the almost unbroken surface of the blue wide sea; and now and then a sea-gull, gleaming white as snow, dipped his long wings in the water, uttering his strange wild cry, and shaking off the drops, all shining, from his plumage.

Elvira lay, propped up by cushions, close to the window of her room, which looked towards the sea. It was set wide open, so that she might catch the faintest breath of air. Carola was beside her; Giannetto knelt in his customary attitude; Fra Geronimo sat like a statue, dark and motionless, in a corner of the room. Carola was telling Elvira, in broken words, the early history of her son.

"It is now," she said, "some thirty years since our Giannetto was born, and before one year had passed, his father died. It was a bitter trial to me, as you may well conceive, when years passed on, and my boy, my one comfort and hope, continued speechless. We tried to think that it was only slow development—that the power of speech would come; but, alas! more and more it grew upon us as a fact, that my child was dumb—dumb from

his birth. Giannetto, give her wine. This hot weather makes her faint, poor child!"

Giannetto gave her wine, which she swallowed eagerly. "Go on, go on," she said; and Carola proceeded:

"Giannetto was a good and loving child. For a long time it seemed as if his sad misfortune would not affect his happiness; but as he grew older, alas! they took to mocking him—boys and men would laugh at his infirmity, and make him furious. His father before him was a passionate man, but not so passionate as our Giannetto. Had it not been for the goodness of our *Curato*, I know not what I could have done. He took him somewhat off my hands, gave him an education, loved him, cared for him, and, as I thought, was curing him of all his wild vain longings. Elvira, my sweet daughter, he was such a beautiful and clever boy! None in all the country round were like him—so strong, so active! Perhaps some of the taunting arose from jealousy; for no one, in work or sport, did half so well as he: and yet they seized upon his one defect, and never gave him peace.

"So it went on. As my boy grew older, he grew more sad; and yet I know not why. I thought he was becoming more resigned. Perhaps it was that I had prayed so long—that I had learnt to think I saw my prayer's accomplishment.

"So it was—such was his state—when an English Conte came to San Jacopo; but, Elvira, you have heard all this before!"

Elvira shook her head. "Go on, go on," she repeated.

"He was a good and kind-hearted man, this Signor Conte, and he took much interest in my boy. I had saved up a little sum, but very little, for then we were very poor; and the *Curato* also had a few *lire*, but so few—for, just before, the little he had saved had all to be given away

to a poor widow who was ill. This money we had meant to lay up, and add to, till there should be enough to send Giannetto to some great doctor who perhaps might cure him ; but when the Signor Conte heard our story, he proposed to take Giannetto with him to Nice, to let him see the doctors there.

"Ah ! who can tell our gratitude ? It seemed a gift sent straight from heaven. I wearied Madonna and San Jacopo with thanks. He was gone three days, and on the fourth came back."

Elvira started forward—"Cured ? You say he was cured ?"

"Alas ! no," replied Carola. "He came home driven to despair ; for they had told him plainly, had said that his infirmity was quite incurable—that none ever recovered who were born dumb."

Elvira sank back. Again they gave her wine. She looked faint and exhausted, but murmured still, "Go on."

"Alas ! I come to the mystery of my story. He was half mad and in despair. Every day I saw how the fire was burning within. He grew reckless ; he cared not what he did. But surely, surely you have heard all this before ?

"There was a storm, so wild, so terrible, it seemed a marvel that anything alive escaped ; and all night long my boy was out at sea. The great waves came roaring in ; the thunder crashed and rolled. Santa Maria ! as we stood on the beach we thought the Last Day had come ! With the first early streak of dawn I heard a strange sound from the sea. Elvira, you know it well. It was Giannetto singing. Over the storm it rose ; it made me shrink with terror. For the first time I heard the voice of my son : his life was saved and his dumbness cured." She covered her face with her hands for one moment, then looked up, the tears streaming from

her eyes. "But, alas ! from that time forward he never crossed the threshold of a church—he never confessed—he spurned all holy things—he was, we feared, forsaken by his God !"

From the darkening corner where he sat, Geronimo drew near. He spoke low, and with authority. "Giannetto, the time has come ; tell all."

The shadows of evening were growing deeper, and Elvira lay pale and motionless.

"Elvira, you shall know all." Giannetto's voice was so harsh and husky, that they scarcely recognised its sound. "You, who have never known such things, how can you understand what it was to me when my hopes were dashed to the ground ? How can you know ? You were never shut out and isolated from your fellow-men—despised, scorned, and mocked—an outcast from them all. From a child, the rebellion in my heart had been growing stronger. Why was I born ? What had I done to be so miserable ? One thing that always maddened me was the sound of music. I loved it with a passionate love ; and, alas ! it was the sound of the human voice that was my passion.

"The *Curato* once gave me a violin. I had it for some days ; then I told him I had lost it. It was not true—I had broken it into a thousand pieces ; for I could only produce sounds which roused up all my passionate longings, and made me more embittered than ever. He used to talk to me of resignation—it seemed such a mockery ! Why should I be resigned ? Why was I—I only—to be singled out for laughter and for shame ? What had God done for me that I should be resigned ?

"Elvira, at this time that my mother tells you of, these wild and wicked thoughts were strongest.

It was but shortly before that the cruel blow had fallen, when they had told me I had no hope; and I was desperate.

"I was out alone that awful night, far out at sea, when the storm came on. I was mad. I longed to die. I saw Death close to me, staring me in the face; and in my frenzy I said in my heart, 'Let me curse God and die!' The waves came leaping round me; the lightning seemed to rend open all the depths of the heavens. It came on me, fiercely and more fierce, that mad thought, never to go home, but out there—alone—to curse my God and die. I was on my knees, and in my agony I cried, 'What is life to me? Only grant me the power of speech, and I care not for death or hell! Speech! speech! and I care not for my soul!' Elvira, I know not how, but either from heaven or hell that awful cry was answered. I heard the first sound of my own voice, and I sank down cowering in the boat, in a terror too great for utterance. I thought I had sold my soul! Elvira, Elvira, hear me still! He says"—(catching the monk's robe, he held it up convulsively)—"he says it may have come from God. That in that form it may have been sent as a great and terrible temptation—that my cry may have been answered from heaven, not hell. Oh, who can say what comfort these words have given me! I have thought there was no atonement. I have thought that, even if there were repentance, it would imply renunciation of my voice, my whole career. God help me! I thought that I had sold my soul! Elvira! wife!" But Elvira lay insensible.

For days after this terrible narration, Elvira hovered between life and death. At last there came a time in which they said, "All hope is over, and but few hours are left."

She lay, as usual, by the window,

panting for air; and Giannetto alone was with her. In feeble, gasping words she spoke to him of hope to come, of pardon, and of peace. She was going home, she said, leaving him alone in the wide and weary world, perhaps through long, long years of penance, to expiate his sin. Giannetto's head was bowed, and he only reiterated—"Elvira! O Elvira! do not leave me!"

She told him she was going before—to pray for him. Once, in bitter anguish, he cried aloud, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." But she spoke on; and ever her words dwelt on the peace which passeth understanding—on the reward to be looked for, by God's grace, when the weary race is run.

And so the hours drew on.

Over the dark sea, over the silent streets, the night came softly down. One by one the large pale stars shone out in the southern sky.

Breaking the solemn watches of the night, came the low murmur of chanting and the tinkling of a little bell. Out of the church passed a slow procession, bearing the "Vaticum" to a passing soul. Two and two, followed the simple fishermen to the door of Giannetto's house, and then they knelt down in the street, and the priest and Fra Geronimo went in alone.

It was over. The last rites were accomplished, the last words said, and they thought that she slept. Giannetto knelt beside her bed, his eyes fixed on her face, his hands clasping hers.

Pale, and not understanding such a woe, the peasant-mother watched and wept; and the long hours stole on.

Suddenly burst a cry from Carola—"Giannetto! O Giannetto!"

"Hush, hush!" he said; "you will wake her—she sleeps!"

"Not sleep, Giannetto; it is not sleep, but death!"

Still he knelt on, as if he had not heard; and her hands were grow-

ing cold in his. All thought, all feeling gone, save one, that she was dead—his idol—his beloved—gone from him, and for ever!

Seeing that he did not move, Carola went out and called Fra Geronimo. Tenderly the Franciscan laid his hand on Giannetto's shoulder. "Giannetto," he said, "my son, come with me."

Gentle and docile as a child, Giannetto rose and followed him out, a broken-hearted man.

The fishermen were waiting for him outside in the street—foremost among them Pietro Zei—all eager to grasp his hands. "Giannetto! Giannetto! pardon us; we knew not what we did. Ah! pardon, pardon us!"

They thronged round him. Giannetto took Pietro's outstretched hand, raising his glassy eyes from the ground. "Friends," he said, "as I hope to be forgiven, I forgive you freely."

He went on with the friar to the *Curato's* house, leaving the rough fishermen sobbing like children.

A few days after the funeral of his wife, Giannetto left his native town with the Franciscan. I heard from the *Curato* that he had entered one of the religious orders; and some years passed away.

Once more I heard of him. We were living near Pisa; and one day, with a small number of friends, we visited a Carthusian monastery in a remote valley, which is very little known to the world in general. It was a wild, desolate place—the monks supporting themselves by the produce of their land, and by the alms bestowed on them in requital for their prayers.

There were about twelve of them at the time of our visit—fewer than usual; for fever, combined with the peculiar austerities of their order, had considerably thinned their ranks.

The women of our party were not admitted within the gates; but

I myself and a friend were taken by a lay-brother to the cell of the Superior, and round the buildings.

The Superior received us with dignified courtesy, and showed us as much of the monastery as was allowed. He conducted us into the gloomy chapel, where one or two of the white-robed monks were kneeling. They never moved when we entered, but knelt on, rigid, as if hewn out of the stone. He showed us the beautiful cloister with its twisted marble pillars and vaulted roof. On the walls, cut on the stone, were the names of the dead, their secular names as well as those adopted by them on entering the Order—the last link after death with the outer world—and among them I read this—

GIOVANNI BATTISTA NENCINI. FRA
GIOVANNI. DEO GRATIAS.

I turned to the Superior and asked him when this penitent had died. "Two years ago," he said. "Fra Giovanni led the holiest of lives. He practised every penance and austerity permitted by our rule; and from the time he took the vows, he never spoke again. No ear ever heard the sound of his voice till the last moment of his life. He died of the *malaria* in the heat of summer. He lay on ashes in the chapel, for such was his humble desire; and when the last moment came, he stretched out his arms as if to grasp some vision, and fell back murmuring 'Deo gratias.' And see, we had those words engraved below his name."

It was, from first to last, a strange story, and one that I can never forget. I wished to hear more of those years after Elvira's death; but the *Curato* was dead, and I could find no trace of Fra Geronimo. I sought after him for some time, and did not give up the quest till I had learnt that he had been sent on some far-off foreign mission in the East.

THE PAYMENT OF THE FIVE MILLIARDS.

As soon as it became known, five years ago, that France had to hand over £200,000,000 to Germany, it was generally predicted that the financial equilibrium of Europe would be upset by the transfer of so vast a sum from one country to another, and that the whole system of international monetary relationship would be thrown into confusion. Apprehensions of an analogous nature were abundantly expressed when the two French loans successively came out. Wise bankers shook their heads in Frankfort, London, Amsterdam, and Brussels, and assured their listeners that, though the money would probably be subscribed, it could not possibly be paid up under five years at least. And yet the whole of this vast transaction was carried out between 1st June 1871 and 5th September 1873; twenty-seven months sufficed for its completion; and not one single serious difficulty or disorder was produced by it. The fact was that the commercial world had no idea of its own power; it thought itself much smaller than it really is; it failed altogether to suspect that its own current operations were already so enormous that even the remittance of five milliards from France to Germany could be grafted

on to them without entailing any material perturbation. Such, however, has turned out to be the case; and of all the lessons furnished by the war, no other is more practical or more strange. The story of it is told, in detail, in a special report which has recently been addressed by M. Léon Say to the Commission of the Budget in the French Chamber. It is so curious and instructive that it is well worth while to analyse it. It may, however, be mentioned, that the order of exposition adopted by M. Say is not followed here. To render the tale clear to English readers, the form of it is changed.

But before explaining the processes by which the war indemnity was paid, it will be useful to recall the principal features of the position in which France was placed by her defeat. It is now computed that the entire cost of the campaign amounted, directly and indirectly, to about £416,000,000; and this outlay may be divided into five sections,—the first three of which were declared officially by the Minister of Finance in his report of 28th October 1873, while the two others have been arrived at by a comparison of various private calculations. They are composed as follows:—

<i>1. Sums paid by France for her own military operations—</i>	
War expenses to the end of 1872, . . .	£76,480,000
Food bought for Paris before the siege, . . .	6,781,000
Assistance to families of soldiers, &c., . . .	2,000,000
Balance of war expenses payable out of the Liquidation Account, . . .	21,942,000
Total of French expenses proper, . . .	<u>£107,203,000</u>
<i>2. Sums paid to Germany—</i>	
Indemnity, . . .	£200,000,000
Interest on unpaid instalments of indemnity, . . .	12,065,000
Maintenance of German army of occupation, . . .	9,945,000
Taxes levied by the Germans, . . .	2,468,000
Total paid to Germany, . . .	<u>£224,478,000</u>

3. *Collateral expenses—*

Cost of issue of the various war loans, rebates of interest, exchange, and cost of remitting the indemnity,	£25,247,000
Loss or diminution of taxes and revenue in consequence of the war,	14,567,000

Total of collateral expenses, £39,814,000

4. *Requisitions in cash or objects—*

Supplied by towns or individuals, including the £8,000,000 paid by Paris—estimated at .	£15,000,000
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5. *Loss of profits consequent upon the suspension of trade—*

Estimated at	<u>£30,000,000</u>
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RÉSUMÉ.

1.	£107,203,000
2.	224,478,000
3.	39,814,000
4.	15,000,000
5.	30,000,000

General total, £416,495,000

Now, what has France to show against this?

Her annual gains before the war were put by M. Maurice Block ('Europe, Politique et Sociale,' p. 317) at £900,000,000; unfortunately he does not tell us how much of this she spends, and how much she lays by; but there is a prevalent impression in France that her annual savings amount to £80,000,000. We shall mention presently a calculation which seems to indicate that, during the later period of the Empire, they must have amounted to a considerably larger sum than this; but if we admit it, for the moment, as correct, it would follow that the cost of the war, in capital, represented five years' accumulation of the net profits of the country. It is not, however, in that form that a proportion can be established between liabilities and resources; the measurement must be made, not in capital, but in interest, for it is, of course, in the latter form alone—that is to say, in new taxation to pay interest on loans—that France now feels the pressure. That new taxation,

when completed (it is not all voted yet), will amount to about £26,000,000 a-year; and that is the real sum which is to be deducted from the annual profits of the country in consequence of the war. Now, if those profits were only £80,000,000, and if they are not progressing, but standing still at their previous rate, this deduction would absorb almost a third of them; but as they are continually advancing—as every branch of trade in France is active—as foreign commerce, which is generally accepted as a safe test of national prosperity, was one-fifth larger in 1873 than in 1869—it may fairly be supposed that, after paying the £26,000,000 of war taxes, France is effectively laying by as much as she did in the best years before the war, whatever that really was.

After this rough indication of the situation, we shall better understand the story of the five millions. It is scarcely possible to disassociate it from the general attendant circumstances of the position as a whole; the two should be kept in view together.

The payment of the indemnity, and the detailed conditions under which that payment was to be made, were stipulated in the three treaties or conventions signed successively at Versailles, Ferrières, and Frankfort, in January, March, and May 1871. It was determined by the last-named treaty that "payments can be made only in the principal

commercial towns of Germany, and shall be effected in gold or silver, in English, Prussian, Dutch, or Belgian bank-notes, or in commercial bills of the first class." The rates of exchange on coin were fixed at 3*fr.* 75*cs.* per thaler, or at 2*fr.* 15*cs.* per Frankfort florin; and it was agreed that the instalments should be paid as follows:—

30 days after the suppression of the Commune,	£20,000,000
During 1871,	40,000,000
1st May 1872,	20,000,000
2d March 1874,	120,000,000
Total,	£200,000,000

The last £120,000,000 were to bear interest at 5 per cent.

It must be particularly observed that no currency was to be "liberative" excepting coin, German thalers or German florins. The other forms of money which the German Government consented to accept, did not constitute a definite payment; it was not until those other forms were converted into their equivalent value in thalers or in florins, that the payment became "liberative." This was the essential basis of the bargain.

Furthermore, it was declared that the instalments must be paid at the precise dates fixed, neither before nor afterwards; and that no payments on account should be allowed. It was not till July 1872 that leave was given to make partial payments, but only then with the express reservation that such partial payments should never be for less than £4,000,000 at a time, and that one month's notice of them should be given on each occasion. Under no circumstances, from first to last, was any payment permitted on account.

Two main conditions, therefore, governed the operation: the first, that all payments made in anything but coin or a proper German form were to

be converted into a German form at the expense of France; the second, that the proceeds of all bills or securities which fell due prior to the date fixed for an instalment, were to be held over until that date. The dates themselves were ultimately changed—the last payment was advanced six months; but, with two special exceptions, those conditions were rigorously enforced throughout the entire business.

As the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine to the German Empire obliged the Eastern Railway Company of France to abandon all its lines within those provinces, it was agreed that Germany should pay for them, that the price should be £13,000,000, and that this sum should be deducted from the indemnity. This was the first exception. The second was, that Germany consented, as a favour, to accept £5,000,000 in French bank-notes. By these two means the £200,000,000 were reduced to £182,000,000. But thereto must be added £12,065,000 for interest which accrued successively during the transaction, and which carried the total for payment in coin or German money to £194,065,000. And even this was not quite all, for France had to furnish a further sum of

about £580,000 for exchange, and for expenses in the conversion of foreign securities into German value. This last amount does not appear to be finally agreed between the two Governments — there is a dispute about it; but as the difference extends only to a few thousand pounds, the final sum remitted may be taken at about £194,645,000, or at £199,645,000, if we include the £5,000,000 of French bank-notes. The £13,000,000 credited for the railways carried the entire total of the indemnity, with interest and expenses, to £212,645,000.

The first payment (in French bank-notes) was made on 1st June 1871. As the first loan was not brought out until the end of the same month, £5,000,000 were taken for the purpose from the Bank of France; but with that exception, and subject to temporary advances (as will be seen hereafter), the funds for the entire outgoing were provided by the two great loans; the interest was, however, charged separately to the budget. Consequently, the money was derived successively from the following sources:—

The value of the Alsace-Lorraine railways,	£13,000,000
Loan from the Bank of France, . . .	5,000,000
Out of the first loan for two millions, . . .	62,478,000
Out of the second loan for three millions, . . .	120,102,000
Out of the budgets of 1872 and 1873 (interest),	12,065,000
Total,	£212,645,000

It is not necessary to go into the details of the dealings with the Bank of France, of the subscription of the loans, or of the dates and proportions of the payments made upon them; it will suffice to observe, as regards those elements of the subject, that though the payments on the loans came in, nominally, before the dates fixed for the delivery of the corresponding instalments to Germany, they, practically, were not always available in time. The reason was, that though the actual handing over to Berlin took place at fixed periods, the remittances themselves were necessarily both anterior and continuous, their proceeds being accumulated by French agents until wanted. The result was, that the French Ministry of Finance was under the necessity of making almost constant advances on account of those remittances. Each time a payment was coming due, the means of effecting it had to be arranged long beforehand. It

is not possible to collect or carry £20,000,000 at a week's notice; so the Treasury was of course obliged to keep on buying bills, as fast as it could get them, in order to have a stock in hand for future needs. That stock fluctuated a good deal, and there is some contradiction in M. Léon Say's report as to its amount; but it appears, at one period, to have ranged for months as high as £30,000,000, part of the cash to pay for it being provided temporarily, until the loan moneys came in, either by Exchequer bills, or by the Bank of France in notes.

There was, moreover, towards the end of the operation, an advance made specially in gold by the Bank of France; and, as the circumstances under which it was effected present a certain interest, it will be worth while to state them. In May 1873, the French Treasury had before it the obligation of providing £40,000,000 between 5th June and 5th September; £24,000,000 of bills were in

hand for the purpose, and about £10,000,000 of instalments were coming due on the loan; but there was, at the best, a clear deficit of about £6,000,000 in the resources available. The Bank of France agreed to supply that sum; but as, at that very moment, the circulation of its notes had reached £112,000,000, and as it had, consequently, only a margin of £16,000,000 between that figure and its total authorised issue of £128,000,000, it seemed dangerous to withdraw £6,000,000 of that margin in notes, and it was decided to effect the loan, by preference, in gold. It is worth remarking that this is probably the first example, in the history of national banks, of a bank electing to make an advance in gold, as being less "dangerous" than the delivery of its own notes. The French Treasury was of course well pleased to obtain bullion, which was immediately "liberative," instead of notes, which would have had to be

converted into bills at various dates. But, after all, this aid did not suffice; the incomings from the loan did not arrive, practically, in time for use, and the Treasury had to supply a further final balance of £9,760,000 to enable the concluding payment to Germany to be regularly effected.

Finally, it may be noted that there were thirty-three deliveries to Germany, the component parts of each of which were so scrupulously verified by the representatives of the Berlin Finance Department, that several days were occupied by the counting, on each occasion. Indeed, when thalers had to be told up, the maximum got through in a day never exceeded £32,000.

After these preliminary explanations we can now begin to show the means by which the transfer was performed. We will divide them, in the first instance, into four categories:—

1. German bank-notes and money collected in France after the war,	£4,201,000
2. French gold and silver,	20,492,000
3. French bank-notes,	5,000,000
4. Bills,	169,952,000
Total,	<u>£199,645,000</u>

The first observation to be made here is, that the German money found in France amounts to a singularly large sum; indeed, if this proof of its importance had not been furnished, no one could possibly have suspected that the invaders, for their personal and private necessities, had spent anything like so much. Their wants, as soldiers, were supplied, during the war, either by stores sent from Germany, or by requisitions levied in France; until peace was signed they paid for no objects of public or official need: all this cash represented, therefore, individual expenditure.

And, manifestly, the real total must have been still larger. It cannot be supposed that the whole of the German money spent in France was reserved, by its French proprietors, for sale to their own Government; it may be taken for granted that a considerable portion of it went back straight to Germany, through ordinary channels; and it may be guessed that the entire sum expended by the conquerors, out of their individual resources, in German money, was at least a half more than the amount here shown, and that it consequently attained £6,000,000. The question is curious, and this

is the first time that any official information bearing on it has been published. It remains to add, as regards this element of the payment, that, as might have been expected, the German money was included, almost entirely, in the earlier instalments, and that scarcely any of it appeared in the later remittances.

The £20,492,000 of French money was composed of £10,920,000 in gold and £9,572,000 in silver. But it should be said at once that these figures express only the amounts transmitted by the French Government officially, and do not comprise the quantities of French gold bought by Germany or forwarded by private bankers to cover their own bills; these other quantities will be referred to presently. £6,000,000 of the Government gold were supplied by the Bank of France; the rest was bought from dealers or furnished by the Treasury. Of the silver, £5,840,000 were obtained in France, and £3,732,000 were drawn, in bars, from Hamburg, and coined in Paris.

But these direct remittances of German and French cash represented, after all, only about one-eighth of the entire payment; the other seven-eighths were transferred by bills, and it is in this section of the matter that its great interest lies. It will at once be seen that, as no remittance in paper became "liberative" until it was converted into an equivalent value in thalers or in florins, the French Treasury could obtain no receipt for an instalment until all its various elements had been so converted; its object, therefore, was to obtain the largest possible amount of bills on Germany, so that, at their maturity, their proceeds might be at once available in the prescribed form. But, at the same time, it was quite impossible to collect in France

alone, within the time allowed, anything approaching to the quantity of German bills required. The result was, that it was found necessary not only to hand in a large amount of bills on other countries, which had to be converted into German values at the cost of France, but also, as regards the purchase of direct bills on Germany, to effect it frequently in two stages. In the first stage, bills were bought in Paris, as they offered, on England, Belgium, or Holland; in the second, a portion of the proceeds of those bills was reinvested, in those countries, in other bills on Germany itself. Of course the French Government was very anxious to employ every sort of means to increase the quantity of German bills, and to avoid leaving to the German Treasury the right of converting foreign paper into German value at French expense. At the origin of the operation the importance of this element of it was not fully realised; but by degrees the French minister discovered that it was far more advantageous to effect his conversions himself than to leave them to be carried out anyhow at Berlin. The result of this discovery was, that while £454,000 were paid to Germany for the cost of conversion on the first two millions, only £11,000 were paid to her under the same head on the remaining three millions; after the experience of the first twelve months, France sought for bills on Germany wherever she could get them, all over Europe; and it may be added that she was somewhat aided in the effort by the special position of Germany, who, at the moment, was in debt considerably to England not only for the war loans she had issued there, but also on commercial account as well. But, as has just been mentioned, a good many of these bills were sub-

stitutions for each other, and consequently the amount of paper shown as bought is considerably larger than the real sum paid to Germany, the reason being that a good deal of it

appears in the account twice over. The following table gives the composition of the total quantity of bills bought by France :—

Bills on Germany, bought direct, in thalers,	£62,550,000
Do. do. in florins,	9,548,000
Do. bought, in thalers, with the proceeds of other bills,	42,218,000
Do. in reichsmarcs,	3,172,000
Bills on England, in sterling,	61,780,000
Do. Hamburg, in marcs-banco,	21,432,000
Do. Belgium, in francs,	20,856,000
Do. Holland, in florins,	12,952,000
Total,	£234,508,000

These bills were paid for, mainly, in French bank-notes; and the average rates of exchange at which

they were bought came out as follows, for the entire operation :—

	France.
Thalers,	3.7910
Pounds sterling,	25.4943
Marcs-banco,	1.9089
Belgian francs,	1.0061
Dutch florins,	2.1500
Frankfort florins,	2.1637
Reichsmarcs,	1.2528

Every one at all acquainted with exchanges will recognise how low, under such circumstances, these prices are; and will ask, with wonder, how they can have been kept down to such averages on so large an undertaking.

But though the foregoing table shows the quantities of bills, of each kind, that were bought by the French Government as vehicles of transmission, it in no way indicates

the form in which the money was in reality handed over to the German Treasury. Most of the above figures were largely modified by conversions and substitutions; and when all the bills had been cashed—when the whole payment had been effected—it appeared that the real totals of each sort of currency which had been finally delivered to Germany were as follows :—

French bank-notes,	£5,000,000
French gold,	10,920,000
French silver,	9,572,000
German notes and cash,	4,201,000
Bills—Thalers,	99,412,000
Do. —Frankfort florins,	9,404,000
Do. —Marcs-banco,	10,808,000
Do. —Reichsmarcs,	3,190,000
Do. —Dutch florins,	10,020,000
Do. —(and in silver)—Belgian francs,	11,828,000
Do. —Pounds sterling,	25,490,000
Total,	£199,845,000

This catalogue shows, at last, in what shape the bills were really utilised and made "liberative," either in German money direct, or by the equivalent of foreign value in thalers or florins. The differences of composition between this definitive list and that of the bills originally bought, are only partially explained by M. Léon Say; it is not, however, necessary, nor would it be interesting, to follow out precisely the various conversions which took place;—we will only mention, as an illustration, that, out of the £61,780,000 of original bills in England, £31,687,000 were converted here into other bills on Germany, that £25,490,000 were sent to Berlin in sterling bills, and that the balance remains unexplained. As regards the direct delivery, by France herself, of English, Belgian, or Dutch bullion, the report says nothing: it is only stated, incidentally,

that £720,000 of Belgian francs were sent to Berlin in metal, and that the London agency of the French Treasury bought £1,132,000 here in gold and silver, which, probably, was also shipped to Berlin; but these are the sole allusions to the subject. It is probable, as indeed has always been supposed, that the bullion which was withdrawn, during the operation, from London, Brussels, and Amsterdam, was not taken for French account, but by Germany, out of the sums at her disposal in each place after the bills on that place had matured.

We have now before us, in a condensed form, the main elements of this prodigious operation; we see now what were the conditions which regulated it, where the money came from to realise it, how that money was successively employed, and in what shapes the payments were at last effected.

We recognise that France herself provided, in her own notes and

	coin,	£25,492,000
"	that German money and bills on Germany produced,	126,815,000
"	and that bills on England, Belgium, and Holland contributed,	47,338,000

Total, £199,645,000

Here, however, we must repeat that the Paris bankers who sold drafts on Germany were obliged, to some extent, to remit cash to meet them. On this point M. Léon Say goes into calculations which we will mention presently; for the moment it will suffice to say that, according to his view, the effective transmission of bullion from France to Germany, through private hands, from 1871 to 1873, did not exceed £8,000,000 for the purposes in view here. He acknowledges, as will be seen, that the entire exportation of French gold during the three years, reached (probably) £40,000,000; but still he expresses

the opinion that £8,000,000 were all that was required, as a balance, to cover the French bills on Berlin. Of course this is a question which nobody can decide; but, to lookers on, it does seem somewhat contrary to the probabilities of such a case, that this sum can have been sufficient. It may perhaps have been enough, as M. Say says, to balance accounts in the long-run, but it is difficult to believe that it was not considerably exceeded while the operation was under execution. Furthermore, M. Léon Say makes a mistake of £10,000,000 in his account, as we shall show; and, for that reason, we believe that

£18,000,000 instead of £8,000,000 were required, so putting the whole total of French bullion temporarily used, including the £20,000,000 of the Government, at about £38,000,000, or a little more than one-sixth of the entire sum to pay. As this is certainly a maximum, it follows that France got out of this great debt with a payment of only 18 per cent of it, at the outside, in her own money. And there is good reason to suppose that all the gold exported by her has come back, and that her reserves of bullion are re-constituted at present as they were before the war.

And now we can approach the most important and interesting point in the whole transaction. How came it that £170,000,000 of bills could be got at all? We have given a general answer to the question at the commencement of this article; we will now consider it more in detail, partly with the aid of M. Léon Say's report, partly by reference to other sources of information. It appears, as might have been expected, that various measures were employed by the French Government in order to render possible the collection of such a huge mass of paper. In the first place, particular facilities and temptations were offered to foreigners to induce them to subscribe to the two loans; commissions varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 per cent were offered to them—the object being to acquire the power of drawing on them for the amount of their instalments. Secondly, everything was done to encourage anticipated payments of those instalments, so as to hasten the dates at which they could be drawn for. Thirdly, as some fear was felt that the second loan might possibly not be eagerly subscribed, coming, as it did, so immediately after a previous issue which was not quite paid up,

it was thought desirable to get a portion of it guaranteed by bankers. But, in order not to risk giving to those bankers a large commission for nothing, it was stipulated with them, as a part of the arrangement, that they should supply the Treasury with a fixed quantity of foreign bills. By the two former plans of action the immense amount of £70,920,000 of drafts on other countries was obtained, £15,960,000 of which were on account of the first loan, and £54,960,000 on account of the second; and it may be remarked at once, before we proceed, that though this figure supplies decisive evidence of the fact that at least one-third of the two great loans was paid up by foreign subscribers, it is certain that nearly the entire amount has been bought back since, and that almost the whole of the new stocks is, at the present moment, in French hands. By the third plan, the bankers who formed the syndicate—and it may be mentioned that fifty-five of the first houses in Europe were associated for the purpose—engaged to supply £28,000,000 of paper. Consequently, by these admirably devised schemes, £98,920,000 of drafts were successively procured, and the exact quantity to be bought in the open market was reduced to £71,032,000.

It must, however, be observed, that though we can regard these drafts on foreign countries for loan instalments as a special product of the occasion, and are therefore justified in counting them apart, the same cannot anyhow be said of the £28,000,000 of bills furnished by the syndicate of bankers. The latter were evidently composed of ordinary commercial paper, and consequently must be added to the total which had to be supplied from commercial sources proper, so putting that total at £99,032,000.

Now bills of this sort necessarily imply an effective counter-value of some kind ; so, as we have already seen that at the outside only £18,000,000 of that counter-value was supplied in bullion, there remained at least £81,032,000 of bills which must necessarily have been based on ordinary trading or financial operations. What were those operations ? Very often the general character of a bill is indicated on its face ; but in this case a test of that kind could not be applied, not only because there were so many bills to handle that a serious examination of their nature was impracticable (there were, in all, one hundred and twenty thousand of them, of every conceivable amount, from £40 to £200,000), but also because every possible kind of business transaction must have been represented in that accumulation of securities from all parts of the world. Bank credits, circulation bills, settlements for goods delivered, remittances on account of future purchases, drafts against the coupons of shares and stocks, special paper created for the occasion—all these forms, and many others, too, were, according to M. Léon Say, included in the collection. It was not possible to seek out in detail the origins and meanings of such a varied mass ; but we may take M. Say's general description of it to be true, not only because it corresponds with probabilities and experience, but also because he was himself Minister of Finance during a part of the operation, and has therefore a personal knowledge of its main circumstances. Researches, however, which could not be attempted with the bills themselves, may be practically and usefully pursued if they are directed towards the general signs and symptoms of the financial state of France. It is probable that a relatively small amount of bills was

created specially to be sold to the French Government. We may, indeed, take the supposed £18,000,000 of exported bullion as indicating the approximate extent of uncovered or manufactured paper ; all the rest was evidently based on mercantile transactions. Now we know that mercantile transactions imply the delivery of property of some kind, and that the two main forms of property, commercially, are merchandise and stocks. It is therefore necessary, in order to arrive at an idea upon the question, to glance at the actual position of France in her dealings with other nations in these two values.

We have already alluded to the development of French trade, and to the general influence of that development on the payment of the war indemnity as a whole ; but we must go into a few figures here in order to make the bearings of the subject clear. The value of the foreign commerce of France—importations and exportations together—was £257,000,000 in 1871, £293,000,000 in 1872, and £301,000,000 in 1873. Now it will be at once recognised that the amount of bills necessitated by this quantity of commerce, supplied a solid foundation for carrying the additional paper whose origin we are now seeking to discover. M. Say is of opinion that scarcely any part of the indemnity bills was furnished by the current commercial trade of the country ; but, as we have just seen that the quantity required from trading sources was £81,000,000, or about £40,000,000 per annum, it does seem to be possible, notwithstanding his contrary impression, that some portion of that relatively reduced quantity may have been found in the ordinary commercial movement. For instance, it may reasonably be argued—as

indeed M. Say himself admits—that bills drawn against French exports to Germany or England would be included, to some extent, amongst those which were offered to the Government. There seems to be no reason why this should not have been so.

But if M. Say considers that the habitual commercial paper of France has not been of much service to the Treasury in its conduct of this operation, he holds a totally different opinion with reference to the influence of the foreign investments of the French people. What he says on this subject is new and curious, and is well worth repeating.

He begins by stating, with an appearance of much truth and reason, that for many years before the war, French capital was being continuously invested in foreign securities; that the sums so placed have been estimated by different economists at from £30,000,000 to £60,000,000 a-year. Here, however, before we follow out his argument, we must open a parenthesis, and observe that if even the smaller of these figures is exact, the computation of £80,000,000 of annual savings, which was alluded to at the commencement of this article, must be altogether wrong. It is manifestly inadmissible that France can have been investing in foreign countries three-eighths of her whole net yearly profits. Consequently, we may legitimately suppose that the popular impression about the £80,000,000 is a delusion, and that France is in reality laying by a vast deal more than that. If so, the ease and speed with which she has recovered from the war would be comprehensibly explained. M. Léon Say goes on to tell us that French investments in foreign stocks amounted in 1870 to so large a total, that the dividends on them represented, at

that date, about £25,000,000 a-year, for which sum drafts on other countries were of course put into circulation by its French proprietors. Furthermore, the revenues of the strangers who live in France come to them principally from their own country; and it is estimated that, before the war, £10,000,000 or £12,000,000 of such incomes were drawn for annually in the same way. Consequently, on this showing, it would appear that somewhere about £35,000,000 or £40,000,000 of French drafts on foreign countries were created every year from those two sources. It is, however, certain that this quantity has diminished since the war, by the departure of some of the strangers who used to live in France, and also by the sale, in order to provide funds for subscription to the two new loans, of some of the foreign securities held in France. But M. Léon Say considers that the annual diminution, on both heads together, does not exceed £4,000,000, and that at least £30,000,000 of paper, representing cash due to France on account of incomes from abroad, irrespective of commerce properly so called, were drawn in 1871 and 1872. In support of these considerations, he mentions, amongst other facts, that in 1868 and 1869 the coupons paid in Paris on Italian stock alone amounted to £3,400,000; while in 1872 and 1873 they fell to £2,400,000. On this one security, therefore—which is, however, probably held in France in larger proportions than any other foreign stock—the diminution of income since the war amounts to £1,000,000. With these figures and probabilities before him, he concludes by expressing the confident opinion that, as French purchases of foreign stocks have ceased, to a great extent at least, since 1870, and as remittances of French money to pay for such pur-

chases have consequently ceased as well, the drafts on other countries for coupons and revenues became entirely disposable for transmission to Berlin, and that it is here that the main explanation lies of the facility with which the bills were found. This theory is ingenious, and it is probably, in great part, true.

The movement of the precious metals forms a separate element of the subject, and one that is not easy to trace out; for in France, as in most other countries, the public returns of the international trade in specie are very incomplete. We know how much gold and silver are raised from mines, and how much thereof is coined by each country; but we are very ill informed as to what becomes of them when once they have issued from the Mint. On this head also, however, M. Léon Say has collected some valuable facts. The Custom-house Reports inform us that during the three years from 1871 to 1873, £53,400,000 of bullion were exported, and £50,480,000 were imported; on this showing, therefore, the loss of bullion was only £2,920,000. But as private information gave good reason to believe that the amounts must have been in reality considerably larger, calculations have been made in order to arrive at a more correct conclusion. It appears, from official publications, that the stock of gold and silver in the Christian world is supposed to have increased by £371,000,000 from 1849 to 1867; but the augmentation has not occurred in both the metals—it has taken place in gold only; the quantity of gold is greater by £428,000,000, while, in consequence of exportations to Asia, the quantity of silver has diminished by £57,000,000. Now, out of this £428,000,000 of new gold, France alone, in the first instance, received

more than half; at least we are justified in supposing so, from the fact that, during the same period, the Paris Mint converted £230,000,000 of bar gold into French coin. Of course this quantity of gold did not remain permanently in France; its whole value was not added in reality to the general French stock of metal: as gold arrived in France silver went away; indeed it is imagined that, out of the £200,000,000 of silver which have been coined in France since the year 1800, only £40,000,000 remained in the country in 1869. It is, however, calculated that the £100,000,000 of hard cash, gold and silver together, which were said to really belong to France in 1848, have doubled since; and M. Wolowski, who is regarded as an authority on such questions, declared in the French Chamber, on 4th February last, that, in his opinion, the national stock now ranges between £200,000,000 and £250,000,000.

But whatever be the interest of these computations, and useful as it may be to count up the amount of bullion which has come into France, we must look elsewhere for information as to the quantity of it which the consequences of the war took out. We know that the German Mint melted down, for its own coinage, £33,880,000 of French napoleons. It is also known, says M. Léon Say, that the Bank of England, bought nearly £8,000,000 of the same sort of money between 1870 and 1873. Here, therefore, we can trace the passage out of France, since the war, of nearly £42,000,000 of her gold. But, as Germany drew from London £1,680,000 of the napoleons which she put into the furnace, it may be that that sum was included in the £8,000,000 of the Bank of England, and is therefore counted twice.

For this reason the amount really sent to Germany and England may be put at £40,000,000. M. Léon Say adds, that the Bank of Amsterdam bought a further £3,600,000 of French gold; but, as he fancies that this may not have come direct from France, he does not add it to the total, and he holds to £40,000,000 as representing probably the effective loss of gold which France had to support after the war. Of this sum, £10,920,000 were exported to Berlin, as we have already shown, by the French Government itself; the other £29,080,000 were consequently carried out by private firms for transmission to Berlin, and for various other purposes. Silver, however, arrived in considerable quantities to replace the gold. £9,500,000 of silver were coined in Paris between 1870 and 1873; and the Custom-house returns, which are almost always below the truth, show an importation of £12,160,000 of it. From all this, M. Say concludes that £40,000,000 of gold left France; that £12,000,000 of silver came to her; and that the £28,000,000 of difference between the two represents the real total loss of bullion which the war entailed.

But in making this calculation M. Léon Say commits a most wonderful mistake; he entirely omits to take account of the £9,572,000 of silver which the French Government sent to Berlin, and which must, of course, be added to the outgoing. When this strange error is corrected, the loss becomes, not £28,000,000, but £38,000,000, of which the Government exported £20,000,000—leaving, apparently, £18,000,000, instead of £8,000,000, as the sum contributed by private bankers. This difference of £10,000,000 in the issue of the calculation gives some value to another computation which M. Léon

Say has made, but which would have had no foundation if this error had not existed. He says—probably with some truth—that the quantity of money in circulation in a country remains usually at the same general total, during the same period, whatever be the nature of the various elements which compose it. He then goes on to argue that as the issue of French bank-notes was £44,000,000 higher in September 1873 than in June 1870, that increase ought to approximately indicate the amount of metal withdrawn in the interval from circulation, and replaced by notes. But, according to his theory, that amount of metal did not exceed £28,000,000, leaving an excess of £16,000,000 of notes, which excess he explains by saying that it represents an equal sum in gold which the French people had hidden away! Now everybody knows that the lower classes of the French people do hide money—do “thesaurise,” as they say; but such an explanation of the missing £16,000,000 is so purely imaginary that it cannot merit any serious credit. The theory assumes, however, a very different form when the error of the £10,000,000 is corrected. In that case we have an extra issue of £44,000,000 in bank-notes, corresponding to a loss of £38,000,000 in gold and silver; and there the two figures get sufficiently close to each other for it to be possible that there really is some relationship between them, without being forced to resort to the possible but improbable solution of thesaurising.

Consequently, with all these various considerations before us, it seems reasonable to suppose that the natures of the bills employed to pay the war indemnity were of three main classes, and were grouped approximately in the following proportions:—

Drafts for foreign subscriptions to the loans, . . .	£70,920,000
Bills against French bullion specially exported, . .	18,000,000
Commercial bills and drafts for dividends and revenues from abroad,	81,032,000

General total of bills, £169,952,000

Before we proceed to sum up the case, and to try to draw from it the teaching it contains, there is one more detail which is worth explaining.

We have alluded to the coining in Paris of a certain quantity of Hamburg silver. To make the story of it clear, it is necessary to remind our readers that, according to the constitution of the Bank of Hamburg—which dates from 1619—accounts were kept by it in a money called *marc-banco*, and credits were opened by it in that money on the deposit of silver—coined or uncoined—the value of that silver being calculated pure. By degrees the *marc-banco*, though only an imaginary money, grew to be the universal denominator employed in the home and foreign business of Hamburg; it acquired an importance greater than that of the effective money of many German States. But when the Empire was established, and it was decided to introduce a gold standard into Germany, it became essential to suppress the *marc-banco*, for it had the double defect of representing silver and of forming a separate value outside German monetary unity. So it was abolished by law and ordered to disappear—the plan adopted being that the Bank of Hamburg should liquidate its deposits, by paying off, in pure silver, the *marcs-banco* in circulation. It was, however, stipulated that this right should cease on 15th February 1873, and that, after that day, all persons who held securities in *marcs-banco* should lose the old right of receiving pure silver, and should only be entitled to half a

thaler for each *marc-banco*, that being the value of the silver represented by the latter. Now the French Treasury had bought, as we have seen, £21,000,000 of bills in *marcs-banco*, and consequently possessed the right of claiming silver for such of them as fell due before 15th February 1873, while all the rest, from that date, were payable in thalers. The thaler was “*liberative*,” while the *marc-banco* was not; but the pure silver which the *marc-banco* represented could be coined into five-franc pieces, and be delivered to the German Government at the rate of 3 francs 75 centimes per thaler. The result was, that being by far the largest holder of *marcs-banco* paper, the French Treasury was able for a time to control the Hamburg market, and it naturally used for its own advantage the power which this position gave it. The Hamburg Bank was utterly unable to deliver the quantity of silver for which France held acceptances in *marcs-banco*; it was absolutely in the hands of the French Minister of Finance: that functionary appears, however, to have acted very fairly—to have only asked for silver in moderation, and to have profited by his power solely to obtain conversions into thalers on good conditions. The result was, as we have said, that £3,732,000 of Hamburg silver came to the Paris Mint, partly through Government importations on *marcs-banco* bills, partly through private speculators, who followed the example of the Treasury, and pressed the Hamburg Bank for metal.

Such are, in a condensed form,

the essential features of the history of this extraordinary operation ; and now that we have completed the account, we need no longer delay the expression of our admiration of the consummate ability with which it was conducted. Its success may be said to have been, in every point, complete ; we cannot detect one sign of a grave hitch or of a serious error in it. It does the highest honour to the officials of the French Treasury, and proves that they possess a perfect knowledge of exchange and banking, both in their minutest details and in their largest applications.

When we look back upon the subject as a whole, three great facts strike us in it. The first, that France is vastly rich ; the second, that the trade of Europe has attained such a magnitude that figures are ceasing to convey its measure ; the third, that the aggregate commercial action of nations is a lever which can lift any financial load whatever. As we see the transaction now, with these explanations of its composition before us, we cannot fail to recognise that it has been rather European than purely French. All purses helped to provide funds for it ; all trades supplied bills for it. In every previous state of the world's commerce such an operation would have been impossible ; fifty, thirty, twenty years ago, it would have ruined France and have disordered Europe ; in our time it has come and gone without seriously disturbing any of the economic conditions under which we live. France, out of her own stores, has quietly transported to Berlin a quantity of bullion larger than the whole ordinary stock of the Bank of England ; and yet she shows no sign of having lost a sovereign. She has paid, in her bank-notes, for £170,000,000 of transmission paper, and yet the

quantity of her bank-notes in circulation is now steadily diminishing. Such realities as these would be altogether inconceivable if we did not see their cause behind them : that cause is simple, natural, indisputable ; its name is the present situation of the world's trade. The vastness of that trade explains the mystery.

But yet, with these advantages to help it, the operation had, in addition to its enormous size, certain special difficulties to contend with. As one example it may be mentioned that, amongst the elements of perturbation and of consequent impediments to remittance, the French Government had to keep in view the fact that, at the very moment when it needed all the monetary facilities it could obtain, the German Government was locking up gold in its cellars, in order to provide metal for the new coinage it was preparing. This was a most unlucky coincidence ; but it existed, and it had to be met. The German plan was to hold back the issue of the new money until £30,000,000 of it were ready to be exchanged for the old silver currency ; consequently, no silver could be expected to leave Germany until some months after the date at which the gold had been brought in there ; and, during the interval, France knew that she must suffer from the withdrawal of so much bullion from the general market. But she found assistance in an unexpected way ; silver did flow back to her at once from Germany, without waiting for the issue of the new gold currency. France paid Germany £9,572,000 in French silver ; but this was of no use to the latter : on the contrary, it was an embarrassment to her ; for she was on the point of exporting a quantity of her own silver, which would become superfluous as soon as the new gold got into circulation. So, for this reason, a

considerable portion of the French five-franc pieces came back immediately to France, and helped to re-constitute her store.

And all the other difficulties were, more or less, like this one. At first sight they looked grave and durable, but they diminished or disappeared as soon as they were seriously attacked; the whole thing turned out to be an astonishing example of obstacles overrated. The unsuspected wealth of France, assisted by an extent of general commercial dealings which was more unsuspected still, managed to get the better of all the stumbling-blocks and impossibilities which seemed to bar the road. France has lost £400,000,000, one-half of which she has delivered to her enemy, and yet she is going on prospering materially as if nothing at all had happened. But it is now quite clear that she never could have managed all this alone; she could have found the money, but never could she, single-handed, have carried

it to Germany. It is there, far more than in subscriptions to her loans, that the world has really helped her; she has bought back the stock that foreigners subscribed for her, but she could not do so without the bills they sold her. If she had been left to her own resources for the transport of the indemnity to Berlin, she would probably have been forced to send two-thirds of it in bullion, and to empty her people's pockets for the purpose; the vastness of the world's trade and the unity of interests which commerce has produced, permitted her to use other nations' means of action instead of her own.

Viewed in this light, the payment of the five millions becomes an enormous piece of admirably well arranged international banking, in which nearly all the counting-houses of Northern Europe took a share. That definition of it is worth knowing, and we may be glad that the information given in M. Say's report has enabled us to arrive at it.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE ;

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART XIV.—CONCLUSION.

It was the beginning of May when the party went home, and everything was green on Eskside. Were I to describe all that happened before they left Oxford, so strange a family group as they were—the old Lady Eskside with the tramp-woman, the high-bred Secretary of Legation, along with Style's head man—and how they managed to exist together, the lion with the lamb—I should require a volume. But this would weary the reader, who can easily imagine for himself that any happiness which might be produced by this reunion of the divided family was counterbalanced by many circumstances which were not happy. The grandparents, I think, would have been really happy in the removal of all mystery from their family story, the complete establishment of the rights and heirship of their beloved Val, and the winning qualities of Dick, but for the sudden chaos into which they were re-plunged by the mother's calm declaration of Dick's seniority. Its effect upon them was indescribable. Richard, with his diplomatic instincts, seeing that his sons had not paid any attention to, or even heard, this extraordinary statement, hushed it up with an impetuous and peremptory promptitude which took even his father and mother by surprise, and silenced them. "Not another word," he whispered to them ; "not a word ! the boys have heard nothing ; for the present let nothing more be said ;" and the old couple, in the suddenness of this strange juncture, let themselves be overruled,

and left the guidance in his hands. As for the mother herself, she attached no weight to the circumstance. She was too ignorant to know, and too much abstracted in her mind to think, that it made any difference which was the eldest. She had not kept Dick for that reason, nor had she left Val at Rosscraig with any intention of avenging herself upon the family by thus substituting the youngest for the just heir, which was the first thought that crossed Lady Eskside's mind. No ; she had been guided by mere chance, as we say, snatching up the one boy instead of the other in her despair, for the most trivial reason, as the reader may recollect. And even now it did not occur to her that what she had said was of any consequence, though she saw it affected the others in some incomprehensible way. Her mind had no capacity for entering upon such a question. She was far more deeply moved by the chance that Valentine might be tired out—more solicitous to know whether it was time for his beef-tea. Richard kept his parents quiet until Val had gone to bed, and Dick to sit by him and read to him, when the three had an anxious consultation ; and the packet of papers which Richard had brought from Italy, and which up to this moment had remained unopened, was examined, and found to confirm, with frightful accuracy, the statements of the mother. There it was incontestable, Dick was set down as the eldest, notwithstanding the impression upon Richard's mind which, on Val's first

appearance, had led to the mistake.

This confirmation subdued them all into a kind of despair. Lord and Lady Eskside, both at different times, had received Dick into their affections, as they thought, and acknowledged, with a certain pride, his natural worthiness. But when it appeared possible that this new and unknown boy (though they liked him) might put himself in the place of their Valentine—the child of their old age, the light of their eyes—their hearts sank within them. All their satisfaction and enthusiasm was chilled, nay, frozen; they sat and looked at each other blankly, their gladness turned into dire disappointment and heaviness. Then it was that Richard urged upon them the necessity of silence. "Let us take time to think," he said; "time is everything. Val, it is clear, can bear no further excitement; it might be fatal to him; nor can it be good for the other boy. He is an honest, kind fellow; but how can we tell if his head is strong enough to bear such a change of fortune? Let him get used to the part of younger brother first. For heaven's sake, let us hold our tongues, and say nothing more about it now."

Lord Eskside shook his head; but my lady seconded her son, alarmed at the idea he had skilfully brought forward of danger to Val. "Yes, he is a good honest fellow," they both said, but with an involuntary grudge against Dick, as if it could be his fault; and the papers were put up carefully in Lord Eskside's despatch box, and the news still more closely locked in the bosoms of the three who knew the secret. But it is astonishing how their knowledge of this took all heart out of their conscientious effort to adapt themselves to the new state of things. Valentine, whatever his internal difficulties were, accepted the position

much more easily. His illness softened it to him, and had already produced that familiar intercourse with his mother and brother, which the mere discovery that they were his mother and brother could not have brought about; and the happiness of convalescence which glorified all the circumstances about him, made it still more easy. He lived a life of delightful idleness, feeling nothing but benevolence and kindness for every created thing, how much more for his tender nurses and companions?—getting well, eating and sleeping, and loving idle talk, and to have all his people about him. He was so much a child in this, that even his father, whom Val had never been familiar with, came in for a share of his sociable affectionate desire to be always surrounded by the group of those who belonged to him. He called for everybody, with that regal power which is never possessed in such perfection as by an invalid, to whom all who love him are bound by a hundred ties of gratitude and admiration for having been so good and so clever as to get well. He could not bear a look too serious, a clouded face, and was himself as cheerful as the day, enjoying everything. Dick, I need not say, had told him of that meeting with Violet, and of his letters to her, and by this means Val had got up a spring of private delight for himself—carrying on a limited but charming correspondence, which, indeed, was all on one side, but which still gave him infinite pleasure. "Keep up the Brown delusion, Dick," he said, with infinite relish of the fun, "till we go home; and then we'll tell her. What a joke, to be sure, that you should ever have been Brown!" And indeed this was already the aspect the past had taken to both the young men; and it was the strangest absurd thing, scarcely comprehensible,

how they could ever have believed it. The two had no share in the perturbation of their elders. Good Dick was, as he had said, more the servant of that young demigod and hero than if he had not been his brother. He did everything for him—read to him, talked to him, brought him the news, and lived over again every day of their intercourse since that day when they first “took a liking to each other.” How strange it all seemed—how extraordinary, and yet how natural—in face of this broad and obvious explanation, which made everything plain!

I need not say that it was also the idea of Richard Ross to put into the Edinburgh paper that cunning intimation that the young member for Eskshire had been taken ill at the house of his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Ross, at Oxford. Scarcely a soul who read that intimation ever thought of anything but the luxurious and dignified dwelling which an Hon. Mrs. Ross would ordinarily inhabit; and the people who knew Oxford tried hard to recollect whether they had ever met her, and where her house was. The county in general was much perplexed and much affected by this notice. It seemed impossible to believe that there was any specious falsehood in so matter-of-fact a paragraph. “The old stories must all be false,” one said to another; “Richard’s wife has been living separate from her husband, that is all.” “But no one ever heard whoshe was,” the doubting ones said; though even the greatest sceptic added, “I will ask my son if he has ever met her in society.” Thus Richard’s diplomacy had full success. He followed it up by other delicate touches, bulletins of Valentine’s recovery, and tantalising hints such as only local gossip can permit, and which were reserved for the pages of the ‘Castleton Herald’—of the happy

domestic *rapprochements* which the Editor was delighted to hear Mr. Ross’s illness, otherwise so regrettable, was likely to bring about. All this made a great commotion in the district. You may think it was beneath the dignity of a man of Richard Ross’s pretensions to descend to such means of breaking to the public a great family event, which might otherwise have been differently interpreted; but your great man, and especially your *diplomate* and courtier, is always the one most disposed to make use of flunkeyism and the popular love of gossip. It is a sign, perhaps, of the cynical disregard of this elevated class of mortals for ordinary people; anyhow, they rarely hesitate to avail themselves of means which would wound the pride of many less exalted persons. Life, like dreams (to which, heaven knows, it bears in all matters so close a resemblance), goes by contraries. What the poor and simple scorn, the rich and wise employ.

The Eskshire people, however, were destined to yet another sensation more startling than this. It was in the nature of a recantation, and few recantations have excited more local interest. I will not attempt to describe all the motives and influences which were supposed to have brought it about—for the reader is better informed, and knows that it was brought about very simply, as perhaps some of his own good deeds are, by the intervention and pertinacity of a slim girl with a soft voice and a pair of pleading eyes. Nobody on Eakside knew that Violet, at the point of the sword as it were, had extracted an apology from her father. It appeared on the walls in the shape of a placard, about the middle of April, and was sent by post to all the influential persons in the district. Lasswade was white with it, every bit of fence possessing the paper. It was ad-

dressed, like another notable letter, to the Electors of Eakshire; but it was much shorter than the former one. What it said was as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,—It will be within the recollection of all of you that, a few months ago, I thought it my duty to address to you a letter concerning the standing and pretensions of Mr Valentine Ross, now Conservative member for this county. It seemed right that you should take into consideration what then appeared to me the very doubtful proofs of Mr Ross's identity. I am strongly opposed to him and his family in politics; and I confess I thought it my duty to indicate to you in the distinctest manner how poorly supported by fact were his claims to your confidence. I am a Whig, and Mr Ross is a Tory, and I do not pretend to be above the ordinary tactics of electioneering, which have been pushed to further lengths than were possible to me, by men of much higher worldly pretensions than myself. But whether as Whig or as Tory, I hope it will always be an Englishman's highest boast to be an honest man; and circumstances have convinced me that it is my duty to convey to my brother electors an Apology for statements which I formerly made to them under the influence of a mistake, and which I now find are less certain than I then thought them. It is no disgrace to any man to have fallen into a mistake, if, when he discovers it, he takes pains to undo any mischief it may have produced.

"With this preface I will simply say, that though it is quite true, as I stated, that Mr Valentine Ross appeared at his grandfather's house in a very strange and suspicious way, the inference I drew from that is, I have reason to believe, incorrect. It does not become me to

enter into the private history of a family so well known in this county; but I believe steps will shortly be taken to remove all possibility of doubt upon the subject; and I can only say that I for one am now convinced that our new member has the fullest right to the name he bears. These important facts have only come to my knowledge within the last fortnight; and I consider it my duty, putting aside all false pride, which so often hinders a man from acknowledging a mistake publicly made, at once to communicate this discovery to the electors of Eakshire. I am as far from agreeing with Mr Ross and his family politically as I ever was; but I cannot continue to do a social injury to any man after I have found out that my impression was a mistaken one. If I have conveyed a prejudice against Mr Valentine Ross to the mind of any brother elector, I can only add that I am unfeignedly sorry for it.

"AN EKSIDE ELECTOR."

This was the first thing that met the eyes of the travelling party when—duly heralded by the Castleton paper, which in its last issue had announced the approaching return of "Lord and Lady Ekside, the Hon. Richard and Mrs Ross, Mr Valentine Ross, M.P. for Eakshire, and Mr Richard Ross the younger"—they arrived at Lasswade. The old lord himself was the first to read it when they got out at the little railway station on the new branch line, which, as everybody knows, is still a mile or two distant from the village. There were two carriages waiting—the great barouche, which was Lady Ekside's favourite, and a vehicle of the genus dog-cart for "the boys;" and the usual little commotion which always attends an arrival left a few minutes to spare while the carriage drew up.

Lord Eskside came and took his old wife by the arm, and led her to the place where this address, blazoned in great letters, "To the Electors of Eskshire," held a prominent position. "Is it something new?" she asked with a sickness at her heart; "oh, don't let Val see it!" When she had read it, however, the old pair looked at each other and laughed with tremulous enjoyment. I am afraid it did not occur to them to look at this as a high-minded atonement, or to see any generosity in the confession. "Sandy Pringle is worsted at last," the old lord said, with a gleam of light from under his eyebrows. But the exhilaration of unquestionable victory filled their hearts, and made them forget for the moment the other drawbacks which attended their return.

With this sense of having beaten their adversary strong in their minds, they no longer hesitated to drive home through Lasswade, which they had not intended to do; where they had a most flattering reception. What with the curiosity excited by this probable *éclaircissement* of a romantic story, and the eagerness of everybody to see Richard Ross's wife, and the new excitement produced by that placard on the walls—which most people, I fear, received as Lord Eskside received it—every one was agog. It was not a formal entrance with triumphal arches, &c., for this is not a kind of demonstration very congenial to the natural independence of the Lowland Scotch mind, which is much disposed to be friendly towards its great neighbours, but very little disposed to feudal notions of the respect due to a superior. Willie Maitland, it is true, had once thought of suggesting something of the sort, but he had fortunately forborne; and accordingly, though there was an absence

of flags and decorations, a very warm spontaneous welcome was given to the travellers. They stopped at the door of the Bull, and the carriage was instantly surrounded by a genial crowd, attracted, it is true, quite as much by a desire for information, as by a wish to do honour to Lord Eskside's family; and there, sure enough, by my lady's side sat the unknown Mrs Ross, looking out with large eyes, in which a certain terror and wonder combated the look of abstraction which was habitual to them. She had been here before—how well she remembered how! not in the chief street, honoured of everybody, but dragging through the muddy roads, dull and despairing, with her two crying children. The cold wild March night of her recollection was not more unlike the soft sunshine of this May-day, than was her own position now and then. Was she more happy? She did not ask herself the question. Only people in a more or less artificial state of self-consciousness do ever ask themselves if they are happy or not; the uninstructed soul takes life as it comes. But her aspect impressed the people of Lasswade. They concluded that she was "not very happy with her husband;" and as Richard was not popular in the county he despised, this rather prepossessed the popular mind in her favour; but that this woman had ever been the "beggar-wife" of the popular legend, the county ever after refused to believe.

The Dowager-Duchess had driven into Lasswade, of course "by accident," on that afternoon, and so had Sir John and his lady; and it is astonishing how many other carriages of lesser potentates the Eskside party met on their way home. It was a fine day to be sure; everybody was out; and every separate detachment of anxious neighbours had its own remarks to make.

"The second son looks a fine lad," the good people said; for indeed Dick had beamed with grateful smiles upon every one who had a welcome for Val. And thus the family, at last united, with glad welcome of all their neighbours, and retraction of their enemy's slanders, made their way home. "You see we've brought Sandy Pringle to his marrow-bones, my lord!" cried Willie Maitland the factor, my lord's right-hand man, as they drove away from the door of the Bull, "Ay, ay, the auld sneckdrawer!" said Lord Eskside in his glee. This was all Mr Pringle made by his apology. Val, I am happy to say, was otherwise disposed—he took it generously, touched by the confession, not triumphing in it, as extorted from his assailant; and his explanation of the placard, which he too had read eagerly, to his brother and confidant, was made in a very different tone. "I knew old Pringle was a good fellow," said Val; "he was forced to it by his party; but the moment he hears the truth he comes forward and owns it like a man. Our fathers and mothers think differently from us, Dick, old fellow. They think because old Pringle is out of it so long as you and I are to the fore, that therefore he must be our enemy. I always knew it was nothing of the sort, but only a party move," said Valentine, flourishing his whip with that delicious sense of generous superior wisdom which dwells in the bosom of youth; and then he added, softly, "After this, surely they can't make any more row about Violet and me."

"I should think not," said Dick, with a sigh; the sight of those Eskside woods, where he had seen her, came back to his mind with a strange thrill. What a moment of enchantment that had been! He had never hoped it would come back again.

How could he wish it to come back, when only by injury to Val it could ever bring any happiness to him? And, to be sure, he had only seen Violet twice, never long enough to—— "What a lucky fellow you are!" was what he said.

"Am I not?" cried Val, in his frank happiness; "I should think this was the very last stone rolled out of my way."

There had been a great commotion in Rossraig, preparing everything for the family party; the new wing had been opened, the carpets put down, the curtains up, and everything arranged according to Lady Eskside's orders. The new wing had all kinds of conveniences in it—sitting-rooms for the young couple for whom it was prepared, nurseries for the children, everything that could help to make it agreeable to a son's family under the same roof with his father and mother. But as it happened now, both Richard and Valentine prepared to keep their old rooms; and the new wing was given up to Dick and his mother, to whom it appeared a wilderness of grandeur, confusing and blank in its extent and wealth. It had windows which looked down upon the wooded bank of the Esk, and windows which looked to the great door and courtyard, and a suite of rooms through which you could wander from one side to another, for it ran all the breadth of the house. I am not sure that these two, transported into that luxurious place, did not feel the change more painfully and strangely than its natural occupants would have done had they been suddenly dismissed to Styles's riverside cottage. The mother felt it most of all. She sat in her own rooms almost all the day, patiently receiving the visits of her sons and of Lady Eskside, but never seeking them in the other portions of the

house—brightening to see Val, but saying little even to him. She was chilled and stifled by all these fine surroundings. Often she would rise and fling the windows open, or pull at the curtains instinctively, as if to pull them down. "I can't breathe," she would sometimes say to Dick, with a plaintive tone in her voice. Her life, such as it was, was gone from her. She was quite submissive, doing all that was asked of her, attempting no resistance. I cannot explain the entire cessation now of the struggle which she had kept up so long, any more than she could. Fate was too strong for her, and her strength was waning; but when she yielded, she yielded altogether, unreasoning and unreasonably, as she had struggled—her mind was not capable of compromise, or of making the best of a position. When she gave in she dropped her arms entirely, and with her arms her strength.

And strangely enough, Val, the sight of whom had kept her alive, lost his power now over his mother, and Dick, who was her own, became all in all to her. She was happy only when her familiar companion was by her, and could not be persuaded to go out except with Dick. Sometimes when they wandered into the woods a gleam of something like pleasure would come upon her face. There was one knoll which they found out by chance in the very heart of the trees, a little bank which, when they discovered it first, was covered with late primroses. The trees were very thick round, and the sun came late, and penetrated but a short time through the heavy boughs; and this, I suppose, kept them later in blooming than their rustic neighbours. It is long, long since I have seen these flowers; and perhaps it is the misty glory of that morning-time of childhood that makes me feel there never were any

such primroses before or after in this commonplace world—so large, so spotless, so full of sweetness, instinct with a lovely life of their own, friends rather than flowers. Their long stalks thrilled with a youthful force of existence, their green cool leaves overlapped each other, glistening with heavenly dew, their celestial petals were not like pale gold or soft velvet, which are the first vulgar images one thinks of, but like themselves only—primroses, the very essence of spring and fragrance and everlasting youth. When I shut my eyes I can see them still, lifting up their lovely heads out of their leaves, looking you and heaven in the face with all the candour of innocence, though it is, oh, so many years since they and I saw each other! When Dick and his mother, wandering through the woods, came to this bank, it seemed to touch her heart as nothing had done. She sat down on the grass and gazed at the flowers in a transport. "If we were as we used to be," she said, "oh, Dick, my lad, how you would have run to the cart for a basket! It seems no more than waste to gather them now. What would we do with them? there's grander flowers in all the rooms; they'd be like you and me, Dick, out of our place. Flowers were always what I liked. I never was one for saying much," she went on reflectively, "but a basket of primroses, that speaks for itself."

"How you go back upon the old days, mother!" said Dick, regretfully, and perhaps with a slight reproach.

"Yes, lad; I liked them best. It's heavy on me to be shut up in houses. I was never used to it," she said, with a sigh.

"But you can put up with it, mother!—you *will* put up with it?—for the sake of Val—and me."

A gleam came from her eyes—a sparkle of tenderness and light. "I'll

do what's best," she said—"what-ever is best:" then with a sudden rush of tears, "You may let me think of the old days, Dick; for my strength's changed, and my mind's changed, and I never can go back to them—never no more—even if I would."

"But, mother," said Dick, "it used to keep you happy to see Val only on the river, once a-day or twice a-day, in his boat. I did not know why it was then; but I saw it; and now you've got him altogether——"

"Ah, it's different, it's different!" she cried; "can't you see, lad? Then he was none o' mine—he was his father's; it was more than I could have hoped for to see him like that—it kept me alive. Now he'll come to me when I like, Dick; and kind he looks and kind he speaks, God bless him! He'd do himself an injury to please me; but ah, it's different! If I could take them to the market in a basket, and sell a bunch here and a bunch there, that's what I would like," she went on with a sudden change of tone, drawing the flowers through her thin hands.

It was with a kind of despair that Dick took her home. She was getting thin visibly, he thought. She would sit at the window for hours together, gazing, seeing nothing. For the first few days she suffered herself to be taken to the family meals, but this evidently agitated her beyond endurance, and had to be given up. What was to be done? Not one of them could tell, or indeed form an idea; the only thing that could be trusted in was time, which might possibly bring back a subdued harmony to those chords which at present were all ajar; but for the moment there seemed little hope even of that. All the restlessness of old came back to her. When the active habits of

her life at Oxford ~~was~~ unnecessary, the self-restraint ~~she~~ had learnt there failed her also. She took to talking (when she did talk) of nothing but the tramp-life, which seemed to have suddenly come into prominence in her mind. Now and then she dozed in the long afternoons, and Dick heard her murmuring in her sleep about the long road, and how far it was, and the lad that was tired. Poor Dick's satisfaction in his new circumstances was suddenly subdued by this. It did not occur to him that she was ill; he thought it was one of the old fits coming on, in which he had always felt the dreadful risk there was that she might go secretly away from him, and never be heard of more. To be sure, he comforted himself by thinking these fits had always gone off again, and so perhaps would this one now.

Thus the family life recommenced under its changed circumstances. I doubt whether any one in the great house was happy. The old people had a secret in their keeping, which destroyed their peace, and which must produce further troubles still; and Dick had his mother, whose state alarmed him: and Richard Ross was in a position very difficult for a man to bear, totally ignored by his wife, yet feeling a curious secret attraction towards her, and a half-whimsical half-tragical wonder whether they were ever to be drawn closer, or if all was over between them. Valentine, the happiest of the party, was not without his troubles too, for he had written to Violet, and received no reply, and at the Hewan there was no intelligence to be obtained of her. Thus they had all enough to do to carry on the possibilities of living; and the great happiness and good fortune which had come to them, scarcely looked for the moment like good fortune at all.

CHAPTER XLI.

A short time after their return, Valentine made up his youthful mind that he could bear his share of these uncertainties no longer. He had been to the Hewan again and again; now he set off to Moray Place itself, saying nothing to his relations, except to Dick, who winced, but kept his counsel. But all the ardent young lover made by his persistence was an interview with Mrs Pringle, who received him stiffly, and declined to answer any inquiries about Violet, who was absent from home. "I do not suppose your family would be pleased if they knew; and my family would be still less pleased, that Violet should be held cheap," said Mrs Pringle. "If you will believe me, Valentine, I think it is much better that there should be no more about it;" and all Val's remonstrances and pleadings were of no avail. He came back miserable and dejected, and strayed out to the woods, in which there is always some consolation for a heart-broken lover. Val went as far as the linn, that he might see the place at least where he had been so happy. Was it possible, after all he had gone through, that his love and his happiness were to end like a dream, and every link to be snapt between him and Vi? When he approached that spot which was so full of associations, he too heard sounds, as Dick had done, which told of some human intrusion into this realm of woodland and waters. It was not a sob this time that Val heard. It was a sound of low voices—women's voices—talking in a half-whisper, as if they feared to be discovered. Drawing near, trembling, like a thief, he saw under the big beech-branches a corner of a blue dress, showing from behind one of them. This made his heart beat;

but the blue gown might not be Vi's blue gown; and anyhow there were two of them, as the voices testified, so that caution was needful. Another step, however, relieved him of his doubts. In front of him, on the green bank on the river-side, sat Mary Percival, with her face turned towards some one unseen, to whom she was talking. "My dear, he has had plenty of time to write to you, and he has not done so. If you will believe me, Vi, I think it is a great deal better there should be no more about it." These were, though Mary did not know it, the self-same words under which Val was suffering. The repetition of them drove him beyond himself. He gave a shout of indignant protestation, and rushing between the two astonished ladies, caught her of the blue dress rudely, suddenly, in his arms.

But do not think Violet was half so much surprised as middle-aged Mary was, to whom this interruption was quite unlooked for. She did not know even that "the family" had arrived at Rosscraig—Lady Eskside, amid all this tumult of events, having become remiss in her correspondence, and Val's letters to Violet having been, if not suppressed, yet detained at Moray Place during the girl's absence. Even if the family had returned, Mary felt there were a hundred chances to one that Val would not be there precisely at the right moment to meet her and her companion. In Mary's own case things had never happened just at the right moment; and therefore she had acquiesced with little difficulty in Violet's prayer that she might be allowed "one look" at the linn. Violet had been sent to Mary to be taken care of—to be kept out of danger; and this, I am ashamed to say, was

how Miss Percival, who had a strong vein of romance in her, notwithstanding all her good sense, fulfilled her trust. She saw her folly now when it was too late.

"Valentine!" she cried, "how dare you—how dare you do *that*—when her parents do not know?"

"Her parents!" said Val, equally indignant; "what do I care for her parents, or any one's parents? I am a man, old enough to know my own mind, and so is Vi. Can parents make us happy?" said the young man, with that cruel frankness which seems so easy to the young, and is so hard upon the old. "Vi, my darling, you know you are mine—you won't let parents or any one come between you and me?"

Vi did not say a word—there was no need for anything so feeble as words. She clung to him, gazing at him, holding one of his arms fast with her small hands clasped round it. She had been sure he would come; in her heart she had been so wicked as to smile at Mary's faith the other way, though she did not say a word of the sweet confidence in her own mind. And Mary, who had not been so treated by Providence, and whose love had not been happy, felt a hot flush of anger against the girl who stood there before her with ineffable smiles, not objecting to the young man's impetuosity, not even answering him a word.

"Violet!" she cried, "come away this instant. Do you know that you are defying both your mother and me?"

"You have always been my enemy, Mary," cried Val, passionately, "and I don't know why, for I have always liked you. Vi, you are not going to do what she tells you—to follow her instead of me!"

"I am not going to follow any one," said Vi, detaching herself from his arm with much dignity; then

she stood at a little distance, and looked at him with tender glowing eyes. "Oh, Val!" she cried, "but I am glad to see you! I thought you would never come. I knew you would be here to-day. Val, are you well—are you quite well? Oh, what a weary, weary time it has been, when I thought I would never see you more!"

"Then you were thinking of me? and you don't mean to cast me off, Vi?"

"I—cast you off!—that is likely! Mary, you never were Val's enemy, though he says so, in his hasty way—he was always hasty. He made me give him my promise here, beneath this tree. I cannot take back my word; I cannot say one thing to you and another to him; and you never scolded me when I said I—cared for Val, Mary! not a word! She only cried and gave me a kiss."

"And she ought to give me a kiss too," said bold Val, going up to Miss Percival, whose heart was melting altogether away in her bosom, and whose efforts to look stern were becoming almost ludicrous. The audacious boy went up to her, while Vi looked on thunder-struck at his boldness, and kissed Mary's cheek, which flushed crimson under the touch, making that middle-aged woman look a girl again. "How dare you?" she cried, putting up her hand to push him away; but Mary's strength was not able to resist this. "God bless you!" she said, next moment, the tears coming to her eyes, "you bold boy! How dare you kiss me? Though I am your enemy, I've thought of you and prayed for you morning and night ever since I parted from you, Val."

"I know that very well," said the young man, composedly; "for whatever you may say, how could you be my enemy when I am fond of you? You have not the heart

not to help us, Mary. Come and sit down again and let us think what to do. Here is where we played truant when we were children. Here is where you brought us, Mary—you—when we were older; and here is where Vi gave me her promise. This is the place of all others to meet again. As for any pretence of separating us, how can any one do it? Think a little," said Val, standing before the fallen tree on which Vi had sat with poor Dick, and from which she now regarded him with soft eyes suffused with light and happiness. "Could they be hard upon *her*, for the first time in her life, and break her heart? Is that reasonable? As for me," the young man said, raising his head, while the two women looked at him with tender envy and admiration, "there is no interference possible. I am a man and my own master. So now that you are convinced," cried Valentine, putting himself beside Violet on the old trunk, which, old as it was, had put forth young shoots of life and hope to make itself fit for the throne of so much love and gladness, "let us consider what is the best means to clear these trifling temporary obstructions out of our way."

I don't think there is anything so silken-green, or that makes so tender a canopy over your head, and shows the sky so sweetly through them, as young beech-leaves in May, just shaken out of their brown husks, and reclothing, as if with tenderest ornaments of youth, the big branches that bear them. Stray airs rustled through them; stray sunbeams, for the day was cloudy, came and went, penetrating now and then through the soft canopy—punctuating with sudden glow of light some one or other of those bold arguments of Val's, which told so well upon his sympathetic audience. Though Violet was not one

of the worshipping maidens of modern story, but thought of Val only as Val, and not as a demigod, the soft transport of reunion, the glow of tender trust and admiration with which she regarded that delightful certainty of his, which no terrors shook, gave to her soft face a look of absolute dependence and devotion. She looked up to him, as they sat together holding each other's hands like two children, with a sentiment which went beyond reason. He was no wiser nor cleverer, perhaps, than she was; but he looked so strong and so sure, so much above feminine doubts and tremblings, that the mere sight of him gave confidence. As for Mary, seated on the green bank in front of these two, who was ever so much wiser and cleverer than Val (he had few pretensions that way), she, too, felt, with a kind of philosophical amusement at herself, the same sense of added confidence and moral strength as she looked at the boy whom she had watched as he grew up, and chided and laughed at—whose opinion on general subjects had no particular weight with her, yet who somehow gave to her experienced and sensible middle-age a sensation of support and certainty, which the wisest reason does not always communicate. Mary looked at the two seated there together, hand in hand, half-children, half-lovers, under the soft shadow of the young beech-leaves, with that "smile on her lip and tear in her eye" which is the most tender of all human moods. Pity and envy, and amusement, and an almost veneration, were in her thoughts. How innocent they were! how sure of happiness! how absolute in their trust in each other! and, indeed (when the case was fairly set before them), in everybody else. Notwithstanding the one terrible shock his faith had received—a shock which

happily had worked itself out in bodily illness, the most simple way—Val was still of opinion that, if you could but get to the bottom of their hearts, all the world was on his side. He had no fear of Violet's mother, though for the moment she had crushed him; and, to tell the truth, after his fever, Val had altogether forgotten Mr Pringle's offence against him, and all the harm it had brought. Now that offence was more than past, for had it not been confessed and atoned for, a thing which makes a sin almost a virtue? Nor was he alarmed when he thought of the old people at Rosscraig, who had humoured and served him all his life. What was there to fear? "It would be against all reason, you know," said Val, "if our course of true love had run quite smooth. We were miserable enough one time to make all right for the future; but if you mean to be miserable any more, Vi, you must do it by yourself, for I shan't take any share."

When a young man thus makes light of all difficulties, what can a sympathetic woman do? Before many minutes had passed, Miss Percival found herself pledged to brave Violet's father and mother and overcome their objections. "They have never crossed her in their lives, and why should they now?" said Valentine, with good sense, which no one could gainsay.

When this chief subject had been fully discussed, and all their plans settled, both the ladies drew close to him with breathless interest, while he told them the story of his own family. How Dick was his brother, which made Violet start and clasp her hands, saying, with a sudden outcry, "I always knew it!" and how his mother had come back with them—had come home. It was Mary who, much more than these two young people, who were

so sure of each other, had her heart played upon like an instrument that day. She sat quite still and never said a word, while the story was told. I cannot describe her feelings towards the woman who (she felt, though she would not have acknowledged it) had been in the very bloom of her youth preferred to herself. It was not *her* fault; up to this moment the woman who was Richard's wife had never so much as heard of Mary's existence; no blame could possibly attach to her. A strange mingling of curiosity about her, interest, half-hostile, in her, wondering indignation, disapproval, proud dislike, all softening back into curiosity again, were in Miss Percival's mind; but no one knew how she rung the changes upon these different sentiments as she sat quite still and quiet, listening, now and then asking a question, feeling as if her own life had come to some strange crisis, although she had absolutely nothing to do with it, not so much as one of the servants in the house. And then Valentine's way of speaking of his mother—the lower, hushed, respectful tone, the half-mystery, half-reverence, which he seemed disposed to throw around this gipsy, this tramp, who had given them all so much trouble—gave Mary a secret offence, all the more sharp that she felt his feeling to be quite right and just and natural, and would not for the world have expressed her own. Just now, half an hour ago, he had put her in the place of his mother—had taken her interest for granted, had kissed her (the spot burned on Mary's cheek at the thought), and appealed to that strange sentiment in her heart which he seemed to be unconsciously aware of—that sense of the possibility that she might have been his mother, which was always more or less in her mind in Val's presence. He had

taken possession of her in this way, of her sympathy and help, telling her what she was to do, and how to do it, amusing her by his arbitrariness, while he melted her heart by his affectionate confidence. And now all at once, in the same breath almost, he began to talk of his real mother, this woman whom no one knew, who had done him and his family all the harm possible, and now was brought back almost in triumph to reap—not the whirlwind after having sown the wind—but happiness and calm weather, notwithstanding all her folly and ill-doing. Mary sat in a maze, in a dream, while all this went through her mind, yet with all her faculties alert, hearing everything and feeling everything. She was hurt even by Val's description of his mother's beauty, which filled Vi with such admiring interest. "Oh, how I should like to see her!" cried Violet. "You shall both see her," said Valentine, with the arbitrary determination to give pleasure of a young prince. How Mary's heart swelled! But if these two children had guessed what was going on in her mind, with what wondering grieved disapproval they would have looked upon her, troubled by a sense of natural incongruity that a woman of her age could possibly feel so! She felt this along with all the rest; and, in short, she was conscious of so many different sentiments, that all her vigour and natural power went out of her. Her heart was being lacerated by a hundred needle-points and pin-pricks—like a pin-cushion, she said, faintly trying to laugh to herself.

Val went with them to their carriage, which was waiting at the lower edge of the woods, in the opposite direction from Rosscraig, and took a farewell, which he declared to be the merest temporary good-bye, but which once more made

Violet's eyes tearful. Vi grew less certain as she lost sight of him. Various unexpected results had followed the publication of that Apology, which in her youthful heat and energy she had almost forced her father into writing. Even Mrs Pringle had not seen the necessity for it so clearly as Violet did; and the world in general on both sides of the question had taken it, as Lord Eskside did, as a formal retraction, a bringing down to his marrow-bones of Sandy Pringle, rather than as the prompt and frank and generous apology of one gentleman to another. Some had said that it was fear of an action for libel which had moved him to such a step; others, with a frank malediction, had d—d him for not standing to what he had said. Nobody had appreciated his motive, or understood Violet's childlike reasoning on the abstract principle, that when you have done wrong and know it, there is no course possible but to confess the wrong and ask pardon of the injured person. This, I fear, is not a course of action at all congenial to the ordinary code; and Mr Pringle, though carried away by the impetuosity of his daughter, had by this time repented his *amende honorable* quite as much as he repented the evil he had done. To suffer for doing wrong is reasonable; but it is hard to be punished for doing right, and fills the sufferer's heart with bitterness.

Mr Pringle had been very penitent towards poor Val before the days of the Apology; but now, in the sharpness of the sting of unappreciated virtue, he was furious against him. Violet knew this only too well, and her courage oozed out of her finger-ends as she saw the young hero disappear into the woods. "Do you think—do you really think—it is all as certain as he

says?" she said to Miss Percival, with tears in her soft eyes, which had been so bright with happiness and courage a moment before.

As for Valentine, he strode home through the woods very triumphant and joyful, as became a young lover; but sobered as he drew near home. He had made up his mind to go at once into the matter, and extort a consent from everybody; but as he drew near and nearer to the turrets of RossCraig, it became more and more apparent to him that there would be no small trouble and pain involved; and he began to feel how disagreeable it is to displease and vex the people most near to you, even in order to secure for yourself the person dearest and nearest of all. This thought did not subdue his resolution, but it subdued his step, which became less and less rapid. Nothing in this world would have induced him to give up Vi; but he did not like to defy his old grandfather, to make my lady set her lips firm in that way he knew so well. He wished intensely that Vi and he could have been happy without that; but still, as it had to be done some time or other, it was better, much better, that it should be done at once. So, after walking very slowly the last mile of the way, he suddenly, to use his own phraseology, "put on a spurt," and skimmed over the last quarter of a mile, making up his mind, as if for an operation, to get it over. He walked straight into the library, still flushed from his long walk; and somewhat to his surprise found all the family authorities collected there, my lord and my lady and his father, all apparently engaged in some mysterious consultation. Val remarked with bewilderment that his father, so placid usually and indifferent, was flushed like himself, —though with speech, not exercise —and that Lord and Lady Eskside

had both a doubtful tremulous aspect, and looked morally cowed, not convinced. To tell the truth, they had been arguing the question over again, whether it was possible to keep the secret of Dick's seniority from the two young men. It was Richard's desire that this should be done; but he had not convinced the others either of the possibility or expediency of it, though, for the moment, they had come to a conditional bargain to say nothing unless circumstances should arise which made the disclosure necessary. This supposed emergency was to be left to each one's private judgment, I suppose, and therefore the secret was pretty sure of rapid revelation; but still the old pair were not satisfied. "Good never came of falsehood, or even, that I know, of the mere *suppressio veri*," Lord Eskside had said, shaking his head, just as Val came in; and they all turned to look at him, with a little wonder and excitement; for he looked indeed very like a man who had found something out, coming in hot haste to tell it, and ask, Is this true? The old lord and his wife looked at each other, both of them leaping to the conclusion that this was so, and that Val had discovered the secret; and they were not sorry, but gave a little nod of secret intelligence to each other. Poor Val! poor boy! it was another trial for him; and yet it was best, far best, that he should know.

"Grandfather," said Val, plunging at once into the subject, bringing in an atmosphere of fresh air and youthful eagerness with him, "I have come to tell you at once of something that has happened to me. It is strange to find you all sitting here, but I am heartily glad of it. My lady, you know how long it is since I first spoke to Violet——"

"Oh, Violet!" cried my lady, with an impatient movement of her

head and stamp of her foot upon the carpet; "Lord bless us! is it this nonsense he has got in his head again?"

"You may call it nonsense if you like," said Val, seeing somehow that what he had said was not what they expected, and unconsciously, in an under-current of thought, wondering what it was they had expected; "it is not nonsense to me. I went to Moray Place this morning, having heard nothing of her for a long time—and there Mrs Pringle received me very coldly——"

"That was unfortunate," said Richard, with a smile, which his son called a sneer; "that an Edinburgh lawyer's wife should receive Lord Eskside's grandson coldly, was, no doubt, something very miserable indeed—enough, I suppose, to justify this excitement," and he looked at Val with an amused scrutiny from head to foot, which made the young man wild with irritation. He had stumbled into a burn on his way home, and had left, there was no denying it, one huge muddy footprint on the spotless carpet, which had at once caught his father's fastidious eye.

"The Edinburgh lawyer's wife may not be much to you, sir," said Val, "but she is a great deal to me; for she has my future wife's comfort and happiness in her hand. I want to let you know at once that my mind is quite made up and decided. I told you so before. What is the use of wearing our hearts out by waiting and waiting?" cried Val, turning from one to another. "You are good and kind, why should you make me miserable? In everything else you have always tried to make me happy; you have listened to what I had to say; you have been always reasonable; why should you shut your hearts against me now, in the

one matter that is most important to me, in that which must decide my happiness or misery all my life?"

"The argument is well put," said the old lord, with exasperating composure; "but, Val, how can you tell at your age what is, or what is not, to decide the happiness of your life?"

"And don't you see, Val," said my lady, more sympathetically, "that it is just because it is so important that we cannot give our consent so easily? Oh, my dear, if you had wanted the moon we would have tried to get it for you; think, then, how strong a motive it must be that makes us cross you now!"

"What is the motive?" said Val, with sudden dramatic force, waiting solemnly for an answer. The two old people looked at each other again and trembled. What could they answer to this impetuous boy? The motive was that Violet was not a great match for him, such as they had hoped for—not any one who would bring him wealth or distinction, but only a girl whom he loved; and they quailed before the boy's look. If they had been a worldly pair the answer would have been easy; but these two high-minded old people, who had trained him to scorn all that was mean, and to hold love high and honour, how were they to state this plain fact to a young lover of three-and-twenty? They did not know what words to use in which to veil their motive and give it some sort of grandeur worthy the occasion; and, unfortunately, Val saw his advantage as clearly as they saw the disadvantage under which they lay.

"You speak like a foolish boy," said his father. "It is enough that we think this match a very unfit one for you, and I hope you have sense enough yourself to see its unsuitability. Who is this girl? an

Edinburgh lawyer's daughter—a man who has attacked your family in the basest and most treacherous way——”

“But who has apologised!” cried Val; “who has confessed he was wrong and begged pardon——”

“The more fool he,” said Richard, “not to have strength of mind to stick to his slander when he had committed himself to it. Apology!—you mean retraction—extorted, no doubt, from him by fear of his pocket. It would be more dignified, no doubt, to pay the twopence-ha’penny he can afford to give her, as his daughter’s portion, rather than as damages in a court of law.”

“If it is a question of twopence-ha’penny,” said Val, with a violent flush of sudden anger.

“My boy, you must not use that tone here,” Lord Eskside interposed. “Your father is right. Is it your enemy that you want to ally yourself with? he that raked up the whole old story of your coming here, and tried to ruin you with it, using his falsehood for your destruction——”

“Grandfather,” said Val, still flaming with nervous passion, “the sting of that story, I have always understood, was that it was not false but true.”

“Val!” cried Lady Eskside; but there was a pause after this—and I think in the very heat of the discussion the old lord felt with secret pleasure that his boy had already made more than one point, even though it was against himself. Twice over Val had silenced the opposing forces. Now, but to live to see him facing the House of Commons like this, who could tell, from the Treasury bench itself! This delightful secret suggestion crept into Lord Eskside’s heart like a warm wind loosening the frosts.

“Then if you will only consider,”

said Val, changing his indignant tone for one of soft conciliation and pleading, “there is no one in Scotland, so far as I can see, so free to choose for myself as I am. If you were not what you are, sir, the first man in the county, as you ought to be—if my father were not what he is, distinguished in other circles than ours—then, perhaps, I, who as yet am nobody, might have required to look outside, to get crutches of other people’s distinctions; but as it is, what does it matter? We are rich enough, we are more independent than the Queen, who, poor lady, must always consider other people, I suppose; whereas I, who am your grandson—and your son, sir—I,” cried Val, “am more free than a prince to ask for love only and happiness! Give them to me,” he said, holding out his hands with natural eloquence to the two old people, who sat looking at him, afraid to look at each other; “you never in all my life refused me anything before!”

I cannot tell how it was that this natural noble attitude in which his son stood, asking, like a loyal soul as he was, for that consent, without which he could not be wholly happy, to his happiness—affected almost to rage the mind of Richard, whose mode had been entirely the reverse; who had plucked in hot haste, without sanction or knowledge of any one, the golden apples which had turned to ashes and bitterness. To marry as he had done, wildly, hotly, in sudden passion,—is not that much more easily condoned by the great world in which he lived, which loves a sensation, than a respectable mediocore marriage, equally removed from scandal and from distinction? To marry a gipsy, or an operadancer, or a maid-of-all-work, is more pardonable, as being a piquant

rebellion against all law and order, than it is to marry a virtuous person out of the lower circles of good society, sufficiently well-born and well-bred to make no sensation. The lawyer's daughter was gall to Richard. He interposed with one of those sudden fits of passionate irritability to which his smooth nature was liable.

"Do not let this folly go any further, Val. We all know what is meant by these ravings about love and happiness. Whatever place I may have gained among men it is not from having been my father's son; neither will that serve you as you think. Lord Eskside's grandson!" said Richard, with scorn on his lip; "how much will that do for the younger of you two—the one who is not the heir," he continued, with rising energy—"the one who has a second son's allowance, a second son's position; the one—whom we have all agreed in cheating out of his rights——"

"Dick?" said Val, with hesitation and wonder. He looked round upon them all, and saw something in their eyes which alarmed him; he could not tell why. "Is it Dick?"

"Valentine," said his father, suddenly coming up to him, seizing his arm, "it is not for me to speak to you of the miseries of a foolish marriage; but look here. Give up this boyish folly. You have a foundation, as you say, built up by those who have gone before you; you may make any match you please; you may cover all that has gone before with the world's pardon and more than pardon. I look to you to do this. I can give you opportunities—you will have countless opportunities; give up this girl who is nobody—or if you refuse——"

"What then, sir, if I refuse?" Val loosed his arm from his

father's hold and stood confronting him, steadfast and erect, yet surprised and with a novel kind of pain in his eyes. The two old people gave one look at each other, then paused breathless to hear what was to come next, both of them aware that Richard, diplomatist as he was, forgot himself sometimes, and perceiving that the crisis, which in their previous talk they had prepared for, had now arrived.

"Then," said Richard—he paused a moment, and all the old prick of a jealousy which he had despised himself for feeling, all the old jars of sensation at which he had tried to laugh, which had arisen out of the perpetual preference of Val to himself, surged up for one moment in his temper rather than his heart. The weapon lay at his hand so ready; the boy was somehow so superior, so irritating in his innocence. His face flushed with this sudden impulse to humiliate Val. "Then," he said, "perhaps you will pause when I tell you, for your good, that you have totally mistaken your own position; that you are not the great man you think yourself; that though you have condescended to your brother, and patronised him, and been, as it were, his good genius, it is Dick who is Lord Eskside's heir, and not you."

Lady Eskside started with a low cry. It was because Dick had come in a moment before at the door, in front of which his father and brother were standing; but Richard thought her exclamation was because of what he said, and turned to her with a smile which it was not good to see.

"Yes, mother," he said, "you wished him to know. *Benissimo!* now he knows. He has been the grand seigneur, and Dick has been nobody. Now the positions are reversed; and I hope his magnanimity will bear it. Anyhow, now,

with his second son's allowance, he will be obliged to pause in this mad career."

"Is it so?" said Val, going forward to the table, and, I confess, leaning upon it a hand which trembled—for he had been thunder-struck by this revelation—"is it so?" No one spoke; and poor Val, standing there with his eyes cast down, had, I avow it, a bitter moment; but the very sting of the shock stimulated him, and called all his faculties together. After that minute, which felt like a year, he raised his head with a glimmer of painful moisture in his eyes, but a faint smile. "Well," he said, "at all events there can never more be any doubt about me, who I belong to, or what position I hold. I wish Dick all the luck in the world, and he deserves it. He'll be sorrier than I am," said Val. "What,

grandmamma, crying! Not a bit of it! I shall be as happy as the day is long with my second son's allowance; and Vi!—for of course," he added, with a bright defiant smile all round, "there can be no possible objection to Vi now."

Dick had been standing quite still behind, moved not by curiosity, but by that respectful attention to the preoccupation of the others, which I suppose his former lowliness had put into him, though it is the highest grace of a gentleman. He had heard everything, indeed, but his mind was too full of something else to care for what he had heard. He broke in here, with a new subject, in a voice hoarse with anxiety and emotion. "Has any one seen my mother?" said Dick. "I have been all over the house looking for her, high and low."

CHAPTER XLII.

That had been a weary morning in the new wing. Dick had gone to Edinburgh with his brother, half by way of seeing the beautiful town, half to console Val, who was very eager and anxious. With a curious interest he had walked about Moray Place, to which he had directed his letters in the strange old time when he was still Dick Brown,—a time which it gave him a certain vertigo to think of. And I am sorry to say that Val, in the heat of disappointment, when he came out from Mrs Pringle's presence, forgot that his brother was walking about on the other side of the square waiting for him, and had rushed back to Lasswade without ever thinking of Dick. When he saw that he had been forgotten, Dick too made his way to the railway, and went back; but it was afternoon when he arrived at Rossraig. He

had never left his mother for so long a time before, and this, no doubt, had its effect upon her. She was alone in the beautiful rooms of the new wing all the morning. It was like a silent fairy palace, where everything was done by mysterious unseen hands; for the sight of servants fretted her, and she would not admit any personal attendance. She had grown feeble in that lonely splendour without any notice being taken of it; for Dick, with the inexperience of youth, made no observations on the subject, and to Lady Eskside, who visited her every day, she asserted always that she was quite well. More feeble than ever she had got up that morning, and dressed herself as usual, and taken her sparing breakfast with Dick. After the first few days, Lady Eskside had yielded to this arrangement, seeing it impossible, at least

for the moment, to habituate the new-comer to the family table. "If it is such a distress to her, why should we force her to it?" said my lady, not without offence; and the poor soul was grateful for the exemption. "Don't find fault with me, Dick," she said to him faintly; "it can't be for long. I'll get used to it, and easy in my mind before long;"—and therefore she had been sorrowfully left to herself in the beautiful new rooms furnished for her three-and-twenty years before. When Dick left her she went to a little room in the front part of the wing, which looked out upon the great door and court, where she sat watching till the two young men went away, and waved her hand in answer to their salutations. Valentine had already paid her a visit in the morning, a visit which he never neglected; and wherever they were going, the young men never forgot to look up to that window from which it was her pleasure to watch their movements, one of the few pleasures she had.

When they had left the house she had no more interest in it. She wandered back again through various empty rooms to the great handsome sitting-room, which had a lightsome bow-window looking out upon the sloping bank of wood down to where the Esk foamed and tumbled below. Had she had any work to do, as in the days when she was Dick's housekeeper, and kept all his treasures in order, and prepared his simple meals, she might have forgotten herself and got through the weary hours. But she had nothing to do, poor soul! She sat down in the window, and passed she did not know how long a time there, gazing vaguely out, sometimes thinking, sometimes quite vacant: in so hazy a state was her mind that it seemed to her sometimes that soft Thames flowed at her feet instead of the brawling Esk;

and that she was waiting till Mr Ross's boat should come down the gentle river. Poor bewildered soul! a haze of times and places, of the vacant present, and the gleams of interest which had been in the past, possessed her mind; she scarcely could have told where she was had any one asked her. The silence grew painful to her brain, and reeled and rustled round her in eddies of suppressed sound all centring in herself; and now and then the light swam in her eyes, and darkened, and there was an interval in which everything was black around her, and all that she was aware of was that rustle, overpowering in its intensity, of the silence, raying out in circles, like those in water, from her brain. I almost think she must have lapsed into some kind of faint, without knowing it, in those moments. About noon Lady Eskside came to see her, and did, as she always did, her very utmost to win some sort of hold upon her. She talked to her of the boys, of Val who must soon go to London, of trifles of every description, working hard to rouse her to some interest. "I wish you would come with me," my lady said; and she was glad afterwards that she had said it. "I am alone, and we would be cheerier together, we two women, when all the others are away. Won't you come with me, Myra? My woman, you look lonely here." "I am used to be alone," she said quite gently, but without moving; and half provoked, half sorry, the old lady had at last gone away, despairing in her mind, and wondering whether it had been kind to bring this wild creature here even in her subdued state, and whether she would ever find any comfort in her life. "Perhaps when Richard goes," Lady Eskside said to herself; for Richard's influence did not seem to

be advantageous to his wife, though he was very careful, very anxious, not to step over the distance which she had tacitly placed between them, though strangely tantalised and excited by it as his mother saw. What was to be done? The old lady shook her head, and took refuge with her old lord in the library, not saying anything to him to vex him, for what could he do? but finding a little consolation in her own vexation and perplexity in being near him. How different that silent support and society was from the solitude in the new wing, and even from Richard's dainty and still retirement, where he wrote his letters, with his noiseless Italian servant close at hand to answer every call! It eased my lady's old heart, which had felt so many pains, only to walk into the library where her old lord sat, and put up the window, or down the window, and look at the letters on his table, and say something about the weather or the garden—just as it eased Lord Ekside, when he was in any perplexity, to go into the drawing-room, and pronounce the novel on her table to be "some of your rubbish, my lady," and let her know that the glass was falling, and that she had better take precautions about her drive. Lady Ekside wondered with a sigh whether it would ever be possible to bring her new guest—her strange daughter-in-law—into the household life. She meant nothing but kindness towards her; but there was—how could she help it?—a little impatience in the sigh.

After that visit the recluse in the new wing was left to herself again, and all kinds of strange thoughts came up into her heart. They were not so articulate as Lady Ekside's; but somehow there arose in her, as the old lady went away, a curious reflection of her impatience, an incoherent desire to call her

back again. She sat and listened to her steps going all the way along the corridor, and down the stair, and never opened her lips nor made a movement to detain her; and yet there rose in her mind a mute cry, could the dull air but have carried it without any action of hers. She caught the sound of Lady Ekside's sigh, and, for the first time, a dim understanding of it seemed to dawn upon her mind. Why could not she go with her—make herself one with the others? The thought was very shadowy and vague, like a suggestion some unseen observer had made to her; but it raised a visionary ferment in her soul, a gasping for breath, as if she already felt herself confined within an atmosphere where she had no room to breathe.

Then she took refuge in her own room in this painful rush of new feeling. The curtains at the windows, the hangings of the bed, the draperies everywhere, seemed to shut her in and cut short her breath. The great glass which reflected her figure from head to foot, the other lesser ones which multiplied her face, glancing back resemblances at her as if she, in her solitude, had grown into half-a-dozen women, affected her imagination wildly. She left that room like one pursued—pursued by herself, always the worst ghost of solitude. Then she went to the little room with the window which commanded the great door. Perhaps by this time the boys might be come back; and the boys formed her bridge, as it were, into the world, her sole link of connection with life in this artificial phase. A little warmth, a little hope, came into her as she sat down there and strained her eyes to watch for some sign of their coming. After a while, the door opened and Richard came out. He stood on the great steps for a moment,

putting on his gloves, then, looking up, saw her, and took off his hat to her; then he made a pause, as if in doubt, drew off the gloves again, and went back into the house. At this sight a sudden wild panic came upon her. She thought he was coming to see her, which indeed was the purpose with which he had turned back. She sprang up, her heart beating, and flying through the lonely rooms, seized a shawl which lay on a chair, and darted down a little stair in the turret which led into the woods. Her excitement carried her on for some distance before her breath failed her altogether, though her heart beat loud in her bosom, like some hard piston of iron, swinging and creaking in fierce unmanageable haste. She had got into the shrubberies, not knowing where she went, and sank down among the bushes to rest, when her strength failed. The thought of meeting her husband now, with nobody by, drove her wild. She had lived under the same roof with him for days at Oxford, and thought little of it, being occupied with other matters; but deadly panic, as of a wild deer flying from the hunter, had seized upon her now. She never asked herself what harm he could do her. She feared nothing actual, but, with overwhelming blind terror, she feared the future and the unknown.

Oh, how many thoughts came rushing upon her as she lay crouched together on the cool earth among the bushes!—thoughts half made out, not one altogether articulate—gleams of a consciousness that this was folly, that it was impossible, that she *must* get the better of herself, that the fever in her soul *must* be chased away, and could not be submitted to. “I must change—I must make a change!” she moaned to herself. A whole new being, a new creature, with dim evolutions

of reason, dim perceptions of the impossible, seemed to be rising up in her, blotting out the old. Her faults, her follies, her wild impulses, the savage nature which could endure no restraint, had all come to a climax in her; and reason, which had struggled faintly in the old days, and won her to so many sacrifices, had at last got the balance in hand, I think, and the power to decide what could and what could not be. Yet, when she had got her breath a little, she stumbled to her feet, and went on.

When Dick came back she was not to be found in her rooms, which troubled him greatly; for she had never before gone out by herself. He searched through every corner, then went to the other parts of the house—to the drawing-room, to Lady Eskside's rooms, to Val's—hopeless of finding her, indeed, yet so confident that something must have happened, that no marvel would have surprised him. When he burst into the library he was in despair. And this new alarm, so suddenly introduced among them, diverted them at once from the other subject, which had lost its enthralling and exciting power now that the secret had been made known. Richard Ross had not been spending a pleasant afternoon. He was excited by Val's defiance, and he had been excited before. He turned very pale as Dick spoke. He knew that his wife had fled out of the house to avoid him—a thing which, naturally enough, had tried his temper greatly. Where had she gone? He remembered that when he looked down the winding staircase in the turret, through which she had evidently fled, the fresh air blowing in his face had brought with it a sound of the Esk tumbling over its rocks. This had not alarmed him then, and he had scorned to follow the fugitive, or to force her into an

interview she avoided, in this way; but now suddenly it returned to him with an indescribable shock of terror. He went out without saying a word to any one, moved by sudden panic. The others started to explore the woods; the idea of the river did not occur to either of the young men, who knew her better than Richard did. They set off both together; while Lord Esk-side, with the servants, undertook to search the gardens and shrubberies nearer home. "Oh, God forgive her if she's gone away again!" cried the old lady, wringing her hands. "I can't think that she's gone away," said Dick. His face was very grave. He scarcely said a word to Val, who went with him, and who tried anxiously to ascertain from him what it was he really feared. Dick kept silent, his heart too strained and sore for speech.

As for Val, he was swept out of one excitement and plunged into another without a moment's interval to take breath in, and the fresh air did him good. I need not say of a public-school boy and well-trained "man," that he had picked himself up, to use an undignified but useful expression, ere now, and betrayed, neither in look nor tone, the sudden blow he had received. For that grace, if no other, let our English education be blessed. Val had no idea of contending, of "making a row," or of bearing malice. If the right was Dick's, why, then, the right was Dick's,—and there was nothing more to be said. If his mind was momentarily weak and unable to seize all that was going on, he did not show it, except by a certain mental feebleness and want of his usual energy, which made him disposed to take Dick's lead rather than to form any opinion of his own. But even this lasted only a short time. "Come," said Val, drawing a long

breath, "why should we be so downhearted? She has gone out to take the air—to enjoy the—good weather."

He had meant to say the beautiful afternoon; but then it suddenly occurred to him that the day was dull and cloudy, and that the gleams of sunshine which had been so sweet were gone.

"She never took her walk without me before," said Dick. "Oh, why did I stop away so long? I can't tell you what a weight I have here at my heart."

"Cheer up, old fellow!" said Val, thrusting his arm into his brother's; "things will go better than you think. What harm could happen? She was not ill; and the woods are innocent woods, with no precipices in them, or pitfalls. I roamed about them all day long when I was a child, and nothing ever happened to me."

Dick shook his head; but he was cheered in spite of himself, and began to have a little hope. The woods were alive with sound on that dim afternoon. The sun, indeed, was not shining, but the atmosphere was soft with spring, and all the light airs that were about came and rustled in the leaves, and tossed the light twigs which could not resist them. The birds were twittering on every branch, scarcely singing, for they missed the sun, but getting through all that melodious dramatic chatter which they do ordinarily in the early morning, before their professional life, so to speak, as minstrels of the universe, has begun. Everything was soft, harmonious, subdued—no high notes, either of colour or sound, but every tone gentle, low, and sweet. Even Esk added with a mellow note his voice to the concert. It seemed impossible to conceive of anything terrible, any grief that rends the heart, any failure of light and life,

upon such a subdued and gentle day. The young men went far,—much further, alas! than they needed to have gone—almost as far as the linn,—before Dick remembered that it was impossible she could have walked to that distance. “I am thinking of her as she was in the old times,” said Dick, “when she would get over a long bit of road, always so quiet, not one to talk much, looking as if she saw to the end, however far it was; but she couldn’t do that now. Now I think of it,” said Dick, “she’s failed these last days.”

“I do not think it, Dick. Your fears make you see the gloomy side of everything.”

“It ain’t my fears; it’s somehow borne in upon me. Please God,” said Dick, devoutly, “that we find her, she shan’t be left to herself again without being looked after. No, no one is to blame—except me that should have known.”

“Do you think it has harmed her to bring her here?” Val spoke humbly, with a sudden sense of some failure on his own part of duty towards her; for indeed he had taken his mother’s strange ways for granted, as children so often do.

“It couldn’t be helped, anyhow,” said Dick—“she had to come;” and then he paused and thought all at once of the bank of primroses, which was a mile at least nearer home than they were now. He put his hand on Val’s arm, and turned back. “I have thought of a place to look for her,” he cried.

The spot was deep in the silence of the woods, great trees standing round about, one a huge old beech, every branch of which looked like a tree in itself. Underneath it, in a curious circle, were a ring of juniper-bushes, deep funereal green, contrasting with the lighter silken foliage above. Close to this rose the low knoll, a deeper cool green than either, all

carpeted with the primrose-leaves. Something red lying there showed a long way before they reached the knoll, through the trees; but it was not till they were quite close to it that they saw her whom they sought. She was lying in a natural easy attitude reclined on the green bank. With one hand she seemed to be groping for something among the leaves, and it was only when they were within sight that she dropped back as if in fatigue, letting her head droop upon the rich herbage. “Mother!” Dick cried; but she did not move. Her consciousness was gone, or going. How long she had been there no one ever knew. Her strength had failed entirely when she had sat down among the flowers, after struggling through the bushes as on a pilgrimage to that natural shrine which had caught her sick fancy. She had a few of the primroses in her lap, and one or two in her hand. The very last, one large starlike flower just out of her reach, was the only other that remained, and she had fallen as if in an overstrain, trying to reach this. Her face was perfectly pallid, like white marble, contrasting with the brilliant colour of her shawl, as she lay back among the leaves. Her eyes were open, and seemed to be looking at the boys as they approached; but there was no intelligence or consciousness in them. Her lips were parted with a long-drawn struggling breath.

“Mother!” Dick cried, kneeling down by her side. She stirred faintly, and tried to turn towards the voice. “Mother, mother!” he repeated passionately; “you’re tired only? not ill, not ill, mother dear?”

Once more she made a feeble effort to turn to him. “Ay, Dick,” she said, “ay, lad—that’s—what it is. I’m tired—dead tired; I don’t know—how I am to get afoot—

"Don't lose heart," he cried, poor fellow—though every look he gave her took all heart from him—"there's two of us here to help you, mother, Val and me. Try to rouse up once more, for Val's sake, if not for mine."

She made no answer to this appeal; perhaps she was past understanding it; her fingers fumbled feebly with the primroses; "I came out—for some flowers," she said,— "but I didn't bring—no basket; ay, lad—it is a long way—and it's dark. Is there a tent—Dick? or where are we—to sleep to-night?"

"Mother, mother dear—home is close by—for God's sake come home!"

"That—I will!" she said, her voice low and dull and broken, contrasting strangely with the apparent heartiness of the words. Then she raised her head feebly for a moment, and looked at them with her eyes expanding in great circles of light—light which was darkness; and then dropped back again heavily, upon the green primrose-leaves.

"Has she fainted?" said Valentine, in terror.

"Go and fetch some one!" cried Dick, imperiously commanding his brother for the first time—"something to carry her home." He was master of the moment, in his sudden perception, and in the grief which he only could fully feel. He did not say what had happened, but he knew it to the depths of his heart. She had not fainted. She had got away where this time no one could follow her, or bring her back any more.

Val rushed through the trees to the broad footpath, to obey his brother's orders, dismayed and anxious, but with no suspicion of what had really taken place; and there met a pony-carriage which Lady Eskside had sent after them, judging that if the poor wanderer were

found, she might be too weary to walk back. Val returned immediately to where his mother lay, hopping, with a strange nervous dread which he could not account for, that she might have changed her position, and closed her eyes; for there was something that appalled him, he could not tell why, in the brilliancy of that look, which did not seem to direct itself to anything, not even to her sons. Dick raised her with difficulty in his arms, showing his brother without a word how to help him. And thus they made their way painfully through the brushwood. How heavy, how still, how motionless, how awful was their burden! Val's heart began to beat as hers had done so short a time before. Was this how people looked when they fainted? Before they reached the pony-carriage he was exhausted with the strain, which was both physical and mental. He was afraid of her, not knowing what had happened to her. "Should not we get water—something to revive her?" he said, panting, as she was laid down in the little carriage. Dick only shook his head. "Lead the pony very gently," he said to his brother; and Val once more did what he was told—humbly sending the servant who had brought it, on before them, to announce their coming, and to get the doctor. And thus her boys, all alone, no one with them, brought her home. It was what she would have chosen, poor soul! had she been able to choose.

I need not describe the commotion and excitement in Rosseraig when this piteous procession came to the door. Dick supporting her who needed no support; Val, with subdued looks, leading the pony. They carried her up-stairs into her own room between them, letting no one else touch her; and I think that, by that time, Val knew, as well as Dick. But of course all kind of

vain attempts were made to bring her to herself, till the doctor came, who looked at her, and then sent all the foolish ministrations away. Richard Ross, coming in very white and worn from the river-side, where he had found nothing, met Mrs Harding coming down-stairs with solemn looks, but did not stop to question her. He went straight up into the rooms where up to this time there had existed a kind of moral barricade against him which he had seldom ventured to face. All was open now to him or any one. He could go where he pleased, penetrating into the very chamber a little while ago more closely shut against him than any Holy of Holies, where his wife lay. They had pulled away, for the sake of air, all the curtains and draperies which a few hours before had stifled her very soul ; and there she lay, unveiled as yet, a marble woman, white and grand, with everything gone that detracted from her beauty. Her eyes were half closed, revealing still a glimmer under the long eyelashes, which had never showed as they did now, against the marble whiteness of her cheek. The kerchief on her head had fallen off, and the long dark hair framed the white face. The living woman had been beautiful with a beauty that was passing—the dead woman was sublime in a beauty that would last, in

the eyes that saw her now, forever. Richard thrust the doctor out of his way, who turned to speak to him. He put Val away with the other hand, and went up close to the bedside. What thoughts passed through his mind as he stood there ! Sorrow, a certain indignation, a profound and mournful pity. It was she who had wronged him, not he who had wronged her ; and there she lay, for whom he had lost his life, and who had never been his. His cold bosom swelled with an emotion greater than he knew how to account for. She was so beautiful that he was proud of her even at this last moment, and felt his choice justified ; but she had got away for ever without one sign, without one word, to show that she had ever thought of him. He had given up everything for her, and she had never been his.

"Richard, Richard, come away," said his mother, laying her hand on his arm ; "we can do her no good now ; and she had her boys with her, thank God, at the last."

"Her boys !" he said, with a deep breath which was tremulous with injured love, with wounded pride, with unspeakable minglings of indignant sorrow. "I am her husband, mother, and she has gone without one word to me."

Then he turned, and, without looking at any one, went away.

CHAPTER XLIII.

I do not mean to pretend to the reader that, after that one moment of complicated anguish, swelling of the heart almost too great for a man's bosom who was too proud to show any sign, Richard sorrowed long or deeply for his wife, or that this strange blow was profoundly felt as a grief by the awed and saddened household. That was scarcely possible : though the sor-

rowful pity for a life thus wasted, and which had caused the waste of another, was more deep and less unmingled in the minds of the old people after the death of Richard's wife than it could be while she was living, and proving still how impossible it was by any amount of kindness to bring her to share their existence. Neither could Val grieve as Dick did. He grieved with his

imagination, seeing all the sadness of this catastrophe, and touched with tender compunctions, and thoughts of what he might have done but did not, as every sensitive soul must be when the gate of death has closed between it and those who have claims upon its affection. He was very, very sorry for poor Dick, whose grief was real and profound ; and deeply touched by the memory of his mother whom he had known so little. But what more could he feel ? and soon life took its usual course again. The house was saddened and stilled in its mourning—but it was relieved also. “She never could have been happy here ; and where, poor soul, would she have been happy ?” Lady Eskside said, dropping a natural tribute of tears to her memory. It was sad beyond measure, but yet it was a relief as well.

Very soon, too, after this, it became necessary for Val to go to London, and for the whole system of the family affairs to be rearranged. Dick had not taken the slightest notice of the revelation which he had heard that day at the library door, if, indeed, he had heard it at all. A day or two, however, before the time fixed for Val’s departure, he appeared in the library, where once more his grandparents were seated together, leading his brother with him. It was about a month after the mother’s death, getting towards the end of June ; and the windows were all open. Lady Eskside had come in from the lawn where she had been walking, with a white shawl over her cap (the old lady disliked black—but white is always suitable with mourning, as well as very becoming to a fair old face, soft with pearly tints of age, yet sweet with unfading bloom) ; on a garden-seat within sight Richard sat reading, looking out now and then from his book on the lovely familiar landscape. The

old lord, I need not say, was seated at his writing-table, with the last number of the ‘*Agricultural Journal*’ near him, and a letter, just begun, on his desk, to the editor, in which he was about to give very weighty advice to the farming world on the rotation of crops. Thus, when the two young men came in, the whole family was within reach, all stilled and quieted, as a family generally is after a domestic loss, even when there is no profound grief. Dick was the most serious of all. There was that expression about his eyes which tears leave behind, and which sad thoughts leave—a look that comes naturally to any mourner who has strained his eyes gazing after some one who is gone. Val was the only exception to the generally subdued look of the party. He was excited ; two red spots were on his cheeks, his eyes were shining with animation and energy ; he went to the window, said a few half-whispered words to Lady Eskside, then beckoned to his father, who came slowly in and joined them. Dick sat listlessly down near the old lady. He was the only one who seemed indifferent to what was coming, and indeed suspected nothing of any special importance in this family meeting.

“Grandfather,” said Val, “I have something to say. I am going away soon, you know, and I should like everything to be settled first. There have been so many changes lately, some of them sad enough,” and he laid his hand caressingly on Dick’s shoulder, by whom he stood. “We can’t get back what has gone from us,” said Val, his eyes glistening, “or make up for anything that might have been done differently ; but at least we must settle everything now.” Then there was a little pause, and he added with a smile half frank, half embarrassed, “It seems very worldly-minded, but I

should like to know what I am to have and how things are to be."

"It is very reasonable," said Lord Eskside.

"First of all," said Val, "I want to keep my seat now I've got it. I don't grudge anything to Dick—it isn't that; but as there was a great deal of trouble in getting it, and expense—no, I don't mean to be a humbug; that isn't the reason. There's nothing to prevent the younger son being member for Eskshire, is there, sir? and I want it—that's the short and long of the matter—unless you say no."

"He ought to have the seat," said Richard. "It is a little compensation for the disappointment; besides, Val is better qualified——"

"And again," said Val, hurriedly, to prevent the completion of this sentence, "I want to know, sir, and Dick ought to know——"

Dick interrupted him, raising his head, "What is this about?" he asked; "has it anything to do with me?"

"It has everything to do with you," said his father. "He knows, does not he? Dick, I was told you were present and heard what I said—which perhaps was foolishly said at that moment. We had always thought your brother was the eldest and you the youngest. Now it turns out the other way. You are the eldest son. Of course this changes Valentine's prospects entirely; and it is well that you, too, should look your new position in the face as my father's heir."

"I!—Lord Eskside's heir?" said Dick, rising to his feet, not startled or wondering, but with a smile. "No, no, you are mistaken; that is not what you mean."

"Unfortunately there is no possibility of being mistaken," said Richard. "Yes, Val, it is unfortunate; for you have been brought up to it and he has not. But, my boy," he said, turning to Dick

kindly, though it was with an effort, "we none of us grudge it to you; you have behaved in every way so well, and so like a gentleman."

"Perfectly well—as if I had trained him myself," said my lady, drying her eyes, "notwithstanding that we feel the disappointment to Val." The old lord did not say anything, but he watched Dick very closely from under his shaggy brows.

Dick looked round upon them for a moment, quiet and smiling softly as if to himself at some private subject of amusement. Then he looked at Lady Eskside. "Do you believe it too, *you*, my lady?" he said in an undertone, with a half reproach. After this, turning to the others again, his aspect changed. He grew red with rising excitement, and addressed them as if from some platform raised higher than they were. "I am a very simple lad," he said; "I don't know how your minds work, you that are gentlemen. In my class it would be as plain as daylight—at least I think so, unless I'm wrong. What do you mean, in the name of heaven, you that are gentlemen? Me to come in and take Val's name and place and fortune! me, Forest Myra's son—Dick Brown!—that he took off the road and made a man of when we were both boys. What have I done that you should name such a thing to me?"

The men all looked at him, abashed and wondering. Lady Eskside alone spoke. "Oh, Dick, my boy!" she said, holding out her hand to him, "that was what I said; that was what I knew you would say."

"And that is just what must not be said," said the old lord, rising from his seat. "My man, you speak like a man; and don't think you are not understood. But it cannot be. There are three generations of us here together. A

hardship is a hardship, meant to be endured ; and I would not say but to bear it well was as great an honour to the family as to win a battle. We are three generations here, Dick, and we can't put the house in jeopardy, or trust its weal to a hasty generosity, that your son, if not you, would repent of. No, no. God bless you, my man ! you are the eldest, and everything will be yours."

This time Dick laughed aloud. "When two noes meet," he said, "one must give in, sir. I'll not give in. I say it to your face ; and yours, sir ; and yours, Val. You may speak till Doomsday, but I'll not give in ; not if the world was to come to an end for it. Look here : I am *her* son, as well as Val. I can go further off, more out of your reach, than ever she did—God bless her ! And I'm a man, and you can't stop me. If there's another word about me taking Val's place, (a farce ! as if I ever would do it !) that day I'll go !—that moment I'll go ! and, do what you please, you can't bring *me* back. But I don't want to go," Dick said, after a pause, in a softened voice ; "I ain't one to wander ; I'm fond of a home. What I'd like would be to stay quiet, and stand by the old folks, and be of some use to Val. Father and Grandfather ! I've never made bold to call you so before ; don't drive me away ! Val, speak for me ! for God's sake, don't make a Cain of me—an outcast—a tramp !"

"It is not in your nature," said Richard, with a smile.

"You don't know what's in my nature. You didn't know what was in *her* nature," said Dick, with sudden passion. "I'll not do this, so help me God !" He snatched up Lady Ekside's big Bible with the large print, from the table, and kissed it, tremulous with excitement. Then, putting it reverently

down again, went and threw himself at the feet of the old lady. "Put your hand on my head," said Dick, softly, "my lady, as she used to do."

"I will—I will, my dear !" said Lady Ekside.

And to be sure this was not how it ended. All the more for their wish that it should be so, the family, in its three generations, struggled against Dick's persistence, calling in external testimony—as that of Willie Maitland—to prove how impossible any such arrangement was. Dick never allowed himself to be excited again ; but he held by his vow, and nothing that could be said moved him. Sometimes he would get up in the midst of a discussion, and go away, crying out impatiently that they were tiring him to death,—the only time he was disrespectful in word or look to the elders of the party. Sometimes he bore it all, smiling ; sometimes he threatened to go away. I think it was by the interposition of Sandy Pringle's good sense that it was settled at last—Sandy Pringle the younger, a very rising young lawyer, much thought of in the Parliament House. Val had sought Sandy out almost as anxiously as he sought Violet, to beg his pardon for that unadvised blow, and to secure his interest (for is not a friend, once alienated, then recovered, twice a friend ?) with his parents. Sandy was the first of the Pringle family reintroduced after the quarrel to Rosscraig. He took Dick's side energetically and at once, with that entire contempt for the law which I believe only great lawyers venture to entertain. I don't pretend to understand how he managed it, or how far the bargain which was ultimately made was justifiable, or whether it would stand for a moment if any one contested it. Such arrangements do exist, they say, in many great families, and Sandy had

a whole list of them at his fingers' ends, with which he silenced Lord Eskside. One enormous point in his favour was that Valentine, being already known and acknowledged as Lord Eskside's eldest grandson and heir, active measures would have been necessary on Dick's part to establish his own claims—measures which Dick not only would not take, but refused all sanction to. And howsoever it was brought about, this I know, that Val is the eldest son and Dick the youngest, *de facto*, if not *de jure*, to the absolute contentment of everybody concerned ; and that this secret, like every other honest secret, is known to a dozen people at least, and up to this time has done nobody any harm.

And I will not attempt to linger at this advanced period of my story, or to tell all the means by which the Pringles, on one side, and the Rosses on the other, were brought to consent to that unalterable decision of the young people, which both Val and Vi believed themselves to have held to with resolution heroic through trials unparalleled. Reflect with yourself, kind reader, how long, if you have an only daughter, your middle-aged sternness could hold out against the tears in her sweet eyes?—reflect how long you could stand out against your boy—the fine fellow who is your pride and glory? There are stern parents, I suppose, in the world, but I fully confess they are beings as much beyond my comprehension as megatheriums. If the young people hold out, tenderly and dutifully as becomes them, the old people must give in. Is it not a law of nature? I do not advise you, boys and girls, to flout and defy us all the same; for that brings into action a totally different order of feelings,—a different set of muscles, so to speak, producing quite different results. But as my boy

and girl, in the present case, heartily loved their fathers and mothers, and were incapable of disrespect towards them, the natural consequence came about in time, as how should it not? Lord and Lady Eskside and Mr and Mrs Pringle, and even the Honourable Richard Ross, in Florence, gave in accordingly, and consented at last. This process occupied the time until the beginning of the next summer from these events ; and then, on the first day in June (not May, the virgin month, which is, as everybody in Scotland knows, fatally unlucky for marriages) Valentine and Violet were made one, and all their troubles (they thought, like a pair of babies) came to an end. The wedding feast, out of consideration for the old people, was held at Rosscraig ; but I will tell the reader of only one incident which occurred at that feast, or after it, and which has no particular connection either with the bridegroom or the bride.

Richard Ross had come from Florence to be present at his son's marriage ; and there, too, was Miss Percival, who had been much longer absent from her old friend than was usual, the episode of Richard's wife having interposed a visionary obstacle between them which neither could easily break. At this genial moment, however, Mary forgot herself, and returned to all her old habits in the familiar house. It was she and Dick—who immediately fell in love with each other—who arranged everything, and made the wedding party so completely successful. After the bridal pair had gone, when the guests were dispersing, and Mary's cares over, she came out on the terrace before the windows to breathe the fresh air, and have a moment's quiet. Here Richard joined her after a while. Richard Ross was fifty, but his appearance was exactly what it had been ten years before, and I am

not sure that he was not handsomer then than at five-and-twenty. Mary was a few years younger—a pretty woman of her age—with hair inclining towards grey, and eyes as bright as they had ever been. I do not think it failed to strike either of them with a curious thrill of half sympathy, half pain, that they two might have been—nay, almost, ought to have been—the father and mother, taking a conjugal stroll in the quiet, after their son had departed in his youthful triumph, feeling half sad, half glad that his time had begun and theirs was over—yet so far from really feeling their day to be over, that the sadness was whimsical, and amused them. I think they both felt this, more or less, and that Mary's secret grudge at having been, as it were, cheated out of the mothering of Val, had been strong in her mind all day. They looked together over the lovely woods, all soft with the warmth of June, down to where the Esk, never too quiet, played like a big baby with the giant boulder which lay mid-stream, just as he turned round the corner of the hill. The two figures on the terrace were in shade, but all the landscape was shining in the June sunshine. It was a moment to touch the heart.

"You and I have looked at these woods often together, Mary, in many different circumstances," said Richard, with a touch of sentiment in his voice.

"Yes, indeed—often enough," she said, compelling herself to laugh.

"And now here have the young ones set out, and we remain. I often wonder if you and I had come together a quarter of a century ago, as seemed so natural—as I suppose everybody wished——"

"Except ourselves," said Mary, her heart fluttering, but putting forth all her most strenuous powers of self-command.

"Except—ourselves? Well, one never knows exactly what one did wish at that time," said Richard; 'everything that was least good, I suppose. We are very reasonable at our present age, Mary; and I think we suit each other. Suppose you have me, now?'"

"Suppose—what?" she asked, with surprise.

"I think we suit each other; and my mother would be more pleased than words can tell. Suppose you have me, now?"

He held out his hand to her, standing still; and she turned and looked at him steadily, gravely, the flutter utterly stilled in her heart.

"No, Richard, thank you," she said. "It is too late for that sort of thing now."

He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at her. "Well—if you think so," he said; and they walked together once more to the end of the terrace. I suppose he could have gone on quite steadily, as if nothing had happened; but Mary was not capable of this. When they turned again, she broke away from him, saying something incoherent about my lady calling her—which was not the case, of course. Mary found it unpleasant to be near him all day after this; and in the languor of the waning afternoon, when all the guests were gone, she escaped to the woods, where Dick followed her, anxious too to escape from his own thoughts. But yet what kind thoughts these were!—what an exquisite, gentle melancholy it was that moved poor Dick, infinitely sad, yet sweeter than being happy! He had a feeling for Violet which he had never had for any woman—which he believed he never would have again for any woman—and she was his brother's wife, God bless her! Dick was right in that last thought. He would never think of any other again as he had thought of Vi; but for all that his wound was not a

deadly wound, and his love was of the imagination rather than the heart. He did not mean to tell Miss Percival about it in so many words ; but she was an understanding woman, and could make a great deal out of a very little. She read him as clearly as if she had seen into his heart. And so, I think, she did ; and Dick's heart was so soft that a great deal came out of it which he had never known to be there. Once only she startled him greatly by an abrupt exclamation. In the very midst of something he was saying she broke out, interrupting him, in words of which he could not tell what they meant, or to whom they referred.

"This is the one I used to think I knew !" cried Mary to herself. "I was not deceived, only too early for him. This is the one I knew !"

Was she going out of her wits, the kind woman ? But years after Dick had a glimmering of understanding as to what she meant.

Before Richard went away he told his mother what had happened. He was too much a man of the world to believe for a moment that such a secret could be kept or that Mary would not tell ; and it was one of his principles, when anything unpleasant could be said about you, to take care to say it yourself. Just before he bade her good-bye, he told Lady Eskside : "Don't say I never try to please you, mother," he said ; "I asked Mary to have me on Val's wedding day——"

"Richard ! Lord bless us ! and Mary said——"

"No, thank you," said Richard, with a laugh ; and kissed his mother, and went away.

Lady Eskside, very full of this strange intimation, walked down the avenue to meet the old lord on

his return from the station whither he had accompanied his son. She took his arm and they walked up together. "The train was in time, for a wonder, and he's off, Catherine," said the old lord. "So now you and me must settle down, as it's all over ; and be thankful we have Dick to 'stand by the old folks,' as he says."

"Yes," said my lady a little *distrained* ; "but I've something to tell you. Richard asked Mary before he went away——"

"Asked Mary ? What ? And she told you, my lady ? She should not have told you ; unless she consented, and I doubt that," said the old lord.

"He told me, and she refused him. She was not blate to refuse my Richard. Should I say anything about it ?" asked my lady, leaning heavily on her old lord's arm, for the path was steep and tried them both.

Lord Eskside laughed, his eyes twinkling under his eyebrows. "They're quits now, or more," he said ; "and I would not say but something might come of it yet."

The avenue was very steep ; it tried them both as they went up slowly leaning on each other. When they stopped to take breath, they both spoke, the same thought coming to their minds at the same moment. "The house will be dull without Val," Lady Eskside said with a sigh. "When the bairns are gone, the house grows quiet," said her husband. Then they set forth again and climbed the last turn to their own door, holding each other up with kind mutual pressure of their old arms. Both of them were beyond the measure of man's years on earth. "The bairns come and the bairns go—but, thank God, you and me are still together, Catherine," said the old lord.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

SHIGRI AND ITS GLACIERS.—THE ALPS AND HIMALIYA.

THE valley of Spiti is secluded in such a very formidable manner from the civilised world that it has very few European visitors; and though it has frequently been conquered, yet it is difficult to conceive of its being so, or of any one finding it worth while to conquer it. This province is situated in the centre of the *Himáliya*, with two great snowy ranges (not to speak of minor ones) between it and the plains of India. There are very few parts in Spiti where we can get below 12,000 feet, while it contains innumerable points which are 20,000 feet high, and its great valley has an average elevation of about 12,800 feet. Elevated and secluded though this province be, it is not to be compared in these admirable respects with *Zanskar*; but it is tolerably well raised out of the world. On the east, access can be had to it by the 18,000-foot *Manerung Pass*, or the difficult *To-tzo* route. From the south, the only entrance is by the desolate *Babeli Pass*, which is 15,000 feet high, and closed great part of the year. To the west, the direction which I am about to pursue, there are no means of exit or access except over glaciers and an utterly desolate region, which requires days in order to traverse it. To the north there are a few passes like the *Purang-la* (18,000 feet), which take towards *Ladák*; but nobody need go to *Ladák* in search of civilisation. I did see one solitary apricot-tree at *Lari*, and some fine willow-trees at *Po*; but that about exhausts my arboreal recollections of Spiti, or *Pítí*, as the people of the country more usually call it. There are a good many willow, birch, and

thorn bushes; but still there must be a great scarcity of fuel. Notwithstanding that it is about seventy miles long, with a breadth of fifty miles in its upper portion, its population amounts to only about 2300 persons, whose language is Tibetan, and whose appearance has some Tartar characteristics. The minstrels, to whom I have already alluded, do not hold land, and are called *Bedas*. Captain Harcourt says: "Many of the men resemble veritable *Calmucks*; and with few exceptions fall, as do the women, very far below the European standard of beauty; indeed, for positive hideousness of countenance, the people of Spiti are perhaps pre-eminent in the British empire." For absolute hideousness, so great as to be almost beauty of a kind, I should back a Spiti old woman against the whole human race; and the production of one in Europe, with her extraordinary ornaments, could scarcely fail to create a great sensation. The dress of both sexes may be described as tunics and trousers of thick woollen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are not fond of taking off at any time. In order to obtain greater warmth they often put a quantity of flour into these boots, beside their legs, which I fancy is a practice peculiar to Spiti, but might be introduced elsewhere. The ornaments are very much the same as those of the Chinese Tartars, except that the women have sometimes nose-rings, which adds to their peculiar fascination. Not being affected by caste ideas, as even the Lamaists of *Kunáwar* are,

the people of Spiti make no objections to a European eating with them or entering their houses, unless they happen to be rather ashamed of the interior; but the houses differ very little from those of Zanskar, one of which I shall describe in detail, having had to spend two days in it during a great snowstorm. There is very little rainfall in Spiti; from November to April all the streams are frozen up, and it is rather a mystery to me how the people obtain sufficient fuel to support life during that long severe period. In summer the fields are watered by artificial channels leading from the mountain torrents; and it has often a very lively effect when the waters are let loose around and over a number of fields. The chief crops are wheat, barley, and peas, the latter affording a valuable addition to the traveller's food, but not so readily purchasable as the grain. One need not look for sugar, fruit, or any other of the luxuries of life, in this exceedingly sterile province. Yaks there are in abundance, along with zo-pos and the common Indian ox; and the *ghints*, or small ponies, are famous for their sure-footedness, their sagacity, and their power of carrying their rider safely up and down the most terrible, dangerous, and fatiguing paths. Horse-racing, of a very irregular sort, is indulged in occasionally; and the blacksmiths of Spiti are famous in High Asia for their manufacture of steel bits and stirrups. The great substitute for paper here, as in all these snow-lands, is the inner bark of the birch-tree, which is of a light yellow colour, and very soft, though of a close texture. It is very good for all wrapping purposes, and could be used for writing on if needed. The people are singularly exempt from disease, being, to all appearance, afflicted only by a few not bad cases of skin disease, which can

easily be accounted for by their persistent avoidance of washing. Spiti is Búdhistic; and there are nearly 400 Lamas in the province, most of whom are bound to celibacy, and only about a dozen nuns,—though that must be quite enough, if it be true, as Captain Harcourt, lately the Assistant Commissioner for the three British provinces of Kúlu, Lahaul, and Spiti, alleges, that “there are at times scenes of gross debauchery in the monasteries—a state of things which can be believed when Lamas and nuns are living promiscuously together.” As polyandry exists in the province, the surplus women have to remain in the houses of their parents or other relatives; but there is no reason to consider the Spiti people as immoral, though they indulge in heavy drinking on special occasions; and, like most mountaineers, they are exceedingly enamoured of their own lofty country, treeless and sterile though it be, and are extremely unwilling to go down any of the passes which lead to more genial climes. The poverty of this province, however, has not saved it from more than one conquest. Nearly a thousand years ago, it was under the Lassa Government; and two centuries after, it fell under the dominion of Kublai Khan. In more recent times, it was sometimes subject to the Chinese Tartars and sometimes to the chiefs of Baltistan or of Ladák, according to which party happened to have the upper hand in the neighbourhood. It came into our possession about thirty years ago, through an arrangement with the Maharajah of Kashmir, into whose power it had fallen, and was conjoined with Kúlu under an Assistant Commissioner in 1849.

Dankar, the capital of Spiti, should properly be spelled “Dran-khar,” which means “The cold

fort." *Khar*, with an aspirate, signifies a fort, as *Dan-kar* is, or rather was; but *kar* means white. Hence it has been a decided error to call this place Dankar; but I shall leave the correction of it to Dr W. W. Hunter and his department, for though Spiti does not boast of a post-office, yet it is a British province. The precise height of this village is 12,776 feet, so it may easily be conceived that the nights were intensely cold in our light tents, and that there was some little difficulty in rousing my people in the morning. From Dankar, or rather from Kazeh or Kaja, a day's journey beyond, my course was a novel one, almost unknown to Himáliyan tourists. When considering, at Simla, how I should best see the Himáliya and keep out of the reach of the Indian monsoon, I had the advantage of an old edition of Montgomerie's map, in which the mountains and rivers are laid in, but which is now out of print; and I saw from it that the lie of the Himáliya to the north-west presented a series of rivers and elevated valleys, in the very centre of the ranges, which would enable me to proceed to Kashmir by almost a new route, and one of great interest. I could get no information about this route, further than was conveyed by the admission of a Panjábi captain, who had been in the Himáliya, and who said on my consulting him on the subject—"Well, I should think it would be very possible." It certainly proved to be so, seeing that I got over the ground, and I got some information regarding it from the Moravian missionaries.

What I had to do was to follow up the Lee or Spiti river almost to its source, then to cross the Kanzam Pass into the frightfully desolate Shigri valley, or valley of the Chandra river; to follow down that river

to its junction with the Bhaga; to follow up the Bhaga for a few marches, and then to cross over the tremendous Shinkal Pass on to the Tsarap Lingti river, and the valleys through which streams flow into the upper Indus. It is the first portion of this journey that I have now to speak of; and to render it intelligible, it is only necessary for the reader to follow up the Spiti river as far as he can get, to cross the mountains at its source, and then to descend the Chandra river to its junction with the Bhaga.

At Kazeh, a day's journey from Dankar, I left the usual track, which goes over the Parang-la Pass to Changchemmo and Leh, and which involves a journey that is on many grounds objectionable. Here I had the choice of two routes, one on the left and one on the right bank of the Lee, but chose the latter; and as the former was within sight great part of the way, I had the opportunity of observing that it was considerably the worst of the two, though an inexperienced traveller might rashly conclude that nothing could be worse than the one I followed. To Kazeh we kept up the left bank of the Lee, which was no longer sunk in deep gorges, but had a broad open valley, and spreads itself here and there amid a waste of white stones. Here I crossed the river, at a point where the banks drew close together, and on what, by courtesy, might be called a wooden bridge. This *sangpa* is very high and shaky, and the central portion of it is composed of three logs, without any parapet, and with loose branches laid across it, which are awkward and dangerous to step upon. Stopping for breakfast at the village of Kharig, I saw the large Lama monastery of Kí on the other side of the river, perched on the top of a hill in a very extraordinary manner. This monastery, according to Csoma

de Körös, was established in the eleventh century of the Christian era by a pupil of the well-known Atisha. It is a celebrated place; but (whether or not it contains any portion of the dozen Spiti nuns) its monks do not seem to exercise much civilising influence in their own neighbourhood, for the people of Kharig were much more like thorough savages than the residents of any other Himáliyan village which I entered. It being rather a hot day, the children, and even boys and girls of ten and twelve years old, were entirely naked; and the number of children was far beyond the usual proportion to that of households. Morang, where we camped, is a small village even for these mountains, and is about 13,000 feet high; but it had an intelligent and exceedingly obliging *mukwa*—the functionary who provides for the wants of travellers—who had been educated by the Moravian brethren in Lahaul, and spoke Hindústani. There was a wonderful view from this place both up and down the great valley of the Spiti river, bounded downwards by the Rupa-khago, or the snowy mountains of the Manerung Pass, and upwards by a grand 20,000-foot peak, supporting an enormous bed of *névé*. Both on this day's journey and on the next, the banks of the river and the mountains above them presented the most extraordinary castellated forms. In many parts the bed of the Lee was hundreds of yards broad, and was composed of white shingle, great part of which was uncovered by water. The steep banks above this white bed had been cut by the action of the elements, so that a series of small fortresses, temples, and spires seemed to stand out from them. Above these again, gigantic mural precipices, bastions, towers, castles, citadels, and spires rose up thousands of feet in height,

mocking, in their immensity and grandeur, the puny efforts of human art, and yet presenting almost all the shapes and effects which our architecture has been able to devise; while, yet higher, the domes of pure white snow and glittering spires of ice far surpassed in perfection, as well as in immensity, all the Moslem *musjids* and minars. It was passing strange to find the inorganic world thus anticipating, on so gigantic a scale, some of the loftiest efforts of human art; and it is far from unlikely that the builders of the Taj and of the Pearl Mosque at Agra only embodied in marble a dream of the snows of the Himáliya or of the Hindú Kúsh.

After leaving Morang we crossed another shaky *sauppa* over the Gyundi river, and another one before reaching Kiotro, where we encamped in a sort of hollow beyond the village. The place seemed shut in on every side; but that did not preserve us from a frightful wind which blew violently all night, and, with the thermometer at 43°, rendered sleep nearly impossible in my tent. There was a good path on the left bank of the Lee, for my next day's journey from Kiotro to Loisar; and the rock-battlements were more wonderful than ever; but just before reaching that latter place, we had to cross to the right bank of the river by means of a very unpleasant *jhúla*, the side ropes of which were so low as to make walking along it painful. In Loisar, instead of using my tent, I occupied a small mud-room which the Government of British India has been good enough to erect for the benefit of travellers: I do not know what the reason may be for this unusual act of generosity. Perhaps it is because Loisar is one of the highest villages in the world, though it is inhabited all the year round, being 13,395 feet above the

level of the sea. Notwithstanding this extreme altitude, it has a good many fields in which various kinds of grain are cultivated, and there is not a little pasture-land in its neighbourhood. The care of a paternal Government had even gone the length of keeping this room clean and free from insects; so it was a pleasant change from my tent, the more so as it began to rain, and rain at 13,395 feet very soon displays a tendency to turn into sleet and snow. A tent is very healthy and delightful up to a certain point; but it hardly affords any higher temperature than that of the external air; and on these great altitudes at night the air cools down so rapidly, and to such an extent, that it may be a source of danger to some people. There is a safeguard, however, in the purity of the Himāliyan air and in our continuously open-air life among the mountains. I have been injured by the unusual severity of the winter this year in England; yet got no harm, but rather positive benefit, from camping on snow for nights together in my thin tent in Zanskar and Súrú, and in much more severe weather than we have had here lately. Still, the paternal Government's mud-palace at Loisar was an agreeable change, and afforded me the luxury of a sounder sleep than I had had for several nights. The Nakowallah, however, did not at all appreciate the advantages of having a solid habitation about him. I should have thought it would have been simple enough even for his tastes; but nothing would satisfy that floecy dog until he was allowed to lie outside of the door instead of inside, though that latter position exposed him to hostile visits from all the dogs of the village; and there was a ferocious growling kept up all night outside the door, which, however, was

music to me compared with the howling of the wind about my tent, to which I had been exposed for two or three nights previously.

At Loisar I had to arrange for a very hard journey of five days, over a wild stretch of country where there are no villages, no houses, and scarcely any wood, so that supplies of every kind have to be taken for it. In order to get into Lahaul and hit the junction of the Chandra and Bhaga rivers on the cut road which runs from Simla to Leh, two routes are available from Loisar, both involving a stretch of days over a desolate and glacier-covered country. They both pursue the same course for nearly a day's journey, on to the gradual western slope of the Kanzam or Kanzal Pass; but before crossing it one route takes off to the right, up the highest portion of the valley of the Chandra river, until it strikes the cut road to Leh, near the top of the Barra Lacha Pass (16,221 feet), and then descends the Bhaga to the junction of the two rivers, along the cut road and down a valley where there are plenty of villages. This was the road which I wished to follow, because I always preferred keeping as high up as possible; but the people at Loisar, who were to furnish me with coolies, declared against that route, and implored me not to insist upon going by it. There is a very difficult river to be forded, the water of which is so rapid that the *bigarries*, or porters, can only manage to get through by holding one another's hands and forming a long line. When Sir Douglas Forsyth was Commissioner of the Hill States, he passed over this route, losing two of his *bigarries* (women, I think) in this river; and though he compensated their families, this unfortunate event is advanced to this day as a conclusive reason against the Barra Lacha route, and will probably be so ad-

vanced for centuries, if the world lasts as long.

Hence I had to adopt the other route, which proved to be quite elevated and cold enough. It crosses the Kanzam Pass at a height of almost 15,000 feet, and then goes down the Chandra river on its left bank, through what is called by the natives the Shigri valley, until it reaches the cut road to Leh at the foot, and on the north side, of the Rotang Pass, which is 13,000 feet high, and the mountains of which separate Lahaul from the Kulu valley. Immediately after that point, this route crosses the river to the village of Kokser, and proceeds from thence to the junction of the Chandra and Bhaga, from whence there are various, but all rather difficult, routes leading to Kashmir. The two routes I have mentioned, which meet at the head of the Chandra-Bhaga—or what is almost equivalent to them, these two rivers before their junction—enclose a large extent of great glaciers and immense snowy mountains, with no habitations, and almost inaccessible to human beings. An equally high range runs down the left bank of the Chandra (the route which I followed), throwing out its glaciers down to and almost across the river, so that it may easily be conceived that few portions even of the Himáliya, which are at all accessible, afford such a stretch of desolation and of wild sublimity.

It was necessary for me, on this part of the journey, to take sixteen *bigarrées*, nearly half of whom were women, besides an extra yak to carry wood; and for my own use I got a little dark Spiti mare, which looked nothing to speak of, but actually performed marvels. We also took with us a small flock of milch goats, which could pick up subsistence by the way, and one or two live sheep to be made in-

to mutton on the journey. Starting at six on the morning of the 25th August, with the thermometer at 42°, the first part of the journey gave no idea of the desolation which was soon to be encountered. The day was bright and delightful, and the air even purer and more exhilarating than usual, as might be expected above 13,000 feet. A few miles beyond Loisar we came to the end of the Lee or Spiti river, which I had now followed up from its confluence with the Sutlej, through one of the wildest and most singular valleys in the world. Its whole course is 145 miles; but such figures give no idea of the time and immense toil which are required in order to follow it up that short course, in which it has a fall of about 6000 feet. It has an extraordinary end, which has already been described, and also a curious commencement; for it begins, so to speak, at once, in a broad white bed of sand and stones, being there created by the junction of two short and (when I saw them) insignificant streams, of about equal size and length; the Líchú, which comes from the Kanzam Pass, and the Pítú, which has its rise in the 20,000 snowy peak, Kiii. Earlier in the season, however, just after mid-day, when the snows and glaciers are in full melting order, there must be a magnificent body of water in this upper portion of the Lee, raging and foaming along from bank to brae.

Turning south-west, up the Líchú river, we found a beautiful valley, full of small willow-trees and bright green grass, though it could have been very little less than 14,000 feet high. It was the most European-looking valley I saw among the Himáliya before reaching Kashmir; and it was followed by easy grassy slopes, variegated by sunshine and the shade of passing clouds, which slopes led up to the

extreme summit of the Kanzam or Kanzal Pass, a height of 14,937 feet. Here there was a very imposing view in front, of immense glaciers and snowy peaks, over or about 20,000 feet high, which rose up not far from perpendicularly, on the other side of the youthful Chandra river, which raged down, far beneath our feet, in a manner which made it no wonder that the Kokser people were unwilling to encounter its turbid current. These mountains are the L peaks of the Topographical Survey; three of them had some resemblance to the Matterhorn, though with more snow, and they rose abruptly from the Chandra, so as in the pure air to appear almost within a stone's-throw of the place on which we stood. Great overhanging beds of *névé* fed enormous glaciers, which stretched down to the riverlike buttresses of the three nearest peaks. To an unpractised eye, it might have seemed as if the glaciers extended only half-way to the Chandra, because the lower portions of them were not only thickly covered with debris of rock, but in some places this debris bore living grass. This is a striking phenomenon, which occurs on the Himāliyan glaciers; but I shall return to the subject directly, when I get upon the great glaciers of the Shigri valley.

There was a steep descent from the top of the Kanzam Pass to the Chandra river, which we followed down a short way until a camping-ground was found about the height of 14,000 feet, beside a sort of pond formed by a back-flow of a tributary of the Chandra. Looking down the valley immense glaciers were seen flowing down the clefts in the high mural precipices on both sides of the Chandra, and extending from the great beds of snow above, down to, and even

into the river. This was the Abode of Snow, and no mistake; for nothing else but snow, glaciers, and rocks were to be seen, and the great ice-serpents crept over into this dread valley as if they were living monsters. In the local dialect *Shigri* means a glacier; but the word is applied to the upper Chandra valley, so that the Shigri valley may be called, both literally and linguistically, the "Valley of Glaciers." But the collection of glaciers between the Chandra and Bhaga rivers, large though it be, is really insignificant compared to the enormous congeries of them to be found on the southern side of Zaskar. There was no sward here of any description; and I began to realise the force of the Afghan proverb, "When the wood of Jugduluk burns you begin to melt gold." Of this Shigri valley, in which we spent the next four days, it may well be said that—

"Bare is it, without house or track, and
destitute
Of obvious shelter as a shipless sea."

That, however, is by no means the worst of it; and in the course of the afternoon a fierce storm of wind, rain, and snow added to the savagery of the scene. As I had noticed from the top of the pass, some of the clouds of the monsoon seemed to have been forced over the two ranges of lofty mountains between us and the Indian plains; and soon the storm-clouds began to roll grandly among the snowy peaks which rose close above us on every side. That spectacle was glorious; but it was not so pleasant when the clouds suddenly descended upon us, hiding the peaks, and discharging themselves in heavy rain where we were, but in snow a few hundred feet above. There was a storm-wind which came—

"Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try ;
Or Boreas, when he scours the snow
That skims the plains of Thessaly."

The thermometer sank at once to 41°, from about 65°; and during the night it got down to freezing-point within my tent. Before night the clouds lifted, showing new-fallen snow all round us. In the twilight everything looked white, and assumed a ghastly appearance. The pond was white, and so were the stones around it, the foaming river, and the chalky ground on which our tents were pitched. The sides of the mountains were white with pure new-fallen snow; the overhanging glaciers were partly covered with it; the snowy peaks were white, and so were the clouds, faintly illuminated by the setting sun, veiled with white mist. After dark, the clouds cleared away entirely, and, clearly seen in the brilliant starlight,

"Above the spectral glaciers shone"

beneath the icy peaks; while, above all, the hosts of heaven gleamed with exceeding brightness in the high pure air. The long shining cloud of the Milky Way slanted across the white valley; Vega, my star, was past its zenith; and the *Tsaut Rishi*—the seven prophets of the Hindus, or the seven stars of our Great Bear—were sinking behind the mountains.

We had some difficulty in getting off by six next morning, when the thermometer was at 36°, and every one was suffering from the cold. Unfortunately, too, we had to ford several icy-cold streams shortly after leaving camp, for they would have been unfordable further on in the day. There are no bridges on this wild route; and I could not help pitying the poor women who, on this cold morning, had to wade shivering through the streams, with the rapid water dashing up almost

to their waists. Still, on every side there were 20,000-foot snowy peaks and overhanging glaciers, while great beds of snow curled over the tops of the mural precipices. After a few miles the Chandra ceased to run from north to south, and turned so as to flow from east to west; but there was no change in the sublime and terrific character of the scenery. Out of the enormous beds of snow above, whenever there is an opening for them,—

"The glaciers creep
Like snakes that watch their prey; from
their far fountains
Slowly rolling on; there many a precipice,
Frost, and the sun, in scorn of mortal
power,
Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle—
A city of death, distinct with many a
tower,
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the
sky
Rolls its perpetual stream."

We were soon doomed to make a closer acquaintance with some of these enormous glaciers. Ere long we came to one which stretched down all the way into the river, so there was no flanking it. At first it looked as if we were painfully crossing the huge ridges of a fallen mountain; but this soon proved to be an immense glacier, very thickly covered over with slabs of clay-slate, and with large blocks of granite and gneiss, but with the solid ice underneath exposed here and there, and especially in the surfaces of the large crevasses which went down to unknown depths. This glacier, as also others which followed, was a frightfully fatiguing and exasperating thing to cross, and occupied us nearly three hours, our guides being rather at a loss in finding a way over. I should have been the whole day upon it, but for the astounding per-

performances of my little Spiti mare, which now showed how wise had been the selection of it for this difficult journey. Never had I before fully realised the goat-like agility of these animals, and I almost despair of making her achievements credible. She sprang from block to block of granite, even with my weight upon her, like an ibex. No one who had not seen the performance of a Spiti pony could have believed it possible for any animal of the kind to go over the ground at all, and much less with a rider upon it. But this mare went steadily with me up and down the ridges, over the great rough blocks of granite and the treacherous slabs of slate. I had to dismount and walk, or rather climb, a little only three or four times, and that not so much from necessity as from pity for the little creature, which was trembling in every limb from the great leaps and other exertions which she had to make. On these occasions she required no one to lead her, but followed us like a dog, and was obedient to the voice of her owner. Shortly before coming to the glacier I thought she was going over a precipice with me, owing to her losing her footing on coming down some high steps; but she saved herself by falling on her knees and then making a marvellous side spring. On the glacier, also, though she sometimes lost her footing, yet she always managed to recover it immediately in some extraordinary way. Her great exertions there did not require any goad, and arose from her own spirit and eager determination to overcome the obstacles which presented themselves, though in ordinary circumstances she was perfectly placid, and content to jog along as slowly as might be. Even when I was on this mare she would poise herself on the top of a block of granite, with her four feet close together after the manner

of a goat, and she leaped across crevasses of unknown depth after having to go down a slippery slope on one side, and when, on the other, she had nothing to jump upon except steeply-inclined blocks of stone. The two Loisar yaks also, magnificent black creatures with enormous white tails, did wonders; but their indignant grunting was something to hear. They had to be goaded a good deal, and were not so surprising as the slender-legged Spiti mare. Of course the latter had no shoes; and it is not usual to shoe the horses of the Himáliya, though they do so sometimes in Kashmir; and in Wukhan, to the north of the Oxus, there is the curious compromise of shoeing them with deer's horn, which protects the hoofs, while presenting a surface less slippery than iron, and one more congenial to the horse's tender foot. There was something affecting in the interest which this mare and some of the other mountain ponies I had elsewhere, took in surmounting difficulties, and not less so in the eagerness, at stiff places, of the foals which often accompanied us without carrying any burden. Thus in early youth they get accustomed to mountain journeys and to the strenuous exertions which these involve. At the same time, the Himáliyan ponies husband their breath very carefully in going up long ascents, and no urging on these occasions will force them to go faster than they think right, or prevent them from stopping every now and then just as long as they think proper. These are matters which must be left entirely to the ponies themselves, and they do not abuse the liberty which they claim. More trying is their fondness for trotting or ambling down the steepest ascents on which they can at all preserve their footing; and they show considerable impatience when

restrained from doing so, and have expressive ways of their own of saying to their rider, "Why don't you trust me and let me go down at my own pace? I shall take you quite safely." This ambling down a precipitous mountain-side is particularly unpleasant when the path is a corkscrew one, with many and sharp turnings, because when the pony rushes down at a turning, it seems as if its impetus must carry it on and over; but at the last moment it manages to twist itself round, so that it can proceed in another direction; and I think these intelligent little creatures take a pride in making as narrow a shave of the precipice as possible, and in making their riders feel as uncomfortable as they can. They are also great in wriggling you round delicate points of rock, where the loss of half an inch would send both horse and rider into the abyss. They do positively enjoy these ticklish places; and the more ticklish the place and the deeper the precipice below, the more do they enjoy it, and the more preternaturally sagacious do they become. They sniff at such a place with delight; get their head and neck round the turning; experiment carefully to feel that the pressure of your knee against the rock will not throw the whole concern off its balance, and then they wriggle their bodies round triumphantly. I speak in this way, however, only of the best ponies of Spiti and Zanskar, and not of those of Lahaul, or of any of the lower Himáliyan provinces, which are much inferior.

While stopping for breakfast on this great glacier, the ice beneath the stones on which we were gave a great crack, and the stones themselves sank a little way. This caused a general removal, and it looked as if we had seated ourselves for breakfast over a crevasse (not a wise

thing to do), the mouth of which had been blocked up with stones. To do Silas and Nurdass justice, they stuck by the breakfast-things and removed these also; but that was, perhaps, because they did not understand the danger we were in. The place had been selected because of its affording shelter from the wind; but when, after the crack occurred, I examined it closely, I saw quite clearly that we had been sitting between the lips of a crevasse which had got blocked up with rocks, and that the place was eminently an unsafe one. Our Loisar *bigarrés* had a story about the rocks on this glacier having been owing to the fall of a mountain-peak which had formerly existed in the immediate neighbourhood. Very possibly there may have been a land-slip of the kind; but the coolies varied in their legend about the fall of the peak, some saying that it occurred two generations, and others twelve years, ago. When questioned on the subject, they acknowledged that the glacier must move, because every summer they had to find a new path across it, and had to erect fresh marks in order to indicate the way. There are so many crumbling peaks and precipices about the great fountains of this glacier, that there is no absolute need for the theory or legend of the Loisar people to explain its covered condition. This glacier clearly arose from a number of large glaciers meeting in a great valley above, filling that up, and then pushing themselves over its rim in one great ice-stream down to the river; and the crumbling precipices and peaks around were quite sufficient to supply the rocks we saw below. So compact had the covering got, that in some places I observed grass and flowers growing on this glacier. Coleridge has sung of the "living flowers that

skirt the eternal frost," but here the flowers were blooming on the eternal frost itself.

Occasionally, I think, a living flower is found on Swiss glaciers, but very rarely—whereas on the Himāliyan, flowers are by no means uncommon; and the circumstance is easily accounted for by the greater power of the sun in the Himāliyan regions, and also by the fact, that when the glaciers get down a certain distance, they are so thickly covered by shattered rocks that they have to work their way, as it were, underground. In Switzerland, one often sees the great ploughshare of a glacier coming down into a green valley and throwing up the turf before it; but usually among the Himāliya, long before the glacier reaches any green valley, it is literally overwhelmed and buried beneath the shattered fragments of rock from the gigantic precipices and peaks around. This slackens, without altogether arresting, its progress; so that in many places the debris is allowed sufficient rest to permit of the growth of grass and flowers. It struck me that in some places there were even what might be called subterranean glaciers; that is to say, that the fallen debris had so formed together and solidified, that the ice-stream worked below it without disturbing the solidified surface.

And here, as I am well acquainted with the Alps,* it may not be amiss for me to compare the Himāliya with these European mountains, which are so well known to the English public. The Himāliya, as a whole, are not so richly apparelled as the Alps. In Kashmir, and some parts of the Sulej valley, and of the valleys on their Indian front, they are rich in the most glorious vegetation, and present, in

that respect, a more picturesque appearance than any parts of Switzerland can boast of; but one may travel among the great ranges of the Asiatic mountains for weeks, and even months, through the most sterile scenes, without coming on any of these regions of beauty. There is not here the same close union of beauty and grandeur, loveliness and sublimity, which is everywhere to be found over the Alps. There is a terrible want of level ground and of green meadows enclosed by trees. Except in Kashmir, and about the east of Ladāk, there are no lakes. We miss much those Swiss and Italian expanses of deep blue water, in which white towns and villages, snowy peaks and dark mountains, are so beautifully mirrored. There is also a great want of perennial waterfalls of great height and beauty, such as the Staubbach; though in summer, during the heat of the day, the Himāliya, in several places, present long graceful streaks of dust-foam.

The striking contrasts and the more wonderful scenes are not crowded together as they are in Switzerland. Both eye and mind are apt to be wearied among the Himāliya by the unbroken repetition of similar scenes during continuous and arduous travel, extending over days and weeks together; and one sorely misses Goethe's *Eschen*, or the beautiful little corners of nature which satisfy the eye and mind alike. The picture is not sufficiently filled up in its detail, and the continuous repetition of the vast outlines is apt to become oppressive. The very immensity of the Himāliya prevents us from often beholding at a glance, as among the Alps, the wonderful contrast of green meadows, darker pines, green

* See "Switzerland in Summer and Autumn," by the author, in *Maga* for 1865-66.

splintered glaciers, dark precipitous cliffs, blue distant hills, white slopes of snow and glittering icy summits. There are points in the Sutlej valley and in Kashmir where something like this is presented, and in a more overpowering manner than anywhere in Europe; but months of difficult travel separate these two regions, and their beauty cannot be said to characterise the Himāliya generally. But what, even in Switzerland, would be great mountains, are here dwarfed into insignificant hills; and it requires some time for the eye to understand the immense Himāliyan heights and depths. Some great rock, or the foot of some precipice, which is pointed out as our camping-place for the night, looks at first as if it were only a few hundred feet off, but after hours of arduous ascent, it seems almost as far off as ever.

The human element of the Western mountains is greatly wanting in those of the East; for though here and there a monastery like Ki, or a village like Dankar, may stand out picturesquely on the top of a hill, yet, for the most part, the dingy-coloured, flat-roofed Himāliyan hamlets are not easily distinguishable from the rocks amid which they stand. The scattered *chûlets* and *sen* huts of Switzerland are wholly wanting; and the European traveller misses the sometimes bright and comely faces of the peasantry of the Alps. I need scarcely say, also, that the more wonderful scenes of the Abode of Snow are far from being easily accessible, even when we are in the heart of the great mountains. And it can hardly be said that the cloudland of the Himāliya is so varied and gorgeous as that of the mountains of Europe, though the sky is of a deeper blue, and the heavens are much more brilliant at night.

But when all these admissions in

favour of Switzerland are made, the Himāliya still remain unsurpassed, and even unapproached, as regards all the wilder and grander features of mountain scenery. There is nothing in the Alps which can afford even a faint idea of the savage desolation and appalling sublimity of many of the Himāliyan scenes. Nowhere, also, have the faces of the mountains been so scarred and riven by the nightly action of frost, and the mid-day floods from melting snow. In almost every valley we see places where whole peaks or sides of great mountains have very recently come shattering down; and the thoughtful traveller must feel that no power or knowledge he possesses can secure him against such a catastrophe, or prevent his bones being buried, so that there would be little likelihood of their release until the solid earth dissolves. And, though rare, there are sudden passages from these scenes of grandeur and savage desolation to almost tropical luxuriance, and more than tropical beauty, of organic nature. Such changes are startling and delightful, as in the passage from Dras into the upper Sind valley of Kashmir; while there is nothing finer in the world of vegetation than the great cedars, pines, and sycamores of many of the lower valleys.

It is needless to look in the Himāliya for a population so energetic and interesting as the Swiss, the Vaudois, or the Tyrolese; and these mountains have no women whose attractions at all approach those of the Italian side of the Alps from Lugano eastward, or of the valleys of the Engadine and the Tyrol. The Tibetan population is hardly abundant enough, or of sufficiently strong *morale*, for heroic or chivalric efforts, such as have been made by the ancient Greeks, the Swiss, the Waldenses, the Scotch Highlanders,

and the mountaineers of some other parts of Europe and even of Asia. There are traditions enough among the Himáliya, but they usually relate either to the founding of monasteries, the destruction of invaders, like Zorawar Singh, whose forces had been previously dispersed by the troops of Lassa; or the death of travelling-parties in snowstorms, and from the avalanches of snow or rock. Nowhere, unless in the vast cloudy forms of Hindú mythology, do we meet with traditions of heroes or sages of whom it can be said, that

“Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain;
Their mem’ry sparkled o’er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled mingling with their fame for ever.”

How easily Kashmir, with a European population, might have guarded its passes and preserved its independence! but it has scarcely ever made any attempt to do so; and the people of Tibet have not shown much more heroism, though they have had abundant experience of fighting. The introduction of Búdhiism into this elevated country was no doubt accomplished only by means of much self-sacrifice on the part of its early missionaries; but the shadowy forms of that age are most indistinctly seen, and have little attraction for the modern European. There is much of interest, however, in Lamaism and in the very peculiar customs of the Tibetan race; and I found it impossible to move among these people, especially in the more primitive parts of the country, without contracting a great liking for them, and admiration for their honesty, their patience, and their placidity of temper, in circumstances which must be trying for these virtues.

The Alps extend only for about 600 miles, counting their extreme length from Hungary to the Mediterranean, and their lateral extent is very narrow; but the Himáliya

proper are at least 1,500 miles in length. They are a great deal more if we add to them the Hindú Kúsh, which really constitute only a continuation of the range, and their breadth is so great that at some points it is more than half the entire length of the Alps. If, as Royle remarks, we consider the Hindú Kúsh to be a continuation, not so much of the Kuen-lung, as of the Himáliya, then these latter extend from the equator (by their branches into the Malaya Peninsula) to 45 degrees of north latitude, and over 73 degrees of longitude. That is a gigantic space of the earth's surface, and affords a splendid base for the giant peaks which rise up to almost 30,000 feet; but, as I have already hinted, there is even more meaning than this, and more propriety than the Arabs themselves understood, in their phrase, “The Stony Girdle of the Earth,” because this great central range can easily be traced from the mountains of Formosa in the China Sea to the Pyrenees, where they sink into the Mediterranean. This fact has not escaped the notice of geographers; and Dr Mackay, especially, has drawn attention to it in his admirable ‘Manual of Modern Geography,’ though he has not known the expressive phrase of his Arab predecessors. The Western Himáliya are a series of nearly parallel ranges lying from south-east to north-west. They are properly the Central Himáliya; the Hindú Kúsh are the Western; and what are now called the Central Himáliya are the Eastern. These are the most obvious great natural divisions; but additional confusion is caused by the Inner Himáliya, or the interior ranges, being also sometimes spoken of as the Central. It is more usual, however, to take the Pamir Steppe as a centre, and to speak of the western range as a boundary wall to the high table-land of Western

Asia, separating the waters of the Arabian Gulf from those of the Caspian, the Black Sea, and the Aral. That portion consists of the Hindú Kúsh, the Parapomisan mountains, the Elburz, the Zagros of Kurdistan, Ararat and the Armenian mountains, the Taurus and Anti-Taurus; and these are continued through Europe in the mountains of Greece and European Turkey, the Alps, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees. The south-eastern range runs from the Pamir to the China Sea, in the Himáliya, and in the branches from it which go down into the Malay Peninsula and Annam. The eastern range goes nearly due east from the Pamir to the Pacific in the Kuen-lung, and in the Pe-ling, which separate the Yang-tze from the Yellow River. There is also a north-east range, which runs from the Pamir to Behring's Strait, including the Tengu Tagh, and several ranges in Siberia and Kamtchatka. But the Himáliya proper, with which we are concerned, may be said to be enclosed by the Indus, the Brahmapútra, and the great northern plain of India. That is a very simple and intelligible boundary line; for the two rivers rise close together in, or in the near neighbourhood of, Lake Mansoniwar; in the first part of their course they

flow close behind the great ranges of the Himáliya, and they cut through the mountains at points where there is some reason for considering that new ranges commence.

In adopting "The Abode of Snow" as the running title of these papers, I only gave the literal meaning of the word Himáliya, which is a Sanscrit word, and is to be found in most of the languages of India. It is a compound word, composed of *hima*, snow or winter, and *aliya* or *alīya*, an abode or place. Its component parts are thus *Hima-aliya*; and as the double *a* is contracted into one, even the infant philologist of modern times will perceive the erroneousness of our ordinary English way of pronouncing the word as "Himálāya."* The Sanscrit word *hima* is also sometimes used to signify the moon and a pearl; but even thus a portion of its original meaning is denoted. No doubt this *hima* is closely cognate with the Latin *hiems* and *hibernus*, for *himermus*; with the Greek *χίμα* (*χίμα*), the Persico-Zend *zim* and *zima*, and the Slavonic *zima*, a word used for winter. As the great Abode of the Gods is held by the Hindus to be in the Himáliya, and the word Himáliya itself is used by them in that sense, it is obvious

* We are not quite so bad as the French in this respect; but, as a general rule, the infant philologist (and all infants are in a fair way of being philologists nowadays) will find it pretty safe always to reverse the accents which he finds Englishmen putting upon foreign names. Even such a simple and obvious word as Brindisi we must turn into Brindísi; and it is still worse when we come to give names of our own to localities. What a descent from "The Abode of Snow" to "The Hills" of the Anglo-Indians, even when the latter phrase may come from a rosebud mouth! But that is not so striking an example of our national taste as one which has occurred in Jamaica, where a valley which used to be called by the Spaniards the "Bocaguas," or "Mouth of the Waters," has been transmuted by us into "Bog Walks." A still more curious transmutation, though of a reverse order, occurred in Hong-Kong, in the early days of that so-called colony. There was a street there, much frequented by sailors, in which Chinese damsels used to sit at the windows and greet the passers-by with the invitation, "Come 'long, Jack;" consequently the street became known by the name of the "Come 'long Street," which in the Chinese mouth was *Kum Láng*, or "The Golden Dragon." So, when the streets were named and placarded, "Come along Street" appeared, both in Chinese and English, as the Street of the Golden Dragon.

that *Himmel*, the German word for heaven, comes from the same source; and it is the only instance I know of in European languages which takes in both compounds. This must surely have occurred to the lexicographers, but I have not noticed any reference to it. It also occurs to me that the word "Imaus," which Milton uses in the third book of 'Paradise Lost,' and which he took from Pliny, may very likely be from *himus*, another Sanscrit form used for winter and for the Himāliya. In Hindu mythology these mountains are personified as the husband of Manaka. He was also the father of Durga, the great goddess of destruction, who became incarnate as Parvati, or the "daughter of the mountain," in order to captivate Śiva and withdraw him from a penance which he had undertaken to perform in the Himāliya. It is, then, with the god of destruction and his no less terrible spouse, that the Himāliya are more specially associated, rather than with the brighter form of Vishnu, the Preserver; but the whole Hindu pantheon are also regarded as dwelling among the inaccessible snowy peaks of these inaccessible mountains. Neither Cretan Ida nor Thessalian Olympus can boast of such a company; and, looking up to the snows of the Kailas, it may well be said that

"Every legend fair,
Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carv'd out of Nature for itself, is there."

Being a boundary wall to the Tibetan and other elevated plains of Central Asia, the Himāliya are usually steep towards the Indian side, and more gradual towards the north, the strata dipping to the north-east; but this rule has many exceptions, as in the case of the Kailas and the lofty mountains forming the southern boundary of the Shigri valley. There

the fall is as abrupt as it could well be towards the north, and the 23,000-foot Akun peaks in Sūri seem to stand up like needles. The statement frequently made that there is more soil and more springs on the northern than on the southern side, applies specially only to that portion of the exterior range which runs from the Narkanda Ghaut up to the Kailas. The line of perpetual snow is very high in the Himāliya, and its height detracts somewhat from their grandeur in July and August, though that increases their savage appearance. In the western ranges it goes up so high as 18,500 on their southern, and 19,000 feet on their northern faces; but this only means that we find exposed surfaces of rock at these heights, and must not be taken as a literal rule. Where snow can lodge it is rare to find bare tracts above 16,000 feet at any period of the year; and even in August a snow-storm may cover everything down to 12,000 feet, or even lower. There are great beds of snow and glaciers which remain unremoved during the summer far below 18,000 feet. In the Swiss Alps the line of perpetual snow is 8900 feet; so there is the enormous difference on this point of 10,000 feet between the two mountain ranges; and so it may be conceived how intense must be the heat in summer of the deeper valleys of the Himāliya: but in winter the snow comes down in the latter mountains to 3000 feet, or lower occasionally; so that there may be a range of 26,000 feet of snow instead of 14,000 as among the Alps.

The arrest of the clouds of the Indian south-east monsoon on the outer range of the Himāliya combines, with other causes, to create an extraordinary dryness of atmosphere, and this aridity increases on the steppes beyond. Hence, even when the temperature

may be very low, there is often very little snow to be deposited, and the accumulations on the high mountains have been the work of ages. It has often been observed, in polar and mountainous regions, how great is the power of solar rays passing through highly rarefied air; and upon the great heights of the Himáliya, the effect of these rays is something terrible. When they are reflected from new-fallen snow their power is so intense, that I have seen them raise my thermometer (when placed at a particular angle against a great sheet of sun-lit snow and exposed at the same time to the direct rays of the sun) from a little above freezing point, which was the temperature of the air, to 192° Fahrenheit, or between the points at which spirits boil and water boils at the level of the sea. It is remarkable that in spite of this, and though snow-blindness is often the result, yet no cases of sunstroke appear to occur in the Himáliya, and supports the theory that sunstroke partakes more of the character of heat-apoplexy than of mere injury to the head in the first instance. The difference of temperature between the days and nights is not such as might be expected from the extremely rapid radiation of heat there is at high altitudes. The change arising from that cause would be almost killing were it not for the fortunate fact that the atmosphere forced up by the warmth of the the day descends at night, and, being condensed, gives out heat. The cold of the Himáliya has been known suddenly to kill people when they were exposed to sudden gusts of wind, though they could safely have borne a much lower temperature in still air. The wind is certainly the great drawback both to health and comfort among these great mountains; but, as we have

seen, it has its advantage, being caused by the elevation of heated air from below, which, afterwards descending and contracting, renders the nights endurable. I understand that the monks of St Bernard, who go up to that monastery at eighteen years of age, vowed to remain there for fifteen years, only in rare instances are able to remain so long, and that does not say much for high mountain air; but it may be the seclusion of their life up there, and other defects in it, which makes that life so injurious to them. If any one would allow me a thousand a-year on condition that I always keep above 12,000 feet, I should be happy to make the experiment, and to write a warm obituary notice of my benefactor when he dies below.

But to return to the Shigri valley: my second camping-place there was destitute of wood; but it was very grassy and sheltered. The *bigarrées* had the advantage of an immense stone under which there were small hollows for them to sleep in; and there was good water accessible, which is often a difficulty, because though there may be "water, water everywhere" about in those regions, both in a solid and a liquid shape, it does not necessarily follow that it can be easily got at; for you may have to descend a precipice of a thousand feet in order to get at the river, or to ascend as high to reach the glacier, which ceases to give out streams towards evening. At three p.m., the thermometer was so low as 40°, though during the day there had been a blazing sun and no clouds. From this spot, on the third day, the road was literally frightful, not so much in the sense of being dangerous as exasperating. It chiefly went over great stones, with scarcely the affectation, even, of a track. Sometimes it followed the bed of the

Chandra, anon ascended the steep stony or precipitous banks of that river, and wound along the edge of precipices on paths fit only for deer or goats. We had to ford quite a number of cold streams, which did not fail to evoke plaintive cries from the women, and crossed at the foot of several glaciers, which did not appear to descend quite to the river, but very possibly did so, because I had neither time nor patience for close examination, and the shattered debris I several times crossed might well have had ice beneath. It was necessary to dismount and scramble on foot every now and then; and nine continuous hours of this sort of thing were too much for an invalid. The Spiti pony could be trusted almost implicitly; but many of the ascents were too much for it with a rider; riding among the great stones endangered one's knees, and, on some of the high paths, there was not room for it to pass with a rider. And if the pony could be trusted, not so could its saddle, which very nearly brought us both to grief. We came to some high steps—that is to say, large stones lying so as to make natural steps each about two and a half or three feet high—leading down upon a narrow rock ledge, which ran (above a precipice) slightly turned inwards from the line of descent. It was madness to ride down here; but I had been so worried by the fatigue of the road, and by constant mounting and dismounting, that I preferred doing so, and the pony quite justified my confidence. But at the most critical moment, when it stepped with both feet from the last stone on to the ledge, when I was leaning back to the very utmost, and everything was at the highest strain, then, just as its feet struck the rock, the crupper gave way, and the saddle slipped forward

on the pony's neck, throwing us both off our balance. We must have both gone over hundreds of feet had not a preservative instinct enabled me to throw myself off the saddle upon the ledge of rock. This movement, of course, was calculated to send the pony outwards, and, all the more surely, overboard; but in falling I caught hold of its mane, pulled it down on the top of me, and held it there until some of the *bigarries* came to our release. A short time elapsed before they did so, and the little pony seemed quite to understand, and acquiesce in, the necessity of remaining still. I was riding alone at the time of the accident, and, had we gone over, should probably not have been missed at the time, or found afterwards. Nor can I exactly say that it was I myself who saved us both, because there was not an instant's time for thought in the matter. All I know is, that it was done, and that I was a good deal bruised and stiffened by the fall. I had to lie down, quite exhausted and sore, whenever I reached our third day's camping-ground, which was a very exposed, dusty, and disagreeable one.

Next morning I did not start till eight, and ordered all the *bigarries* to keep behind me, as I was afraid of their pushing on to Kokser, a distance which would have been too much for me. The road in many places was nearly as bad as that of the previous day, and there were dangerous descents into deep ravines; but, in part, it was very pleasant, running high above the river over rounded hills covered with flowery grass. The way was also enlivened by flocks of sheep, some laden with salt, and by very civil shepherds from Kulú and Bussahir. The usual camping-ground was occupied by large flocks,

and, for the sake of shelter, I had to camp close above a precipice. Here I purchased from the Kúld shepherds a wonderful young dog called Djeóla, a name which, with my Indian servants and the public in general, very soon got corrupted into Julia. This animal did not promise at first to be any acquisition. Though only five or six months old, it became perfectly furious on being handed over to me and tied up. I fastened it to my tent-pole, the consequence of which was that it tore the drill, nearly pulled the tent down, hanged itself until it was insensible, and I only got sleep after somehow it managed to escape. I recovered it, however, next morning; and after a few days it became quite accustomed to me and affectionate. Djeóla was a source of constant amusement. I never knew a dog in which there was so fresh a spring of strong simple life. But the curious thing is that it had all the appearance of a Scotch collie, though considerably larger than any of these animals. Take a black-and-tan collie, double its size, and you have very much what "Julia" became after he had been a few months in my possession; for when I got him he was only five or six months old. The only differences were that the tail was thicker and more bushy, the jaw more powerful, and he had large dew claws upon his hind feet. Black dogs of this kind are called *sassa* by the Tibetans, and the red species, of which I had a friend at Pú, are *mustang*. The wild dog is said to go up to the snow-line in the Himálya, and to hunt in packs; but I never saw or heard of any, and I suspect their habitat is only the Indian side of the Himálya. Such packs of dogs undoubtedly exist on the Western Ghauts of India, and they are not afraid of attacking the tiger, overcoming it piecemeal,

while the enraged lord of the forest can only destroy a small number of his assailants; but very little is really known about them. An interesting field for the zoologist is still open in an examination of the wild dog of Western India, the wild ass, yak, and horse of Tibet, and the wild camel, which is rumoured still to exist in the forests to the east of Yarkund. I mentioned this latter animal to Dr Stolicska, who had not heard of it, and thought that such camels would be only specimens of the domestic species which had got loose and established themselves, with their progeny, in the wilderness; but the subject is worthy of investigation, from a scientific point of view; and, perhaps, the Yarkand Mission may have brought back some information in regard to it.

But though Djeóla was most savage on being tied up and transferred to a new owner, there was nothing essentially savage, rude, brutish, or curriish in its nature. Indeed it very soon reminded me of the admirable words of one of the most charming of English writers upon dogs: "Take an example of a Dogy, and mark what generosity and courage he will put on when he is maintained by a man who to him is instead of a god or *Melior Natura*." It not only became reconciled to me, but watched over me with an almost ludicrous fidelity, and never got entirely reconciled even to my servants. The striking my tent in the morning was an interference with its private property to which it strongly objected, and if not kept away at that time if would attack the *bigarries* engaged. I also found on getting to Kashmir that it regarded all *Sahibs* as suspicious characters, to be laid hold of at once; but, fortunately, it had a way of seizing them with-

out doing much damage, as it would hold a sheep, and the men it did seize were good-natured sportsmen. It delighted in finding any boy among our *bigarries* that it could tyrannise over, but never really hurt him. It was very fond of biting the heels of yaks and horses, and then thinking itself ill-treated when they kicked. Its relations with Nako were also amusing. That old warrior had no jealousy of Djeóla, and treated it usually with silent contempt, unless it drew near when he was feeding—a piece of temerity which the young dog soon learned the danger of. But Djeóla would sometimes indulge in gamesome and affectionate fits towards Nako, which the latter never invited and barely tolerated, and which usually resulted in a short and sharp fight, in which Djeóla got speedily vanquished, but took its punishment as a matter of course, and without either fear or anger. I had intended this Himáliyan giant sheep-dog for the admirable writer and genial sage, Dr John Brown,

who has given us 'Rab and his Friends,' who would have been able to do justice to its merits and compare it with the sheep-dogs of Scotland, but could not arrange that conveniently, and left it with a friend at Púna.

When in the Shigri valley I kept a watch for any symptoms of gold, but did not notice any, and on other grounds should not think it likely that gold exists there in any quantity. But Mr Theodor, a German employed in carrying out the construction of the road over the Barra Lucka Pass, told me that he had found silver ore in this valley. I may mention that the first great glacier which I crossed has pushed its way into the Chandra, and threatens to close up that river in a very serious manner, as it once did before, which might lead to disasters in the valleys of the Chandra-Bhaga and of the Chenab, similar to those which occurred in the Drance and upper Rhone valleys of Switzerland in 1595 and 1819.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PART XI.—CHAPTER LVI.

SIR ROLAND LORRAINE was almost as free from superstition as need be. To be wholly quit of that romantic element, is a disadvantage still ; and excepts a neighbour even now from the general neighbourly sympathy. Threescore years ago, of course, that prejudice was threefold.

The swing of British judgment mainly takes magnetic repulse from whatever the French are rushing after. When they are Republican, all of us rally for throne and Constitution. When they have a Parliament, we want none. When they are pressed under empire, we are apt to be glad that it serves them right. We know them to be brave and good, lovers of honour, and sensitive ; but we cannot get over the line between us and them—and the rest of the world, perhaps.

Whatever might be said, or reasoned, for or against the whole of things, Sir Roland had long made up his mind to be moderate and neutral. He liked everybody to speak his best (according to self-opinion), and he liked to keep out of the way of them all, and relapse into the wiser ages. He claimed his own power to think for himself, as well as the mere right of doing so. And therefore he long had been "heterodox" to earnest, right-minded people.

Never the more, however, could he shake himself free from the in-born might of hereditary leanings. The traditions of his house and race had still some power over him, a power increased by long seclusion, and the love of hearth and home. Therefore, when Trotman was cut

off, on his way for his weekly paper, by a great black gliding flood, and aghast ran up the Coombe to tell it — Sir Roland, while he smiled, felt strange misgivings creeping coldly.

Alice, a sweet and noble maiden, on the tender verge of womanhood, came to her father's side, and led him back to his favourite book-room. She saw that he was at the point of trembling ; although he could still command his nerves, unless he began to think of them. Dissembling her sense of all this, she sat by the fire, and waited for him.

"My darling, we have had a very happy time," he began at last to say to her ; "you and I for many years, suiting one another."

"To be sure we have, father. And I mean to go on, suiting you for many more years yet."

Her father saw by the firelight the sadness in her eyes ; and he put some gaiety into his own, or tried.

"Lallie, you have brighter things before you—a house of your own, and society, and the grand world, and great shining."

"Excellent things, no doubt, my father ; but not to be compared with you and home. Have I done anything to vex you, that you talk like this to me ?"

"Let me see. Come here and show me. There are few things I enjoy so much as being vexed by you."

"There, papa, you are in a hurry to have your usual laugh at me. You shall have no material now. 'I knows what is right, and I means

to do it"—as the man said to me at the turnpike-gate, when he made me pay twice over. Consider yourself, my darling father, saddled for all your life with me."

Sir Roland loved his daughter's quick bright turns of love, and loving passion, when her heart was really moved. A thousand complex moods and longings played around or pierced her then; yet all controlled, or at least concealed, by an English lady's quietude. Alice was so like himself, that he always knew what she would think; and he tried his best to follow the zig-zag flash of feminine feeling.

"My dear child," he said at last; "something has been too much for you. Perhaps that foolish fellow's story of this mysterious water. A gross exaggeration, doubtless. The finny tribe sticking fast by the gills in the nest of the wood-pigeon. Marry come up! Let us see these wonders. The moon is at the full to-night; and I hear no rain on the windows now. Go and fetch my crabstick, darling."

"Oh, may I come with you, papa? Do say yes. I shall lie awake all night, unless I go. The moon is sure to clear the storm off; and I will wrap up so thoroughly."

"But you cannot wrap up your feet, dear child; and the roads are continually flooded now."

"Not on the chalk, papa; never on the chalk, except in the very hollow places. Besides, I will put on my new French clogs. They can't be much less than six inches thick. I shall stand among the deluge high enough for the fish to build their nests on me."

"Daughter of folly, and no child of mine, go and put your clogs on. We will go out at the eastern door, to arouse no curiosity."

As the master and his daughter passed beneath the astrologer's tower, and left the house by his

private entrance, they could not help thinking of the good old prince, and his kind anxiety about them. To the best of their knowledge, the wise Agasicles had never heard of the Woeburn; or perhaps his mind had been so much engrossed with the comet that he took no heed of it. And even in his time, this strange river was legendary as the Hydaspes.

After the heavy and tempestuous rain, the night was fair, as it generally is, even in the worst of weather, when the full moon rises. The long-chined hill, with its level outline stretching towards the south of east, afforded play for the glancing light of a watery and laborious moon. Long shadows, laid in dusky bars, or cast in heavy masses where the hollow land prevailed for them, and misty columns hovering and harbouring over tree-clumps, and gleams of quiet light pursuing avenues of opening—all of these, at every step of deep descent, appeared to flicker like a great flag waving.

"What a very lovely night! How beautifully the clouds lie!" cried Alice, being apt to kindle rashly into poetry: "they softly put themselves in rows, and then they float towards the moon, and catch the silver of her smile—oh why do they do that, papa?"

"Because the wind is west, my dear. Take care; you are on a great flint, I fear. You are always cutting your boots out."

"No, papa, no. I have got you this time. That shows how much you attend to me. I have got my great French clogs on."

"Then how very unsafe to be looking at the moon! Lean on me steadily, if you must do that. The hill is slippery with slime on the chalk. You will skate away to the bottom, and leave me mourning."

"Oh, how I should love to skate, if ladies ever could do such a thing!

I can slide very nicely, as you know, papa. Don't you think, after all this rain, we are sure to have a nice cold winter?"

"Who can tell, Lallie? I only hope not. You children, with your quick circulation, active limbs, and vigorous lungs, are always longing for frost and snow. But when they come, you get tired of them, within a week at the utmost. But in your selfish spring of life, you forget all the miseries of the poor and old, or even young folk who are poor, and the children starving everywhere. And the price of all food is now most alarming."

"I am sure I meant no harm," said Alice; "one cannot always think of everything. Papa, do you know that you have lately taken to be very hard upon me?"

"Well now, everybody says that of me," Sir Roland answered, thoughtfully; "I scarcely dreamed that my fault was that. But out of many mouths I am convicted. Struan Hales says it; and so does my mother. Hilary seemed to imply it also, at the time when he last was heard of. Mine own household, Trotman, Mrs Pipkins, and that charitable Mrs Merryjack, have combined to take the same view of me. There must be truth in it. I cannot make head against such a cloud of witnesses. And now Alice joins them. What more do I want? I must revise my opinion of myself, and confess that I am a hard-hearted man."

This question Sir Roland debated with himself, in a manner which had long been growing upon him, in the gathering love of solitude. Being by nature a man with a most extraordinary love of justice, he found it hard (as such rare men do) to be perfectly sure about anything. He always desired to look at a subject from every imaginable outside view, receding (like a lark in the

clouds) from groundling consideration, yet frankly open (like a woodcock roasting) to anything good put under him. Nobody knew him; but he did his best, when he thought of that matter, to know himself.

Now, his daughter allowed him to follow out his meditation quietly; and then she said, as they went down the hill, warily heeding each other's steps—

"Papa, I beg you particularly to pay no attention whatever to your own opinion, or any other opinion in the world, except perhaps, at least, perhaps——"

"Perhaps that of Alice."

"Quite so, papa. About my own affairs my opinion is of no value; but about yours, and the family in general, it is really—something."

"Wisest of our race, and bravest, you are rushing into the water, darling—stop; you have forgotten what we came for. We came to see the Woeburn, and here it is!"

"Is this it? And yesterday I walked across this very place! Oh, what a strange black river!"

As Alice drew suddenly back and shuddered, Sir Roland Lorraine threw his left arm round her, without a word, and looked at her. The light of the full moon fell on her face, through a cleft of jagged margins, and the shadow of a branch that had lost its leaves lay on her breast, and darkened it.

"Why, Lallie, you seem to be quite frightened," her father said, after waiting long; "look up at me, and tell me, dear."

"No, I am not at all frightened, papa, but perhaps I am a little out of spirits."

"Why?" asked Sir Roland; "you surely do not pay heed to old rhymes and silly legends. I call this a fine and most picturesque water. I only wish it were always here."

"Oh, papa, don't say that, I im-

plore you. And I felt you shiver when you saw it first. You know what it means for our family,—loss of life once, loss of property twice, and the third time the loss of honour,—and with that, of course, our extinction.”

“You little goose, none can lose their honour without dishonourable acts. Come, Miss Cassandra; of the present Lorraines—a very narrow residue—who is to be distinguished thus?”

“Father, you know so much more than I do; but I thought that many people were disgraced, without having ever deserved it.”

“Disgraced, my darling; but not dishonoured. What could disgrace ever be to us?—a thing that comes and goes, according to the fickle seasons—a result of the petty human weather, as this melancholy water is of the larger influence.”

“Papa, then you own that it is melancholy. That was just what I wanted you to do. You always take things so differently from everybody else, that I began to think you would look upon this as a happy outburst of a desirable watering-water.”

“Well done, Lallie! The command of language is an admirable gift. But the want of it leads to still finer issues. This watering-water seems inclined to go on for a long time watering.”

“Of course, it must go flowing, flowing, until its time is over.”

“Lallie, you have, among many other gifts, a decided turn for epigram. You scarcely could have described more tersely the tendencies of water. I firmly believe that this stream will go on flowing and flowing, until it quite stops.”

“Papa, you are a great deal too bad. You must perceive that you are so, even by the moonlight. I say the most sensible things ever thought of, and out of them you

make nonsense. Now let me have my turn. So please you, have you thought of bridges? How is our butcher to come, or our miller, our letters, or even our worthy beggars? We are shut off in front. Without building a boat, can I ever hear even Uncle Struan preach? Hark! I hear something like him.”

“You frivolous Lallie! you are too bad. I cannot permit such views of things.”

“Of course, papa, I never meant it. Only please to listen.”

The dark and deep stream, which now had grown to a width of some twelve yards perhaps, was gliding swiftly, but without a murmur, towards the broad and watery moon. On the right-hand side, steep scars of chalk, shedding gleams of white rays, made the hollow places darker; while on the other side, furzy tummocks, patches of briar, and tufted fallows spread the many-pointed light among their shadows justly.

“Please to listen,” again said Alice, shrinking from her father, lest she might be felt to tremble. “What a plaintive, thrilling sound! It must be a good banshee, I am sure; a banshee that knows how good we are, and protests against our extinction. There it is again—and there seems to be another wail inside of it.”

“A Chinese puzzle of noises, Lallie, and none of them very musical. Your ears are keener than mine, of course; but, being extinct of romance, I should say that I heard a donkey braying.”

“Papa, now! papa, if it comes to that—and I said it was like Uncle Struan’s voice! But I beg his pardon, quite down on my knees, if you think that it can be a donkey.”

“I am saved all the trouble of thinking about it. There he is, looking hard at us!”

“Oh no, papa, he is not looking hard at us. He is looking most

softly and sadly. What a darling donkey, and his nose is like a snow-drop !”

Clearly in the moonlight shone, on the opposite bank of the Woe-burn, the nose of Jack the donkey. His wailings had been coming long, and his supplications rising ; he was cut off from his home, and fodder, and wholly beloved Bonny. And the wail inside a wail—as Alice had described it—was the sound of the poor boy’s woe, responsive to the forlorn appeal of Jack. On the brink of the cruel dividing water they must have been for a long time striding up and down over against each other, stretching fond noses vainly forward, and outvying one another in the luxury of poetic woe.

“Don’t say a word, papa,” whispered Alice. “The boy cannot see us here behind this bush, and we can see him beautifully in the moonlight. I want to know what he will do, so much.”

“I don’t see what he can do except howl,” Sir Roland answered quietly ; “and certainly he seems to possess remarkable powers in that way.”

“Bo-hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo !” wept Bonny in confirmation of this opinion ; and “eke-haw, eke-haw,” from a nose of copious pathos, formed the elegiac refrain. Then having exhausted the well of weeping, the boy became fitter for reasoning. He wiped his eyes with his scarlet sleeves, and stretched forth his arms reproachfully.

“Oh Jack, Jack, Jack, whatever have I done to you ? All the crumb of the loaf you had, and the half of the very last orchard I run, and the prime of old Nanny’s short-horns. and if you wasn’t pleased, you might n’ said so all the morning, Jack. There’s none in all the world as knoweth what you and I be, but one another. And there’s none as careth for either on us, only you and me, Jack. Don’t ’ee, Jack,

don’t ’ee go and run away. If ’ee do, I’ll give the thieves all as we’ve collected, and the folks as calls us two waggabones.”

“My poor boy,” said Sir Roland Lorraines, suddenly parting the bush between them, in fear of another sad boo-hoo—for Bonny had stirred his own depths, so that he was quite ready to start again—“my poor boy, you seem to be very unhappy about your donkey.”

Bonny made answer to never a word. This woe belonged only to Jack and himself. They could never think of being meddled with.

“Bonny,” said Alice, in her soft sweet voice, and kindly touching him, as he turned away ; “do you wish to know how to recover your Jack ? Would you go a long way to get him back again ?”

“To the outermost end of the world, Miss, if the whole of the way wor fuzz-bush. Miles and miles us have gone a’ready.”

“You need not go quite to the end of the world. Instead of going up and down these banks, keep steadily up the water. In about a mile you will come to its head, if what I have heard of it is true ; then keep well above it, and round the hill, and you will meet the white-nosed donkey.”

“Hee-haw !” said Jack, from the opposite bank, not without a whisk of tail. Then the boy, without a word of thanks, by reason of incredulity, whistled a quick reply, and set off to test this doubtful theory.

“Observe now the bliss of possessing a donkey,” Sir Roland began to meditate ; “I am not at all skilful in asses, whether golden, or leaden, or wooden, or even as described by Elian. But the contempt to which they are born, proves to my mind that they do not deserve it ; or otherwise how would they get it ? My sentence is clumsy. My idea—if there be one

—has not managed to express itself. I hear the white-nosed donkey in the distance braying at me, with an overpowering echo of contempt. I am unequal to this contest. Let me withdraw to my book-room."

"Indeed, papa, you will do nothing of the sort. You are always withdrawing to your book-room; and even I must not come in; and what good ever comes of it? You must, if you please, make up your mind to meet things very differently. And only think how long it is since we have heard of poor Hilary! There are troubles coming, overwhelming troubles, on all with the name or the love of Lorraine, as sure as I stand, my dear father, before you."

"Then I pray you to stand behind me, Alice. What an impulsive child it is! And the moonlight, my darling, has had some effect, as it always has, wonderfully on such girls. You have worked yourself up, Lallie; I can see it. My pet, I must watch you carefully."

"What a mistake you make, papa! I never do anything of the sort. You seem to regard me as anybody's child, to be reasoned with, out of a window. I may be

supposed to say foolish things, and to imagine all sorts of nonsense; and, of course, I cannot reason, because it is not born with us. And then, when I try, I have no chance whatever; though perfect justice is my aim; and who comes lingering after me?"

"Your excellent father," Sir Roland answered, kissing away his child's excitement. "Your loving father does all this, my pet, and brings you quite home to stern reason. And now he will take you home to your home. You have caught the sad spirit of the donkey, petting; you long to go up and down this water, with some one to bewail you on the other side."

"Yes, papa, so I do. You are so clever! But I think I should go down and up, papa; if the quadruped you are thinking of went up and down."

"Now Lallie!" he said; and he said no more. For he knew that she hinted at Stephen Chapman, and wanted to fight her own battle against him, now that she was in the humour. The father was ready to put off the conflict—as all good fathers must be—and he led his dear child up the hill, or let her lead him, peacefully.

CHAPTER LVII.

Three days of gloom and storm ensued upon the outbreak of the water; while the old house at the head of the Coombe in happy ignorance looked down upon its hereditary foe. But dark forebodings and fine old stories agitated the loyal hearts of the domestics of the upper conclave,—that ancient butler Onesimus Binns, Mrs Pipkins, and Mrs Merryjack. With such uneasy feelings prevalent in the higher circle, nothing short of terror, or even panic, could be expected among the inferior dignitaries, now headed by

John Trotman. This young man had long shown himself so ambitious and aggressive, even "cockroaching," as Mrs Merryjack said, "on the most sacred rights of his betters," that the latter had really but one course left—to withdraw to their upper room, and exclude "all as didn't know how to behave theirselves."

Of these unhappily there were too many; and they seemed to enjoy themselves more freely after their degradation. For Trotman (though rapid of temper, perhaps, and given to prompt movements of the foot)

was not at all bad (when allowed his own way), and never kicked anybody who offered to be kicked. So with his dictatorship firmly established in the lesser lower regions, he became the most affable of mankind, and read all the crimes of the county to the maids, and drew forth long sighs of delicious horror, that his own brave self might console them. And now, when they heard of the sombre Woeburn, with its dismal legends, enhanced by ghastly utterances of ancient Nanny Stilgoe, and tidings brought through wailing winds of most appalling spectres, the stoutest heart was agitated with mysterious terror. At the creak of a door or the flit of a shadow, the rustle of a dry leaf or the waving of a window-blind, the hoot of an owl or even the silent creep of gloomy evening—"My goodness, Mary Ann, what was that?" Or, "Polly, come closer, I hear something;" or, "Jane, do 'ee look behind the plate-screen;" and then with one voice, "John, John, John, come down; that's a dear man, John!" Such was the state of the general nerve, as proved by many a special appeal from kitchen, back-kitchen, and scullery, pantry, terrible cellar, or lonesome wash-house; and the best of everything was kept for John.

Even in the world of finer, feebler, and more foreign English; in dining-room, drawing-room, parlour, and book-room, and my lady's chamber, a mild uneasiness prevailed, and a sense of evil auspices. Lady Valeria, most of all, who carried conservatism into relapse, felt that troublous days were coming, and almost longed to depart in peace; or at any rate she said so. But with her keen mind, and legal insight, she was bound to perceive that the authorised version of the other world is most democratic; as might be that of this world, if Chris-

tianity made Christians. Therefore her ladyship preferred to wait. Things might get better; and they could scarcely get worse. She had a good deal to see to and settle among things strictly visible, and she threatened everybody with her decess; but did not prepare to make it.

Sir Roland Lorraine, on the other hand, paid little heed, of his own accord, to superstitious vanities. He found a good many instances, in classic, Persian, and Italian literature, of the outbreak of underground waters; and there it was always a god who caused it—either by chasing river-nymphs, or by showing the power of a horse's heels, or from benevolent motives, and a desire to water gardens. Therefore Sir Roland gathered hope. He had not invested his mind as yet in implicit faith in anything; but rather was inclined to be tolerant, and tentative, and diffident of his own opinions. And these not being particularly strong, self-assertive, or self-important, and not being founded on any rock, but held on the briefest building-lease, their owner, leaseholder, or tenant-at-will, was a very pleasant man to talk with.

That means, of course, when he could be got to talk. And less and less could he be got to talk, as the few people who had the key to his liking dropped off; and no others came. Never, even in his brightest days, had he been wont to sparkle, flash, or even glow, in converse. He simply had a soft large way of listening, and a small dry knack of so diverting serious thought, that genial minds went roving. But now his own mind had grown more and more accustomed to go a-roving; and though, having never paid any attention to questions of science, or even to the weather (now gradually becoming one of them), he could not satisfy himself about the menacing

appearance ; in a very few hours he buried the portent in a still more portentous pile of books.

But Alice, though fond of reading and of meditating in her little way, was too full of youth and of healthy life to retire into the classic ages of even our English language. Her delight was rather in the writers of the day, so many of whom were making themselves the writers of all future days—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, and above all others, the Wizard of the North, whose lays of romance and legend were a spur that raised the clear spirit of Alice.

On the third day from the Woe-burn's rise, she sat in her garden-bower absorbed in her favourite 'Lady of the Lake.' Her bower, though damp and mossy, and dishevelled by the storms of autumn, was still a pleasant place to rest in, when the view was clear and bright. The fairest view, however, now, and the most attractive study, were not of flower, and tree, and landscape, but of face and figure—the face of Alice Lorraine, so gentle, pure, and rapt with poetic thought ; and the perfect maiden form inspired by the roused nobility of the mind. The hair in lines of flowing softness falling back disclosed the clear tranquillity of forehead, in contrast with the quick tremor of lip, and the warmth that tinted, now and then, the delicate moulding of bright young cheeks. And as the sweet face, more and more lit up with sequent thought, and bowed with the flitting homage of a reader, genial tears for dead and buried love, and grief, and gallantry arose, and glistened in dark grey eyes, and hung like the gem that quivers in the lashes of the sun-dew.

"Plaize, Miss Halice, my leddy desireth to see you, to wonst, if you plaize, Miss."

Thus spake the practical, but in

appearance most unpoetical, Trotman, glancing at Alice, and then at her book, with more curiosity than he durst convey. "Please to say that I will be with her as soon as I can finish some important work," she answered, speedily quenching Trotman's hope of finding out what she was reading, so as to melt the housemaids therewith at night. "Well, she always were a rum un," he muttered in his disappointment as he returned to his own little room, which he always called his "study ;" "the captain will have to stand on his head to please her, or I'm mistaken. Why, a body scarce dare look at her. Sooner him than me, say I ; although she is such a booty. But the old un will give her her change, I hope."

Meanwhile the young lady (unloved of Trotman, because she held fast by old Mr Binns) put aside, with a sigh, both the poem and her own poetic dreamings, and proved that her temper, however strong, was sweet and large and well controlled, by bridling her now closed lips from any peevish exclamation. She waited a little time until the glow of her cheeks abated, and the sparkle of her eyes was tranquil, and then she put her pretty hat on (deep brown, trimmed with plumes of puce), and thinking no more of herself than that, set forth to encounter her grandmother.

By this time Alice Lorraine had grown, from a sensitive spirited girl, into a sensitive spirited woman. The things which she used to think and feel to be right, she was growing to know to be right ; and the fleeting of doubt from her face was beginning to form the soft expression. That is to say—if it can be described, and happily it never can be—goodwill, largeness of heart, rich mercy, sympathy, and quick tenderness combined with

grace and refinement, towards the perfection of womanly countenance.

So, whatever there was to be done, this Alice was always quite ready to do it. She had not those outlets for her active moods which young ladies have at the present day, who find or form an unknown quantity of most pressing duties. "Oh no, I have no time to marry anybody," they exclaim in a breathless manner; "if I did, I must either neglect my district, or my natural history."

Poor Alice had neither district, duck-wood net, nor even microscope; and what was even worse, she had no holy priest to guide her thoughts, no texts to work in moss and sago, nor even any croquet. Whatever she did, she had to do, without any rush of the feminine mind into masculine channels prepared for it; and even without any partnership of dear and good companions. So that the fight before her was to be fought out by herself alone.

This was the last quiet day of her life; the last day for thinking of little things; the last day of properly feeding her pets, her poultry, and tame hares, and pigeons, self-important robins (perching upon their own impudence), and sweetly trustful turtle-doves, that have no dream of evil. She fed them all; and if it were not her last day of feeding them, it was the last time she could feed them happily, and without envying their minds.

This was that important work, which she was bound to attend to, before she could hurry to the side of her grandmother. That fine old lady always made a point of sending, for Alice, whenever she knew her need—or rather, without knowing, needed the relief of a little explosion. Her dignity strictly barred this outlet towards those creatures of a lower creation, who had the bliss of serving her. To all such people she was most forbearing, in a

large and liberal style; because it must be so impossible for them at all to understand her. And, for this courteous manner, every woman in the place disliked her. The men, however, having slower perceptions, thought that her ladyship was quite right. They could make allowance for her—that they could; and after all, if you come to think of it, the "femmel" race was most aggravating. So they listened to what all the women had to tell; and without contradiction wisely let female opinion waste itself.

Lady Valeria Lorraine, though harassed and weakened by rheumatism and pain of the nerves (which she sternly attributed to the will of God and the weather), still sat as firmly erect as ever, and still exacted, by a glance alone, all those little attentions which she looked so worthy to receive. The further she became removed from the rising generation, the greater was the height of contempt from which she deigned to look down upon it. So that Alice used to say to her father sometimes, "I wonder whether I have any right to exist. Grandmamma seems to think it so impertinent of me." "One thing is certain," Sir Roland answered, with a quiet smile at his favourite; "and that is, that you cannot exist without impertinence, my dear."

This fine old lady was dressed with her usual taste and elaboration; no clumsy chits would she have to help her, during the three hours occupied by what she termed, not inaptly, her "devotions." She wore a maroon-coloured velvet gown of the softest and richest fabric, trimmed, not too profusely, with exquisite point-lace; while her cap, of the same lace with dove-coloured ribbon, at the same time set off and was surpassed by the beauty of her snow-white hair. Among many other small crotchets, she held that

brilliant did not suit a very old lady; and she wore no jewels, except a hoop of magnificent pearls with a turquoise setting, to preserve her ancient wedding-ring. And now, as her grandchild entered quietly, she was a little displeased at delay, and feigned to hear no entrance.

"Here I am, grandmamma, if you please," said Alice, after three most graceful curtsies, which she was always commanded to make, and made with much private amusement; "will you please to look round, grandmamma, and tell me what you want of me?"

"I could scarcely have dreamed," answered Lady Valeria, slowly turning towards her grandchild, and smiling with superior dignity; "that any member of our family would use the very words of the clown in the ring. But, perhaps, as I always try to think, you are more to be pitied than condemned. Partly through your own fault, and partly through peculiar circumstances, you have lost those advantages which a young lady of our house is entitled to. You have never been at Court; you have seen no society; you have never even been in London!"

"Alas! it is all too true, grandmamma. But how often have you told me that I never must hope, in this degenerate age, to find any good model to imitate! And you have always discouraged me, by presenting yourself as the only one for me to follow."

"You are quite right," said the ancient lady, failing to observe the turn of thought, as Alice was certain that she would do, else scarcely would she have ventured it; "but, you do not make the most of even that advantage. You can read and write, perhaps better than you ought, or better than used to be thought at all needful; but you

cannot come into a room, or make a tolerable curtsy; and you spend all your time with dogs, and poets, and barrows of manure, and little birds!"

"Now really, madam, you are too hard upon me. I may have had a barrow-load of poets; but more than a month ago, you gave orders that I was not to have one bit more of manure."

"Certainly I did, and high time it was. A young gentlewoman to dabble in worms, and stable-stuff, and filthiness! However, I did not send for you to speak about such little matters. What I have to say is for your own good; and I will trouble you not to be playing with your hands, but just to listen to me."

"I beg your pardon," said Alice, gently; "I did not know I was moving my hands. I will listen, without doing that any more."

"Now, my dear child," began Lady Valeria, being softened by the dutiful manner and sweet submission of the girl; "whatever we do is for your own good. You are not yet old enough to judge what things may profit, and what may hurt you. Even I, who had been brought up in a wholly superior manner, could not at your age have thought of anything. I was ready to be led by wiser people; although I had seen a good deal of the world. And you, who have seen nothing, must be only too glad to do the same. You know quite well, what has long been settled, between your dear father and myself, about what is to be done with you."

"To be done with me!" exclaimed poor Alice, despite her resolve to hold her tongue. "To be done with me! As if I were just a bundle of rags, to be got rid of!"

"Prouder and handsomer girls than you," answered Lady Valeria, quietly—for she loved to provoke

her grandchild, partly because it was so hard to do—"have become bundles of rags, by indulging just such a temper as yours is. You will now have the goodness to listen to me, without any vulgar excitement. Your marriage with Captain Chapman has for a very long time been agreed upon. It is high time now to appoint the day. Sir Remnant Chapman has done me the honour of a visit upon that subject. He is certainly a man of the true old kind; though his birth is comparatively recent. I was pleased with him; and I have pledged myself to the marriage, within three months from this day."

"It cannot be! it shall not be! You may bury me, but not marry me. Who gave you the right to sell me? And who made me to be sold? You selfish, cold-hearted—no, I beg your pardon. I know not what I am saying."

"You may well fall away, child, and cower like that; when you have dared to use such dreadful words. No, you may come to yourself, as you please. I am not going to give you any volatile salts, or ring, and make a scene of it. That is just what you would like; and to be petted afterwards. I hope you have not hurt yourself, so much as you have hurt me perhaps, by your violent want of self-control. I am not an old woman—as you were going to call me—but an elderly lady. And I have lived indeed to be too old, when any one descended from me has so little good blood in her, as to call her grandmother an old woman!"

"I am very, very sorry," said Alice, with catches of breath, as she spoke, and afraid to trust herself yet to rise from the chair, into which she had fallen; "I used no such words, that I can remember. But I spoke very rudely, I must confess. I scarcely know what I am to do,

when I hear such dreadful things, unless I bite my tongue off."

"I quite agree with you. And I believe it is the very best thing all young people can do. But I strive to make every allowance for you, because you have been so very badly brought up. Now come to this window, child, and look out. Tut, tut—tears indeed! What are young girls made of now? White sugar in a wet tea-cup. Now if the result of your violence allows you to see anything at all, perhaps you will tell me what that black line is among the rough ground at the bottom of the hill. To me it is perfectly clear, although I am such a very old woman."

"Why, of course, it is the Woe-burn, madam. It has been there for three days."

"You know what it means; and you calmly tell me that!"

"I know that it means harm, of course. But I really could not help its coming. And it has not done any harm as yet."

"No, Alice, it waits its due time, of course. Three months is its time, I believe, for running, before it destroys the family. Your marriage affords the only chance of retrieving the fortunes of this house, so as to defy disasters. Three months, therefore, is the longest time to which we can possibly defer it. How many times have we weakly allowed you to slip out of any certain day. But now we have settled that you must be Mrs Chapman by the 15th of January at the latest."

"Oh, grandmamma, to think that I ever should live to be called Mrs Chapman!"

"The name is a very good one, Alice, though it may not sound very romantic. But poor Sir Remnant, I fear, is unlikely to last for a great time longer. He seemed so bent, and his sight so bad, and requiring so much refreshment! And then,

of course, you would be Lady Chapman, if you care about such trifles."

"It is a piteous prospect, madam. And I think Captain Chapman must be older than his father. You know the old picture, 'The Downhill of Life;' the excellent and affectionate couple descending so nicely hand-in-hand. Well, I should illustrate that at once. I should have to lead my—no, I won't call him husband—but my tottering partner down the hill, whenever we came to see you and papa. Oh, that would be so interesting!"

"You silly child, you might do much worse than that. Lady de Lampnor has promised most kindly to see to your outfit in London. But I cannot talk of that at present. There, now you may go. I have told you all."

"Thank you, grandmamma. But, if you please, I have not told you all, nor half. It need not, however, take very long. It is just this. No power on earth shall ever compel me to marry Stephen Chapman; unless, indeed, it were so to happen——"

"You disobedient and defiant

creature—unless what should happen?"

"Unless the existence, and even the honour, of the Lorraines required it. But of that I see no possibility at all. At present it seems to be nothing more than a small and ignominious scheme. More and more I despise and dislike that heroic officer. I will not be sacrificed for nothing; and I have not the smallest intention of being the purchase-money for old acres."

"After that, I shall leave you to your father," answered Lady Valeria, growing tired. "It may amuse you to talk so largely, and perhaps for the moment relieves you. But your small self-will, and your childish fancies, cannot be always gratified. However, I will ask you one thing. If the honour, and even the life of Lorraine, can be shown to you to require it, will you sacrifice your noble self?"

"I will," answered Alice, with brave eyes flashing, and looking tall and noble. "If the honour of the Lorraines depends upon me, I will give myself and my life for it."

CHAPTER LVIII.

Hilary was so weak and weary, and so seriously ill, when at last he reached the rectory, that his uncle and aunt would not hear of his coming down-stairs for a couple of days at least. They saw that his best chance of escaping some long and perhaps fatal malady was to be found in rest and quietude, nursing, and kindly feeding. And the worst of it was that, whatever they did, they could not bring him to feed a quarter so kindly as he ought to do. The rector said, "Confound the fellow!" And Mrs Hales shook her head, and cried "Poor dear!" as dish after dish, and dainty little

plate, came out of his room untasted.

And now, on the morning of that same day on which Alice thus had pledged herself (being the third from her brother's arrival, of which she was wholly ignorant), the rector of West Lorraine arose, and girded himself, and ate his breakfast with no small excitement. He had received a new clerical vestment of the loftiest symbolism, and he hoped to exhibit it at the head of a very long procession.

"About poor Hilary? What am I to do?" asked Mrs Hales, coming into the lobby, to see her good

husband array himself. "All sorts of things may happen while you are away."

"Now, Caroline, how can you ask such a question? Feed, feed, feed; that's the line of treatment. And above all things, lock up your medicine-chest. He wants no squills, or scammony, or even your patent electuary—of all things the most abominable; though I am most ungrateful to call it so—for I owe to it half my burial-fees. He wants no murderous doctor's stuff; he wants a good breakfast—that's what he wants."

"But, my dear, you forget," answered good Mrs Hales, who kept a small wardrobe of bottles and pills, gallipots, powders, and little square scales; "you are quite overlooking the state of his tongue. He has not eaten the size of my little finger. Why? Why, because of the fur on his tongue!"

"Bless the boy's tongue, and yours too!" cried the rector. "I should not care twopence about his tongue, if he only used his teeth properly."

"Ah, Struan, Struan! those who have never known what ache or pain is, cannot hope to understand the system. I know exactly how to treat him—a course of gentle drastics first, and then three days of my electuary, and then cardamomum, exhibited with liquor potassy. Doctoring has always been in my dear mother's family; and when your time comes to be ill and weak, how often you will thank Providence!"

"I thank the Lord for all things," said the parson, who was often of a religious turn; "but I must be brought very low indeed, ere I thank Him for your electuary."

"Put on your new hunting-coat, my dear. There it hangs, and I know that you are dying to exhibit it.

The vanity of men surpasses even the love of women. There, there! You never will learn how to put a coat on. Just come to the hall-chair for me to pull it up. You are so unreasonably tall, that you never can get your coat up at the neck. Now, will you have it done, or will you go as you are, and look a regular figure in the saddle? You call it a 'bottle-green!' I call it a green, without the bottle."

"Caroline, sometimes you are most provoking. It is not your nature; but you try to do it. The cloth is of quite an invisible green, as the man in London told me—manufactured on purpose for ecclesiastics; though hundreds of parsons, God knows, go after the hounds in the good old scarlet. If you say any more, I will order a scarlet, and keep West Grinstead in countenance. They always do it in the west of England. In invisible green, I am a hypocrite."

"Now, don't excite yourself, Struan, or you won't enjoy your opening day at all. And I am sure that the green is as bright as can be; and you look very well—very well indeed. Though I don't quite see how you can button it. Perhaps it is meant for a button-hook, or a leather thong over your stomach, dear."

"It is meant to fit me, Mrs Hales; and it fits me to a nicety. It could not fit better; and it will be too easy when we have had a few hard runs. Where are my daughters? They know a good fit; and they know how to put a thing on my shoulders. Carry, Madge, and Cecil, come to the rescue of your father. Your father is baited, worse than any badger. Come all of you; don't stop a minute, or get perverted by your mother. Now, in simple truth, what do you say to this, my dears? Each speak her own opinion."

"It suits you most beautifully, papa."

"Papa, I think that I never saw you look a quarter so well before."

"My dear father, if there are any ladies, mamma will have reason to be jealous. But I fear that I see the back-seam starting."

"You clever little Cecil, I am afraid that it is. I feel a relief in front—ahem!—I mean an uncomfortable looseness in the chest. I told the fellow forty-eight inches at least. He has scamped the cloth, the London rascal! However, we can spare it from round the waist, as soon as our poor Cobble can see to it. But for to-day—ah yes, well thought of! My darling, go and get some of your green purse-silk. You are so handy. You can her-ring-bone it, so as to last for the day at least. Your mother will show you how to do it. Madge, tell Bonny to run and tell Robert not to bring the mare yet for a quarter of an hour. Now, ladies, I am at your mercy."

"Now, papa dear," asked Cecil, as she stitched away at the seam of her father's burly back, "if poor cousin Hilary should get up and want to go out, what are we to do?"

"How can you even put such a question? Even for our opening day, I would not dream of leaving the house, if I thought that you could be so stupid as to let that poor boy out. I would not have him seen in the parish, and I would not have his own people see him, even for the brush of the Fox-coombe fox, who is older than the hills, they say, and no hound dare go near him. One of you must be always handy; and if he gets restless, turn the key on him. Nothing can be simpler."

With his bottle-green coat, now warranted to last (unless he overbuttoned it), the rector kissed his

dear wife and daughters; and then universal good wishes, applauses, and kissings of hand, set him forth on his way, with a bright smile spread upon his healthy face.

"Now mind we are left in charge," said Madge. "You are his doctor, of course, mamma; but we are to be his constables. I hope to goodness that he will eat by-and-by. It makes me miserable to see him. And the trouble we have had to keep the servants from knowing who he is, mamma!"

"My dear, your father has ordered it so. For my part, I cannot see why there should be so much mystery about it. But he always knows better than we do, of course."

"Surely, mamma," suggested Cecil, "it would be a dreadful shock to the family to receive poor Hilary in such a condition, just after the appearance of that horrid water. They would put the two things together, and believe it the beginning of great calamities."

"Now, my dear child," answered Mrs Hales, who loved to speak a word in season, "let not us, who are Christians, hearken to such superstitious vanities. Trust in the Lord, and all will be well. He holdeth in the hollow of His hands the earth and all that therein is; yea, and the waters that be under the earth. Now run up, and see whether your poor cousin has eaten that morsel of anchovy toast. And tell him that I am going to prepare his draught, but he must not take the pills until half-past eleven."

"Oh, mamma dear, you'll drive him out of the house. Poor fellow, how I do pity him!"

Now Hilary certainly deserved this pity—not for his bodily ailments only, and the cruel fate which had placed him at the mercy of the medicine-chest, but more especially for the low and feverish condition of his heart and mind. Brooding perpetu-

ally on his disgrace, and attributing to himself more blame than his folly and failure demanded, he lost the refreshment of dreamless sleep, which his jaded body called out for. No rest could he find in the comforting words of his uncle and aunt and cousins: he knew that they were meant for comfort, and such knowledge vexes; or at least it irritates a man, until the broader time of life, when things are taken as they are meant, and any good word is welcome.

He was not, however, so very far gone as to swallow his dear aunt's boluses. He allowed his pillow to take his pills; and his good-natured cousins let him swallow them, as much as a juggler swallows swords. "I can't take them while you are looking," he said; "when you come in again you will find them gone."

Now one of the girls—it was never known which, because all three denied it—stupidly let the sick cousin know that the master of the house was absent. Hilary paid no special heed at the moment when he heard it; but after a while he began to perceive (as beloved a blockaded soldier) that here was his chance for a sally. And he told them so, after his gravy-beef and a raw egg beaten up with sherry.

"How cunning you are now!" said Cecil, who liked and admired him very deeply. "But you are not quite equal, Master Captain, to female ingenuity. The Spanish ladies must have taught you that, if half that I hear is true of them. Now you need not look so wretched, because I know nothing about them. Only this I know, that out of this house you are not allowed to go, without—oh, what do you call it?—a pass, or a watchword, or a counter-sign, or something or other from papa himself. So you may just as well lie down—or mamma will come up with a powder for you."

"The will of the Lord be done," said Hilary; "but, Cecil, you are getting very pretty, and you need not take away my breeches."

"I am sorry to do it, Cousin Hilary; but I know quite well what I am about. And none of your military ways of going on can mislead me as to your character. You want to be off. We are quite aware of it. You can scarcely put two feet to the ground."

"Oh dear, how many ought I to be able to put?"

"You know best—at least four, I should hope. But you are not equal to argument. And we are all particularly ordered to keep you from what is too much for you. Now I shall take away these things—whatever they are called, I have no idea; but I do what I am told to do. And after this you will take that glass of the red wine, declared to be wonderful; and then you will shut both your eyes, if you please, till my father comes home from his hunting."

The lively girl departed with a bow of light defiance, carrying away her father's small-clothes (which had been left for Hilary), and locking the door of his bedroom with a decisive turn of a heavy key. "Mother, you may go to sleep," she said, as she ran down into the drawing-room: "I defy him to go, if he were Jack Sheppard: he has got no breeches to go in."

"Cecil, you are almost too clever! How your father will laugh, to be sure!" And the excellent lady began her nap.

As the afternoon wore away, Hilary grew more and more impatient of his long confinement. Not only that he pined for the open air—as, of course, he must do, after living so long with the free sky for his canopy—but also that he felt most miserable at being so near the old house on the hill, yet doubtful of his

reception there. More than once he rang the bell; but the old nurse, who alone of the servants was allowed to enter, would do no more than scold or coax him, and quietly lock him in again. So at last he got out of bed, and feebly made his way to the window, and thence beheld, betwixt him and the grassy mounds of the churchyard, that swift black stream which had so surprised him on the night of his arrival.

Since then he had persuaded himself, or allowed others to persuade him, that the water had been a vision only of his weak and excited brain. But now he saw it clearly, calmly, and in a very few moments knew what it was, and of what dark import.

"How can I have let them keep me here!" he exclaimed, with indignation. "My father and sister must believe me dead, while I play at this miserable hide-and-seek. Perhaps they will think that I had better have been dead; but, at any rate, they shall know the truth."

With these words he took up his sailor-clothes, which the vigilant Cecil had overlooked, and which had been left in his room for fear of setting the servants talking; and he dressed himself as well as he could, and tried to look clean and tidy. But do what he might, he could only cut a poor and sorry figure; and looking in the glass, he was frightened at his wan and worn appearance. Then, knowing the habits of the house, and wishing to avoid excitement, he waited until the two elder daughters were gone down the village for their gossip, and Cecil was seeing the potatoes dug, and Mrs Hales sleeping over Fisher or Patrick, while the cook was just putting the dinner down; and then, without trying the door at all, he quietly descended from the window, with the help of a stack-pipe and a spurry pear-tree.

So feeble was he now, that this slight exertion made him turn faint, and sick, and giddy; and he was obliged to sit down and rest under a shrub, into which he had staggered. But after a while, he found himself getting a little better; and pulling up one of the dahlia-stakes, to help himself along with, he made his way to the gate; and there being cut off from the proper road, followed the leave of the land and the water, along the valley upward.

Alice Lorraine had permitted herself, not quite to lose her temper, but still to get a little worried by her grandmother's exhortations. Of all living beings, she felt herself to be one of the very most reasonable; and whenever she began to doubt about it, she knew there was something wrong with her. Her favourite cure for this state of mind was a free and independent ride, over the hills and far away. She hated to have a groom behind her, watching her, and perhaps criticising the movements of her figure. But as it was scarcely the proper thing for Miss Lorraine to be scouring the country, like a yeoman's daughter, she always had to start with a trusty groom; but she generally managed to get rid of him.

And now, having vainly coaxed her father to come for a breezy canter, Alice set forth about four o'clock, for an hour of rapid air, to clear, invigorate, and enliven her. Whatever she did, or failed of doing (when her grandmother was too much for her), she always looked graceful, and bright, and kind. But she never looked better than when she was sitting, beautifully straight, on her favourite mare, skimming the sward of the hills; or bowing her head in some tangled covert. This day, she allowed the groom to chase her (like the black

care that sits behind) until she had taken free burst of the hills, and longed to see things quietly. And then she sent him, in the kindest manner, to a very old woman at Lower Chancton, to ask whether she had been frightened; and when he had turned the corner of a difficult plantation, Alice took her course for that which she had made up her mind to do.

According to the ancient stories, no fair-blooded creatures (such as man, or horse, cow, dog, or pigeon) would ever put lip to the accursed stream; whereas all foul things, polecats, foxes, fitches, badgers, ravens, and the like, were drawn by it, as by a loadstone, and made a feasting-place of it. So Alice resolved that her darling "Elfrida" should be compelled to pant with thirst, and then should have the fairest offer of the water of the Woe-burn. And of this intent she was so full, that she paid no heed to the "dressing bell," clanging over the lonely hill, nor even to her pet mare's sense of dinner; but took a short cut of her own knowledge, down a lonely bostall, to the channel of new waters.

The stream had risen greatly even since the day before yesterday, and now in full volume swept on grandly towards the river Adur. Any one who might chance to see it for the first time, and without any impression, or even idea concerning it, could scarcely fail to observe how it differed from ordinary waters. Not only through its pellucid blackness, and the swaying of long grass under it (whose every stalk, and sheath, and awn, and even empty glume, was clear, as they quivered, wavered, severed, and spread, or sheathed themselves together again, and hustled in their common immersion),—not only in this, and the absence of any water-plants along its margin, was the stream peculiar,

but also in its force and flow. It did not lip, or lap, or ripple, or gurgle, or wimple, or even murmur, as all well-meaning rivers do; but swept on in one even sweep, with a face as smooth as the best plate-glass, and the silent slide of night-fall.

Now the truth of the good old saying was made evident to Alice, that one can take a horse to water, but a score cannot make him drink, unless he is so minded. It was not an easy thing to get Elfrida to go near the water. She started away with flashing eyes, pricked ears, and snorting nostrils; and nothing but her perfect faith in Alice would have made her come nigh. But as for drinking, or even wetting her nose in that black liquid—might the horse-fiend seize her, if she dreamed of doing a thing so dark and unholy!

"You shall, you shall, you wicked little witch!" cried Alice, who was often obstinate. "I mean to drink it; and you shall drink it; and we won't have any superstition." She leaped off lightly, with her skirt tucked up, and taking the mare by the check-piece of the bridle, drew her forward. "Come along, come along, you shall drink. If you don't, I'll pour it up your nostrils, Frida; somehow or other, you shall swallow it. You know I won't have any nonsense, don't you?"

The beautiful filly, with great eyes partly defiant and partly suppliant, drew back her straight nose, and blowing nostrils, and the glistening curve of the foamy lip. Not even a hair of her muzzle should touch the face of the accursed water.

"Very well then, you shall have it thus," cried Alice, with her curved palm brimming with the unpopular liquid; when suddenly a shadow fell on the shadowy brilli-

ance before her—a shadow distinct from her own and Elfrida's, and cast further into the wavering.

"Who are you?" cried Alice, turning sharply round; "and what business have you on my father's land?" She was in the greatest fright at the sudden appearance of a foreign sailor, and the place so lonely and beyond all help; but without thinking twice, she put a brave face on her terror.

"Who am I?" said Hilary, trying to get up a sprightly laugh. "Well, I think you must have seen me once or twice in the course of your long life, Miss Lorraine."

"Oh, Hilary, Hilary, Hilary!"

She threw herself into his arms with a jump, relying upon his accustomed strength, and without any thought of the difference. He tottered backwards, and must have fallen, but for the trunk of a pollard ash. And seeing how it was, she again cried out, "Oh, Hilary, Hilary, Hilary!"

"That is my name," he answered, after kissing her in a timid manner; "but not my nature; at the present moment I am not so very hilarious."

"Why, you are not fit to walk, or talk, or even to look like a hero. You are the bravest fellow that ever was born. Oh, how proud we are of you! My darling, what is the matter? Why, you look as if you did not know me! Help, help, help! He is going to die. Oh, for God's sake, help!"

Poor Hilary, after looking wildly around, and trying in vain to command his mouth, fell suddenly back, convulsed, distorted, writhing, foaming, and wallowing in the depths of epilepsy. Sky, hill, and tree swung to and fro, across his strained and starting eyes, and then whirled round like a spinning-wheel, with radiating sparks and spots. Then all fell into abyss of

darkness, down a bottomless pit, into utter and awful loss of everything.

The vigour of youth had fought against this robbery of humanity so long and hard that Alice, the only spectator of the conflict, began to recover from shriek and wailing by the time that her brother fell into the black insensibility. The ground sloped so that if she had not been there, the unfortunate youth must have rolled into the Woeburn, and so ended. But being a prompt and active girl, she had saved him from this at any rate. She had had the wit also to save his tongue, by slipping a glove between his teeth; which scarcely a girl in a hundred who saw such a thing for the first time would have done. And now, though her face was bathed in tears, and her hands almost as tremulous as if themselves convulsed, she filled her low-crowned riding-hat with water from the river, and sprinkled his forehead gently, and released his neck from cumbrance. And then she gazed into his thin pale features, and listened for the beating of his heart.

This was so low that she could not hear or even feel it anywhere. "Oh, how can I get him home?" she cried. "Oh, my only brother, my only brother!" In fright and misery, she leaped upon a crest of chalk, to seek around for any one to help her; and suddenly she espied her groom against the skyline a long way off, galloping up the ridge from Chaneton. In hope that one of the many echoes of the cliffs might aid her, she shrieked with all her power, and tore a white kerchief from under her riding-habit, and put it on her whip and waved it. And presently she had the joy of seeing the horse's head turned towards her. The rider had not caught her voice, but had descried some white thing fluttering between

him and the sombre stripe which he was watching earnestly.

This groom was a strong and hearty man, and the father of seven children. He made the best of the case, and ventured to comfort his young mistress. And then he laid Hilary upon Elfrida, the docile and soft-stepper; and making him fast

with his own bridle, and other quick contrivances, he tethered his own horse to a tree, and leading the mare, set off with Alice walking carefully and supporting the head of her senseless brother. So came this hero, after all his exploits, back to the home of his fathers.

CHAPTER LIX.

"What can I do? Oh, how can I escape?" cried Alice to herself one morning, towards the end of the dreary November; "one month out of three is gone already, and the chain of my misery tightens round me. No, don't come near me, any of you birds; you will have to do without me soon; and you had better begin to practise. Ah me! you can make your own nests, and choose your mates; how I envy you! Well, then, if you must be fed, you must. Why should I be so selfish?" With tears in her eyes, she went to her bower and got her little basket of moss, well known to every cock-robin and thrush and blackbird dwelling on the premises. At the bottom were stored, in happy ignorance of the fate before them, all the delicacies of the season—the food of woodland song, the stimulants of aerial melody. Here were woodlice, beetles, carwigs, caterpillars, slugs and nymphs, well-girt brandlings, and the offspring of the tightly-buckled wasp, together with the luscious meal-worm, and the peculiarly delicious grub of the cockchafer—all as fresh as a West-end salmon, and savouring sweetly of moss and milk—no wonder the beaks of the birds began to water at the mere sight of that basket.

"You have had enough now for to-day," said Alice; "it is useless

to put all your heads on one side, and pretend that you are just beginning. I know all your tricks quite well by this time. No, not even you, you Methusalem of a Bob, can have any more—or at least, not much."

For this robin (her old pet of all, and through whose powers of interpretation the rest had become so intimate) made a point of perching upon her collar and nibbling at her ear whenever he felt himself neglected. "There is no friend like an old friend," was his motto; and his poll was grey and his beak quite blunted with the cares of age, and his large black eyes were fading. "Methusalem, come and help yourself," said Alice, relenting, softly; "you will not have the chance much longer."

Now as soon as the birds, with a chirp and a jerk, and one or two futile hops, had realised the stern fact that there was no more for them, and then had made off to their divers business (but all with an eye to come back again), Alice, with a smiling sigh—if there can be such a mixture—left her pets, and set off alone to have a good walk and talk and think. The birds, being guilty of "cupboard love," were content to remain in their trees and digest; and as many of them as were in voice expressed their gratitude brilliantly. But out

of the cover they would not budge; they hated to be ruffled up under their tails: and they knew what the wind on the Downs was.

"I shall march off straight for Chancton Ring," said Alice Lorraine, most resolutely. "How thankful I am, to be able to walk! and poor Hilary—ah, how selfish of me to contrast my state with his!"

Briskly she mounted the crest of the coombe, and passed to the open upland, the long chine of hill which trends to its highest prominence at Chancton Ring—a landmark for many a league around. Crossing the trench of the Celtic camp—a very small obstruction now—which loosely girds the ancient trees, Alice entered the venerable throng of weather-beaten and fantastic trunks. These are of no great size, and shed no impress of hushed awe, as do the mossy ramparts and columnar majesty of New-forest beech-trees. Yet, from their countless and furious struggles with the winds in their might in the wild midnight, and from their contempt of aid or pity in their bitter loneliness, they enforce the respect and the interest of any who sit beneath them.

At the foot of one of the largest trees, the perplexed and disconsolate Alice rested on a lowly mound, which held (if faith was in tradition) the bones of her famous ancestor, the astrologer Agasicles. The tree which overhung his grave, perhaps as a sapling had served to rest without obstructing his telescope; and the boughs, whose murmurings soothed his sleep, had been little twigs too limp for him to hang his Samian cloak on. Now his descendant in the ninth or tenth generation—whichever it was—had always been endowed with due (but mainly rare) respect for those who must have gone before her. She could not perceive that they must

have been fools, because many things had happened since they died; and she was not even aware that they must have been rogues to beget such a set of rogues.

Therefore she had veneration for the remains that lay beneath her (mouldering in no ugly coffin, but in swaddling-clothes committed like an infant into the mother's bosom), and the young woman dwelt, as all mortals must, on death, when duly put to them. The everlasting sorrow of the moving winds—as in the trees; and the rustling of the sad, sear leaf, and creaking of the lichened bough. And above their little bustle and small fuss about themselves, the large, sonorous stir was heard of Weymouth pines and Scottish firs swaying in the distance slowly, like the murmur of the sea. Even the waving of yellow grass-blades (where the trees allowed them), and the rustling of tufted briars, and of thorny thickets, shone and sounded melancholy with a farewell voice and gaze.

In the midst of all this autumn, Alice felt her spirits fall. She knew that they were low before, and she was here to enlarge and lift them, with the breadth of boundless prospect and the height of the breezy hill. But fog and cloud came down the world, and grey encroachment creeping, and on the hill-tops lay heavy sense of desolation. And Alice being at heart in union with the things around her (although she tried to be so brave), began to be weighed down, and lonesome, sad, and wondering, and afraid. From time to time she glanced between the uncouth pillars of the trees, to try to be sure of no man being in among them hiding. And every time when she saw no one, she was so glad that she need not look again—and then she looked again.

"It is quite early," she said to

herself; "nothing—not even three o'clock. I get into the stupidest, fearfulest ways from such continual nursing. How I wish poor Hilary was here! One hour of this fine breeze and cheerful scene—— My goodness, what was that!"

The cracking of a twig, without any sign of what had cracked it; the rustle of trodden leaves; but no one, in and out the graves of leafage, visible to trample them. And then the sound of something waving, and a sharp snap as of metal, and a shout into the distant valley.

"It is the astrologer," thought Alice. "Oh, why did I laugh at him? He has felt me sitting upon his skull. He is waving his cloak, and snapping his casket. He has had me in view for his victim always, and now he is shouting for me."

In confirmation of this opinion, a tall grey form, with one arm thrown up, and a long cloak hanging gracefully, came suddenly gliding between the trees. The maiden, whose brain had been overwrought, tried to spring up with her usual vigour; but the power failed her. She fell back against the sepulchral trunk and did not faint, but seemed for the moment very much disposed thereto.

When she was perfectly sure of herself, and rid of all presence of spectres, she found a strong arm behind her head, and somebody leaning over her. And she laid both hands before her face, without meaning any rudeness; having never been used to be handled at all, except by her brother or father.

"I beg your pardon most humbly, madam. But I was afraid of your knocking yourself."

"Sir, I thank you. I was very foolish. But now I am quite well again."

"Will you take my hand to get

up? I am sure, I was scared as much as you were."

"Now, if I could only believe that," said Alice, "my self-respect would soon return; for you do not seem likely to be frightened very easily."

She was blushing already, and now her confusion deepened, with the consciousness that the stranger might suppose her to be admiring his manly figure; of which, of course, she had not been thinking, even for one moment.

"I ought not to be so," he answered in the simplest manner possible; "but I had a sunstroke in America, fifteen months ago or so; and since that I have been good for nothing. May I tell you who I am?"

"Oh yes, I should like so much to know." Alice was surprised at herself as she spoke; but the stranger's unusually simple yet most courteous manner led her on.

"I am one Joyce Aylmer, not very well known; though at one time I hoped to become so. A major in his Majesty's service"—here he lifted his hat and bowed—"but on the sick-list ever since we fought the Americans at Fort Detroit."

"Oh, Major Aylmer, I have often heard of you, and how you fell into a sad brain-fever, through saving the life of a poor little child. My uncle, Mr Hales, knows you, I believe, and has known your father for many years."

"That is so. . And I am almost sure that I must be talking to Miss Lorraine, the daughter of Sir Roland Lorraine, whom my father has often wished to know."

"Yes. And perhaps you know my brother, who has served in the Peninsula, and is now lying very ill at home."

"I am sorry indeed to hear that of him. I know him, of course, by

reputation, as the hero of Badajos ; but I think I was ordered across the Atlantic before he joined ; or, at any rate, I never met him that I know of—though I shall hope to do so soon. May I see you across this lonely hill ? Having frightened you so, I may claim the right to prevent any others from doing it."

Alice would have declined the escort of any other stranger ; but she had heard such noble stories of this Major Aylmer, and felt such pity for a brave career baffled by its own bravery (which in some degree resembled her poor brother's fortunes), that she gave him one of her soft bright smiles, such a smile as he never had received before. Therefore he set down his broad sketch-book, and the case of pencils, and went to the rim of the Ring that looks towards the vale of Sus-

sex ; and there he shouted, to countermand the groom, who had been waiting for him at the farm house far below.

"I am ordered to ride about," he said, as he returned to Alice, "and to be out of doors all day—a very pleasant medicine. And so, for something to do, I have taken up my old trick of drawing ; because I must not follow hounds. I would not talk so about myself, except to show you how it was that you did not hear me moving."

"How soon it gets dark on the top of these hills !" cried Alice, most unscientifically. "I always believe that they feel it sooner, because they see the sun go down."

"That seems to me to be a fine idea," Joyce Aylmer answered, faithfully. And his mind was in a loose condition of reason all the way to Coombe Lorraine.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE first thing suggested by the reassembling of Parliament is the feeling that for all time a repetition of the *coup d'état* of last year has been rendered impossible. Its condemnation by the country was too pronounced, its consequences too momentous, for any political chief, however confident in himself or in the assumed approval of the public, to revert to an expedient so perilous and so utterly unjustifiable. The party of sensation being out of office, we have, in consequence, no fear of a policy of surprise, and no apprehension of any manœuvres akin to that of an Ashantee ambush. Accordingly, we take it for granted that Parliament will meet in due course; and we proceed to make a few observations upon that event by way of reviewing the present political situation, without any misgiving lest before these pages meet the public eye the whole scene will have been changed by a fit of ungovernable rashness, and in a manner which confounds all speculation whether of friends or foes.

The events of last session are a subject which is now worn threadbare, and few of our readers would thank us for renewing it. The events of next session, as Mr Disraeli said at the Mansion-House, will form an exciting topic of discussion some months hence. Pending the Queen's Speech and the opening of Parliament, there is no doubt a lull in the English political world. We are at the close of a Parliamentary recess which has not been fruitful of incident, which has been remarkable for tranquillity and contentment, and from which everything in the shape of serious agitation has been banished. It has been a time when some of our most familiar

friends, whose advanced opinions are their sole title to distinction, have been drowned in a sudden political slumber. It has also been a period when the English people, as they contrast their own position with that of neighbouring nations, feel that they have achieved a brilliant political position, threatened by nothing worse than the discordant sects, who feebly echo the worst passions and opinions of the Continent, and who have been crushed without an effort.

The re-establishment of a system which, whether it is described as that of modern Conservatism or historic Toryism, at least receives from its more distinguished opponents the unconscious flattery of an open avowal of its most sacred principles, is not likely to have occurred without largely influencing the politics of the world. Or if the phrase be preferred, the political changes in England have been accompanied by similar changes abroad, all of them, perhaps, referable to the same causes, and likely, we trust, to lead to the greater security, progress, and happiness of mankind. The Legislatures of three of these countries—France, Germany, and America—have recently commenced their labours, and it is perhaps a fitting opportunity of comparing their position with our own. In all of them we think that the prospects are more satisfactory and encouraging than could have been reasonably expected a very few years ago. The terrible wars of which Europe has been the scene,—the prolonged disorder and confusion from which France and Spain have suffered—the downfall of so many kingdoms and institutions,—have impressed upon mankind the perils of revolu-

tionary anarchy, and have spread the conviction that no nation can part with impunity with its ancient institutions, which began with its birth, and have grown with its growth, however difficult and necessary it may be to place them in accord with the spirit and circumstances of the present. Those violent breaches with the past which commend themselves to the rash and adventurous, cost statesmen many an anxious life, and nations many an arduous struggle, in the endeavour to heal them; and we may be thankful that our fate has hitherto been so ordered that our unbroken historic continuity at once arrests the attention, and excites the admiration, of rulers ardently desirous of restoring to their countries the benefits of social order and established government.

The serenity of the political atmosphere in England contrasts most forcibly with the still unpacified state of Europe. Order, liberty, and religion are the three principles which the old world is still striving unsuccessfully to accomplish, and which England, as the leader of the new world, holds out for the example and encouragement of mankind. These are the three great ends which every nation or community places in view, and strives to attain; but Latin and Teutonic races alike are constantly baffled in the pursuit of them. At the present moment those ends are certainly not reached by Continental nations. Blood and iron have been expended with a lavish hand; Germany, France, and Spain have been decimated by war: but no force which man can bring into operation will achieve those results which the steady continuous growth of national character and habits alone can produce. Those who are sceptical as to the advantages of an historic throne and dynasty as a means of preserv-

ing public order—who deride the great Tory doctrine of connecting political privilege with the performance of public duty—who undervalue those relations between Church and State which have for two centuries combined the maintenance of a religious spirit with the progress of religious liberty,—may derive a lesson from what is now passing abroad. They will find in one gallant and unfortunate people an example of the disastrous consequences of attempting to found society on the rights of man; in another, they will find how, after years of anarchy, and discord, and impending bankruptcy, a people in despair reverts to its hereditary throne, even though it must be filled by an inexperienced youth; and in a third, they will find that while an organised Church bids defiance to the State, the people are gradually rejecting all healthy religious influence.

It is difficult to resist the temptation to indulge in some self-congratulation, when the opening of our own Parliament reminds us how far removed our own position is from the perplexity and menacing circumstances under which the German and French Governments have met their Legislatures, and from the condition of gloomy disturbance through which Spain sees a gleam of hope in the return of its native prince. Whatever the causes—whether we owe it to our insular security, and the national spirit and sense, or the exceptional good fortune which through history has been with us at every crisis, or to all combined—every one admits that the country is contented, tranquil, and prosperous; and that the stormy contentions which rage abroad and imperil the fortunes of every people, only present themselves to these islands in a mitigated form, sufficiently pressing to command atten-

tion and excite controversy, but not in a form to render their solution a matter of grave peril or overwhelming anxiety. There is no sort of counterpart here to the political confusion which prevails in France and Spain: the most dangerous politicians are paralysed by lethargy of mind and body; while the deadly strife between Prince Bismark and his Ultramontane bishops appears in England in the attenuated form of a pamphlet, in which the ex-Liberal leader explains to a considerable portion of his former supporters that with their principles they cannot at the same time be both logical and loyal. A more harmless discussion, when compared with the ecclesiastical strife abroad, it is impossible to imagine. We are not a logical people; and we have no doubt that whatever extravagances the Catholics or Radicals may commit themselves to in theory, in writing, or on platforms, when it comes to action and to putting in force their supposed convictions, patriotism and common-sense will regain their usual ascendancy in this country, and the leopards will not merely change but forget even the existence of their spots.

It is a singular circumstance, perhaps one of the most striking which have occurred during the recess, that the prostration of unreflecting Liberalism, originally effected by the excesses of the French Commune, has extended to the American continent. The elections last autumn in that country were attended by a very similar result to that which we witnessed in England at the beginning of the year. The Republicans were defeated as thoroughly as the Liberals in England; and a majority of one hundred in their favour was converted into a minority of half that amount. For fourteen years they have held power, with the result, whatever their

virtues or achievements, that the majority of the electors throughout the Union have become thoroughly discontented. The American Liberals have been demoralised by a too protracted ascendancy. Crotchets-mongers, as they are termed, have come to the front with their disintegrating and baneful influence, and the general result of Republican administration has been that public frauds and misgovernment have destroyed all faith in public virtue, and that, according to their good friend the 'Spectator,' "an undue proportion of rascals of all colours have been enabled to get to the top." American politics were ripe for a total change, and it would have been well if the machinery existed for effecting it as speedily and as thoroughly as amongst ourselves. Scarcely anything can be more injurious in public affairs than the dead lock which is produced in a republic, or under any system other than a constitutional monarchy, when the people resolve upon a complete change of front and policy. A transference of power is effected in this country with the utmost ease, without any abrupt transition or any inconvenient disturbance of the due course of administration. For an interval of more than two years, the only hope for America that her Executive and her Legislature will be in accord is, that the two rival parties in the State—one exasperated by long exclusion from power, the other at the prospect of losing it—may exhibit mutual forbearance and moderation. The Democrats have a decided majority in the new House of Representatives, and will be virtually supreme in matters of legislation. The President, supported by a very small majority in the Senate, is Republican. A more inconvenient arrangement—one less likely to produce good government or wise legislation, or to insure the

prudent exercise of that great and increasing power which America wields—it is difficult to conceive. French Republicanism has recently added new horrors to the past associations of the term; Spanish Republicanism has proved a byword of feebleness and incapacity; and in America the same form of Government offers itself as a complicated and ingenious mechanism, which, in seeking to restrain or hinder popular excesses, inflicts a period of paralysis on the country, and places the reins of authority in rival hands, each much more intent upon baffling the other, than desirous or able to interpret and fulfil the national will. The exact position is this. The President cannot be unseated till March 1877, but he is practically discredited. The House of Representatives, from its meeting at the beginning of December till March 1875, continues to possess a Republican majority, not yet unseated, who well know that those few months are, for the present, their last months of power. Although the Senate only possesses a small Republican majority, there is a probability, though still an uncertainty, of it too falling, in due course, into the hands of the Democratic majority. Where, under such circumstances of present confusion and uncertain contingencies, is the security for good government, and its continuous administration? As the London 'Times' remarked—"There have been Governments and Legislatures which would seize upon the remaining hours at their disposal to impress their will on the nation, even though the control over its destinies was about to be taken from them. If the United States were as France, the President, Senate, and House of Representatives would hasten to tie up everything as tightly as possible, knowing that if President and House are to pass away, the

majority of the Senate will remain some time longer Republican, and could prevent a new President and a new House from undoing what the outgoing authorities had conspired to do." The only force or break interposed between American affairs and the dead lock which would otherwise await them, is a feeling which is to some extent akin to the feeling of loyalty to an established throne, and which results from habit and tradition—namely, the sentiment of obedience to the popular will. If a republic is more than a century old, and has been planted as it were on a virgin soil, the force of traditional sentiment has had place to take root in it and time to grow. Such an experiment may succeed in a new country; but the chance of the true republican sentiment, which is essential to the working of republican institutions, taking root in a monarchical soil, is infinitesimal; and the demoralising effects of insane attempts to force the spread of uncongenial institutions were never more strikingly displayed than recently in France, in the total inability of an experienced public servant like Marshal Bazaine to draw the line between rank treason to the State, and hostility to the form of government which temporarily held the reins of power. In America, republicanism is seen under its most favourable circumstances: boundless territory, the absence of all the traditional sentiments which grow up round a throne, and of an aristocracy which is both hereditary and famous, and a long-established deference to the popular will. Any one who compares the spectacle of President Grant meeting the American Congress last December with Queen Victoria meeting her Parliament this February—each under the circumstances of the nation having recently effected a transference of power from one

party to the other—must feel that the people which live under the sway of a limited and constitutional monarchy have infinitely greater security for order and good government, and the continuous working of the machinery of administration, than those who live under the most peaceful and perfect form of republican government ever devised. Constant changes in the form of government appear to deaden loyalty, weaken patriotism, and demoralise the public services. It is absurd to undervalue the advantages of the symbol and centre of a State remaining fixed and invariable.

The German Emperor met his Parliament on the 29th of October. Although French affairs interest the majority of Englishmen more than those of any other European power, still the proceedings of the German Parliament, and its relations to the Imperial Government, are of more immediate and primary importance both to Europe and ourselves. This country has shown its sympathy with France in its unparalleled disasters, and has not stinted its admiration for the gallant manner in which she has confronted them. The Duc Decazes administers the foreign affairs of his country in a way which inspires Europe with confidence in his sagacity and prudence. And the appointment of the present French ambassador in London may be regarded as a friendly move towards the present Administration. But we cannot forget the celebrated saying of Napoleon, "When France is satisfied, Europe is at peace." The satisfaction of France, and therefore the peace of Europe, depend at the present moment mainly upon the circumstances that France is comparatively powerless, and that Germany for the present is exceedingly strong. If the alternative were to present itself, whether Germany should relapse into being what a

celebrated English statesman called a mere geographical expression, or whether it should remain as now, a strong military and united empire, there cannot be a doubt which would be most in the interests of European peace and English contentment. It is unnecessary to recall the correspondence published at the commencement of the last war, which disclosed the designs of Napoleon upon Belgium. In the recent correspondence revealed in the proceedings at Count Arnim's trial, there is this ominous passage attributed to M. Thiers whilst President of the Republic, in conversation reported by Count Arnim: "Of course, a time may come when France will have recovered from her misfortunes, and when Germany in her turn will be involved in difficulties. At such a juncture, France might endeavour to square accounts with Germany; but even this need not lead to war, as France, far from being an implacable enemy, would be sure to ally herself with Germany in the eleventh hour, provided Germany were to accord her a *compensation for recent losses*." If this again points to Belgium, as we presume that it does, sympathy with France must be tempered by some of that cynical selfishness or prudent regard for the main chance, whichever it may be called, which so ruthlessly pervades the whole of Prince Bismark's despatches.

The opening of the German Parliament was full of that interest which a political situation of extreme difficulty and even peril is sure to excite. The iron hand which united Germany will not, or cannot, release its grasp. In all that he says and does, Prince Bismark seems to show that he considers his authority to rest upon sheer physical force and mastery of will. What will become of the Empire without the Chancellor, is a speculation which the

future will solve. The visible union of the Germanic States is preserved under his despotic hand ; but the rancour and animosities which are scattered far and wide around him, scarcely do credit to Prince Bismark's statesmanship and capacity for government. It was inevitable that the new Empire should be surrounded by implacable foes : it was founded upon the ruins of its neighbours. But the same angry and incurable animosities are excited within as well as without the heterogeneous community which now acknowledges the sway of the German Emperor ; and apparently they are all centred upon the same devoted head, which does not preserve that steadiness of temper and power of self-control which the crisis demands. The measures announced from the throne were weighty and important. A code of civil procedure for the whole Empire ; the vast reorganisation of the enormous military system, together with the provisions for calling out the Land-sturm in time of peace ; and the measures for the government of Alsace and Lorraine, together with the projected legislation concerning civil marriage,—are large demands upon the vigour and capacity of the new Empire ; and some spirit of conciliation, some approximation to the tone and temper which an English House of Commons expects at the hands of its leader, might have been at least as efficacious an instrument as the sledge-hammer violence with which the German Chancellor invariably seeks to effect his purposes. At the beginning of last year there were ominous forebodings of another war with France, because of some pastoral letters issued by French bishops. Later on, the murder of Captain Schmidt by the Carlists led to the intervention of Germany in the affairs of Spain. "We should have

been perfectly justified," said the Chancellor, "from an international point of view, and we should only have treated those butchers according to their deserts, had we landed in Spain, captured some Carlist officer or other, and hung him up on the sea-shore." The same high-handed tone, more fitted to sustain or exhibit the supremacy of the individual, than to assist in laying the foundation of a lasting system of government for a recently united but still heterogeneous empire, has been displayed on more than one occasion since the opening of the Parliament. If, as has been said by their great philosopher Fichte, the commonwealth of United Germany can only be established upon a basis of personal and intellectual liberty, some more conciliatory policy would seem to be required than is suited to the combative and overbearing temper of Prince Bismark. Europe will be slow to forget the extraordinary scene in which he endeavoured to fix upon the Centre Party a complicity in the guilt of the assassin Kullman. "Discard the man as much as you like, he is hanging on to your coat-tails nevertheless." The retort of Herr Windhorst was equally bad, to the effect that if religious excitement drove people to crime, those who caused the excitement had only themselves to thank for it. We should lose all our pride in the House of Commons if it even condescended, under any circumstances, to permit charges of complicity in the guilt of assassination to be bandied backwards and forwards on its benches ; and we should lose all confidence in the leader under whose auspices and by whose example, in a critical condition of public affairs, such a desecration of political debate, and such a violation of statesmanlike wisdom and moderation, could be perpetrated. We do not undervalue

the enormous importance of the controversy between the German Government and the Ultramontane forces. All our sympathies and convictions are with the Government; but it is impossible to be assured that the astute Court of Rome has really met its match in the hot-brained Minister who is so easily transported beyond the bounds of decency and discretion.

The extraordinary outburst, moreover, could not very well have been worse-timed; it would almost seem that the Chancellor fell into a trap laid for him by his not very scrupulous opponents, who certainly did all in their power to aggravate the tumult of the scene. For some time past Prince Bismark, notwithstanding that the Catholic Powers of Germany fought bravely for him in the contest with France, and now form no inconsiderable part of his united subjects, has done all in his power to deepen and embitter the feud existing between the Government and the Church. In doing so, and in the attempt to subordinate the Church to the State, and to compel the Roman Catholic subjects of the Empire to be Germans first and Catholics after, he has sought to recast the whole relation of the Church to the State, and to enforce his policy by persecution, and imprisonment, and expulsion, and the rest of the coarse machinery which Englishmen have long since ceased to use, or at least to approve of, in combating any ecclesiastical or so-called spiritual influences. If the contest does not end in a drawn game between the parties—as it probably will, considering that the combatants fight with totally different weapons, and that their controversy has no common ground upon which compromise is possible—at least the ulterior result will be to perpetuate animosities, and render no other union possible than that

between a conqueror and a thoroughly prostrate foe. Already the menace is heard, that it is of no use raising or maintaining Bavarian regiments, for in any future war they will assuredly desert to the enemy. With internal strife of this portentous character on his hands, resulting from a policy of confronting the Ultramontane influences in the Empire by sudden but permanent legislation violently carried into effect, and by determined attempts to compel subjection, the Chancellor allows himself to be betrayed into an outburst of indecorum and temper, which challenges Europe to attribute his almost desperate policy to any causes rather than a far-seeing and comprehensive political conception.

Accordingly, the next day Prince Bismark, anxious, no doubt, to obliterate the effects of his singular indiscretion, went down to the House, and in a less stormy sitting, under cover of explaining his resolution to cancel the post of envoy to the Vatican, made disclosures intended and calculated to restore that public confidence in his policy which would otherwise have been rudely shaken. He charged upon the Pope, that as a true member of the Church militant he had thought fit to revive the ancient struggle of the Papacy with the temporal power, and more especially with the German Empire. He had a secret to disclose: that in 1869, when the Württemberg Government complained of the action of the Papacy, the Papal Nuncio had retorted that the Roman Church was free only in America, and perhaps England and Belgium, and that in all other countries it had to look to revolution as the sole means of securing her rightful position. This statement was confirmed by Herr von Varnbüler, the Württemberg Premier of 1869. Instead, however, of a revolution be-

falling Germany, the war of 1870 was inflicted upon them instead. "Gentlemen," he continued, "I am in possession of conclusive evidence proving that the war of 1870 was the combined work of Rome and France; that the (Ecumenical Council was cut short on account of the war; and that very different votes would have been taken by the Council had the French been victorious. I know from the very best sources that the Emperor Napoleon was dragged into the war very much against his will by the Jesuitical influences rampant at his Court; that he strove hard to resist these influences; that in the eleventh hour he determined to maintain peace; that he stuck to this determination for half an hour, and that he was ultimately overpowered by persons representing Rome." It is evident from this that the German Government believes that it has good grounds for imputing to the Papacy and its agents an unflagging and implacable hostility to the interests of the Empire, and for believing that the strife between them is no transitory or temporary outburst. But it goes no way at all for the purpose of proving that Prince Bismark is conducting this momentous struggle—which involves principles which are of importance to all, and in which English sympathies are sure to be on his side—with temper, wisdom, and discretion, and with an eye to the permanence of the Empire which he is seeking to consolidate. It is a struggle in which he cannot have a Molke on his right hand; nor is it one which in the long run can be determined by sheer brute-force. It is one in which moral influence, free discussion, and, above all, time itself, might have been appealed to with confidence in the result. Some accounts say that the people stand passively by while the Government

fight out with the priests the question of superior authority with pertinacity and unflinching resolution. The Duke of Norfolk and the Catholic Union of this country stand sponsors for this version of the outcome of the strife. Five bishops have been thrown into prison; fines have been imposed upon all the bishops in Prussia, except the Bishop of Osnabruck. Eight more have suffered from domiciliary visits from the police, or from the officers who sold their furniture. Since the beginning of the Falk laws, up to the 3d of December, 1400 priests have either been fined or sent to prison on account of those laws; some have been driven from their countries; some for returning without leave have been banished to the Isle of Rügen. It is also stated that, while some of them have been treated in prison as merely political offenders, others have been kept in the same room with criminals, and treated in the same manner. It is further stated that 784 persons have been ordered by Prince Bismark to be summoned before the judge for having offended him in Catholic newspapers. That the policy of the Court of Rome, and the whole spirit and conduct of the Ultramontane party, justify the policy and object of the Falk laws, and called for a patient and determined effort on the part of the Government to make the supremacy of the civil power felt in the State, we do not for one moment doubt. But that such a mode of carrying out that policy, and executing such laws, is wise, or calculated in the end to ensure permanent success, we take leave to doubt. The struggle, momentous as it is, after all, is a stale one; and the way in which civil and spiritual functions have been mixed up together in this legislation, and the blows which have been struck at religion, which were

only aimed at arrogant ecclesiastics, show that the world does not outgrow the blunders of statesmen any more than the controversies of the past. Government cannot always be carried on at the point of the bayonet; and there have been several signs that Prince Bismark's majority is unsteady in its allegiance; while it cannot be doubted that a reaction of sympathy with the dangerous opponents to social order and imperial power, is imminent, and ought never to have been provoked.

It may well be a matter of pride and satisfaction to Englishmen that the meeting of our own Parliament will not open the gates of any controversy at all to be compared with that which distracts the new Empire of Germany. The affairs of the still greater empire which obeys the sceptre of Queen Victoria are in that calm and prosperous condition, always excepting the turmoil and confusion which disorganise the Opposition deprived of its leader, that the Cabinet is able to postpone its meetings till within a fortnight of the commencement of the Session. In an old-established State, with its well-ordered machinery of government, it would be impossible for the public to be enlivened by a scandal of so grave a nature as that involved in the trial of Count Arnim. The rivalries of English statesmen are fought out in an open arena; and the spectacle of a Prime Minister and Ambassador competing for the favour of their sovereign in important diplomatic despatches and reports, and carrying on an acrimonious warfare under cover of official correspondence upon the delicate subject of international relations, is happily to us inconceivable. Moreover, if we are not entirely freed from ecclesiastical contentions, they are mildness itself compared to Prince Bismark's Ultramontane war. The contest in this country has not

fallen into the hands of the Administration, nor does there seem any prospect of collision between Ministers and the Roman Catholic authorities. The fight is waged between Mr Gladstone and his quondam supporters. According to Mr Gladstone, it was the paramount duty of the British Legislature, whatever Rome might say or do, to give to Ireland all that justice could demand, in regard to matters of conscience and civil equality. When Parliament had passed the Church Act of 1869 and the Land Act of 1870, there remained only, he adds, under the great head of Imperial equity, one serious question to be dealt with — that of the higher Education. In respect thereof, the Liberal Government and the Liberal party formally tendered payment in full by the Irish University Bill of 1873. That tender was refused, and that measure was rejected by the Roman Catholic pre-lacy. "From that time forward I have felt that the situation was changed, and that important matters would have to be cleared by suitable explanations. The debt to Ireland had been paid: a debt to the country at large had still to be disposed of; and this has come to be the duty of the hour." We may presume, therefore, that the standing grievances of Ireland are at length disposed of, and that justice to that country is satisfied, and will not again be emblazoned on the banners of the Liberal party, otherwise Mr Gladstone will be in amongst them, scattering havoc and dismay in their ranks. The spirit of strife which the Ultramontane influence arouses in every civil society, may usefully and beneficially in this country evaporate in mutual recrimination and mutual explanations between the ex-Liberal leader and his exasperated and discarded allies. As regards the Romanising faction in the Church

of England, the sacerdotal simoom which rages in Germany is answered by a comparatively feeble whisper in these islands ; and the ecclesiastical legislation abroad has no more exciting counterpart here than the Public Worship Regulation Act of last Session. We have no doubt that that Act will be worked with discretion as well as firmness ; and if any supplemental legislation be found necessary, that it will be resorted to in no spirit of domination, but like the Act of last year, with the unanimous consent of Parliament and the country. If that Act required any vindication, it could be found in the singular correspondence which has recently been published in the London 'Times,' in which the Roman Catholics, by the mouth of Monsignore Capel, charge the Ritualistic party in the English Church, on excellent evidence, that they are "unintentionally, but not less assuredly, disseminating several of the doctrines of the Roman Church ;" and in which Canon Liddon, the accomplished dignitary of our great Protestant Cathedral, though considering it a "gross insult" to have his name coupled with them, replies on behalf and in excuse of the Ritualists, that in adducing this evidence the Monsignore "will have done a good service if he leads any of our brethren to abandon language or practices unauthorised by the Church of England, and tending to bring about a result that we must all unfeignedly deplore, however desirable he may think it." And then the Canon adds in reference to the evidence adduced by the Monsignore in rebuke of these Protestant plagiarisms of a Roman ritual and worship—"He has succeeded, as I cannot but think, in putting his finger upon some expressions which I would respectfully ask the writers and editors of devotional books to reconsider in the

light of the public formularies of the Church of England." Now this is all that the supporters of the Public Worship Regulation Bill have ever said. Only, instead of trusting to a Roman Catholic Monsignore to do "good service" to our clerical brethren, and restrain them from language and practices which amount to superstitious interpretations of Christian doctrine, we have preferred, without creating a single new ecclesiastical offence, simply to render the old law more cheaply and expeditiously administered. So far from there being anything in the nature of persecution about the remedy proposed,—so far from the archbishops being really amenable to all the abuse which was poured upon them,—we have now the admission of Canon Liddon himself—and a most valuable admission it is—that some such restraint was necessary, only that he would apparently have preferred that a Roman Catholic Monsignore, instead of an English tribunal, should differentiate a Protestant clergyman from a sham Roman Catholic priest. It was the practices of those who, we are now told, are indiscreet and uninstructed writers, and their ignorant adherents, which Mr Gladstone would do nothing to restrain, and in virtual and indirect support of which he moved his six famous resolutions, and wrote his celebrated article. Fortunately the common-sense of Englishmen seems likely to prevail ; and the Public Worship Regulation Act, so far from creating any schism or insuperable difficulties, will now be worked with the sympathy and approval of Canon Liddon himself. Mr Disraeli is entitled to the undivided credit of having carried this measure and secured to it unanimous support ; but in his most sanguine moments even his sagacity could hardly have foreseen that his determination "to put down ritualism"

would be effected with the sanction of such high approval.

We observed this sinister rumour published on authority the other day—"That the small committee at Birmingham, who have been so mischievously astir in other fields, are bent on advising a Disestablishment Campaign; but it is thought that they will be open to reason, and will be overruled for their own good." This, coupled with a previous rumour that Mr Bright had been informed—doubtless in the interests of an ambitious and intriguing gentleman—that Birmingham would no longer consent to be partially disfranchised, and taken in connection with various articles and speeches with which the public have been recently favoured, looks like a desperate hoisting of the black flag. If the State once lets go its connection with and control over religion,—if it lays down the preposterous principle that it has nothing to do with the subject,—it will eventually find that it has left outside itself a power greater than any which it possesses within, and may have to confront an enemy which has proved strong enough to baffle Prince Bismarck, and may yet rend in twain the colossal strength of the new German Empire. We have solved the greatest problem of modern times, or rather inherit its solution; and whether or not it be true that the Roman Catholic Church is the inevitable residuary legatee of Anglican disestablishment, these are not the times in which England can afford to part with its ecclesiastical settlement and State control of the national Church.

The most prominent feature about the opening of our own Parliament is the general unanimity of political sentiment which pervades the country, and which seems to render the contentions which marked the good old times absolutely im-

possible. Not merely do the lion and the lamb lie down together in unsuspecting confidence, but it seems difficult for any but the most practised observers to say which is the lamb and which is the lion. According to Sir William Harcourt, "the Liberal party, vanquished at the hustings, had led captive the fierce Conservative reaction, and infused even Liberal ideas into the hearts of the country gentlemen." In other words, the ideas of "the country gentlemen," without inquiring into their origin, obtain the inexpressible advantage of his august approval; he speaks, as we understand, on behalf of the old Whig and moderate Liberal school, which refuses to submit to Radical dictation. He has not words enough to express his contempt for that class of politicians whose aim is to manufacture new opinions and new views, for the sole purpose of differentiating themselves from the Conservatives, who admittedly monopolise all the sense and intelligence of the situation. "The frozen-out fox-hunters swearing for a thaw" are recommended to support the Ministerial policy, and content themselves with entertaining "a pleasant confidence in the vicissitudes of the political atmosphere." It is a miserable spectacle which the Liberal party is in peril of presenting, and from which Sir W. Harcourt, Mr Goschen, and all their most respected and respectable leaders, would save them—viz., of undue despondency on the one side, and adopting in panic an extreme policy on the other. He denounces the prolonged continuance of that "earnest treatment," with which we are all familiar, and which consists, he says, "in cramming down the throats of mankind all sorts of stuff, without the least consideration of the capacity of the people to assimilate or

digest it." And it is really refreshing to listen to this view propounded by a distinguished Liberal, for it only shows how, under Conservative ascendancy, common-sense may triumph in minds which have not always recognised its sway. "The priests and the philosophers had between them kept natures of the shuttlecock order in an everlasting see-saw between superstition and unbelief. Shocked by the dreary vacuity of the one, weak minds had taken refuge in the degrading stimulants of the other." Why, the Radical philosophers and the Irish priests have been the backbone of the Liberal strength for years. The outspoken denunciation of both the one and the other, on high Liberal authority, is indeed a sign that times are changed: the "ideas" are sound, and they are in the ascendant; but it is only recent events which have infused them into the Liberal mind. It seems that all the elements of confusion in this country are at rest, or exist only within the ranks of the divided, distracted, and deserted party of Opposition.

France, on the other hand, finds her affairs in radical disorder. While the Count de Chambord, the Prince Imperial, and M. Gambetta divide between them the allegiance of Frenchmen, there is an Assembly and a President which between them divide sovereign power, and hold it by a most precarious tenure. The Assembly at any moment may be dissolved, Marshal M'Mahon may at any moment die. Meanwhile they cannot agree even to discuss the constitutional laws, or to provide for the transmission of power. The Assembly is incapacitated for action by its divisions; the Marshal by himself is a mere fragment of a constitution, which it is impossible to form. All parties concur in the prolonged

anarchy, for every one of them shrinks from the decisive encounter involved in an appeal to the country.

The National Assembly met on the 3d of December. The Marshal-President has repeatedly pledged himself that, for the next six years, he will carry on the Executive. He appealed, at the opening of his Parliament, to all sections which it contains to help him in conducting public affairs during the interregnum, or, as it may be called, during his six years' temporary sovereignty. The attitude towards him in return is embarrassing to the last degree; for though all parties agree in supporting the Septennate, yet the agreement merely means that parties are at a deadlock.

Meanwhile the Marshal considers that he only accepted power on the condition—formally stipulated by him, and formally agreed to by the Assembly—that constitutional laws, voted within a short interval, would give his power the strength, authority, and means of action which he declared necessary. His chief demand is for the establishment of a Senate in order to arbitrate between two independent and sovereign powers—his own and that of the Assembly—in case any conflict should arise. The demand itself has given occasion for that conflict. The Marshal sent down a message demanding that the Assembly should at once decide upon the question of a Second Chamber, as an institution equally necessary to the Government of France, whether or not the Marshal were armed with the power of dissolution. On the subject of the transmission of power—which, of course, was like throwing a torch into a powder-magazine—he confined himself to saying that it should be settled that, when his term of office expired, the Assembly then in existence should have "the full

and entire liberty of defining the form of Government." In other words, till 1880, the truce between all parties should be renewed, as a means of securing the co-operation of all moderate parties in the work of national reformation. Not merely is the country powerless to decide upon its form of Government at present; all that the most sanguine politicians can hope for is to secure a machinery of administration which will work until France can make up her mind. Even that hope is baffled. The Marshal is the chief of the executive, with some portion of the sovereign power delegated to him—tied, as it were, to the stake, responsible for the administration. The actual sovereign of France is the Assembly, which is so distracted by party divisions that it has no will of its own, except to negative every proposal which may be made. It is *de jure* capable of dismissing the Marshal and removing the Government; but it is *de facto* quite incapable of any vigorous action. On the other hand, the Marshal cannot dissolve it without a *coup d'état*. The Government must go on living from hand to mouth; the moment it takes thought for the future, even to prevent the clashing of those rival powers during the continuance of this provisional arrangement, and still more when it seeks to look beyond it, one crisis after another occurs, and the scene is one of the direst confusion. In the present instance, the proposal was defeated by a majority of 420 against 250. The result shows that the Marshal must be content with being a stop-gap—the impersonation of French indecision, of that paralysis which has fallen upon French political action, which renders it impossible to reconstitute the State. His only other alternative, unless he resigns, is a violent dissolution,

which is a remedy worse than the disease which he wishes to cure. As long as he is content with remaining what is called the fragment of a constitution, he may reckon on the support of nearly all parties. The Legitimists and extreme Republicans alone are hostile to him. The moment he seeks to frame a constitution, and proposes the concurrence of the Assembly, he is at once confronted by an overwhelming coalition. This unsatisfactory position, as it must be to him, can only be terminated (unless he resigns) by a dissolution; and no single party in the State would welcome that expedient. The Imperialists prefer delay on account of the extreme youth of the Prince Imperial; the Orleanists are encumbered by the Count de Paris's understanding with the Count de Chambord; the Republicans have nothing to gain by precipitation, and are anxious to cancel the memory of past excesses by present moderation, before they appeal to a final verdict. Even the Legitimists may perhaps consider that the longer this deadlock lasts, the greater the chance of the White Flag being at last considered the indispensable condition of the final restoration of order.

What the future may have in store for the French in regard to their form of government, no human sagacity can foresee. What is wanted is the power of the individual—some man of capacity and will, who can arrest the confidence of the people. Meanwhile, in forecasting events, it is as important to attend to the *personnel* in France as it is amongst ourselves. Here is Count Arnim's testimony in one of the private despatches to the Emperor of Germany, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to the disclosures made at his recent trial:—
"France is at this moment (April

11, 1874) being governed by persons whose political education began under Louis Philippe; they were subsequently condemned to a twenty years' inactivity, and many of them like, if not absolutely as, *émigrés*. By a reversal of the wheel of fortune, they are now placed at the head of the party whose junior adherents they were when Louis Philippe fell. With these persons, who have learned but little in their forced retirement, there are united others whose political reminiscences belong to the period before 1830, when their fathers were among the *classes dirigeantes*. They are all very respectable, but, with the exception of the Duc Decazes, very unfit for the cares of government. Most of them are men between fifty-five and sixty-five, and, from their political inexperience and increasing years, will after a little while cease to play their part should the Empire be restored under Napoleon Quatre. The more aged servants of the late Emperor will hardly be young and active enough to support the renovated throne. Rouher, Fleury, Gramont, and others, though they may lay claim to lucrative posts, will no longer be fit to render effective service. Between the aged servants of Napoleon III. and the younger adherents of his son there is a wide gap, as the men between forty-five and fifty-five mostly belong to another party. Accordingly, the Empire too will be obliged to rely upon younger men. It is the same thing with the Republic: if Gambetta assumes the reins of government, he will have to surround himself chiefly with young men. However venturesome it will be to prophesy, it is still pretty certain that less than ten years hence few of those now influential will be alive or politically active."

The provisional Government, therefore, will tend to clear the politics of France of all the weeds and baneful associations which have grown up round the memories of those forms of government which were successively closed by the Revolutions of 1830, 1848, and 1870. If, when that time arrives, the white flag still casts a deadly shadow over Bourbon and Orleanist alike, there will remain, according to present appearances, the rival pretensions of the Prince Imperial and M. Gambetta. The former will have an advantage which his father in exile never possessed—namely, that he represents an established and recognised dynasty. He may dissociate himself from the crimes and errors of the Second Empire, and the men of that Empire will have mostly passed away. And as the representative of constitutional monarchy, he will represent a system which, with all its faults, secured to France internal order and external influence; while its corruption and shortcomings may well be deemed the accidents of the system. The latter has a purely personal position, and he is weighted with great responsibility in regard to the past. A revolution in the presence of hostile armies, and the continuance of war long after the disappearance of the regular army, involved his country in disasters which will never be forgiven. And the Third Republic has only increased the horrors which fill the associations connected with that form of government in France. A new Empire need not necessarily be surrounded by all the injurious influences which were at work in Louis Napoleon's Court; and, above all, it would be an act of miserable folly to revive those Jesuitical influences to which not Prince Bismark alone attri-

butes the war of 1870 and the fall of Napoleon.

This scene of political confusion and impending anarchy has never been equalled in England since the Revolution of 1688, and contrasts most forcibly with the established order which now prevails amongst us, and the utter impotence of any of the disturbing elements which possibly exist. The English political mind was employed for nearly twenty years upon a trifling question of a pound or two more or less in regard to lowering the then franchise. Even the questions which now distract and divide the unfortunate Liberal party, are mere questions of detail compared with the fundamental differences which separate factions in France. And as regards the immediate future, the most interesting topic is that same question of *personnel* upon which Count Arnim lays so much stress in Paris. The severe illness of Mr Disraeli reminds the country of the fact, which his vivacity and intellectual freshness have concealed, and which they would willingly have forgotten, that he is in his seventieth year. Mr Gladstone, at sixty-five, declares that "retirement is dictated to him by his personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of his life." The long and ardent rivalry between these two celebrated men, who have sustained the conflict on either side

"with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between,"

draws to its close. The one has withdrawn from the scene, which he will occasionally revisit as a private member; the other remains at his post, a veteran leader, the last of the great Parliamentary chiefs of Queen Victoria's reign, who has experienced every variety of political fortune, and has proved to be equally ready to wage a hopeless

struggle with gallantry and dauntless spirit, and to sustain a triumph with dignity and moderation. Whatever may be the verdict of history upon the comparative merits and achievements of their respective careers, there cannot be a second opinion as to which of the two is the greater leader of men, and deserves best at the hands of his party.

Mr Gladstone's eloquence and personal achievements have made him one of the most famous men of this century; but it will not enhance his reputation if he abandons himself to that vanity of literature in high places which besets, one after the other, our foremost public men. The determining cause of his retirement must be some more urgent reason than the wish for rest and quiet. In the last year or two of his leadership of Opposition, Mr Disraeli lived, as he himself said, in seclusion, and only appeared in public at intervals, in obedience to paramount public duty. It is no very great tax upon an experienced political chief to retain in his hands the ultimate control of Opposition tactics and leave the lieutenants to fight the campaign. It is very seldom in political warfare that a chief occupies the exceptional position which enables him, on the one hand, to withdraw from active service and perpetual presence in the field; and, on the other, to retain the allegiance of his party, over whom he can resume his power at will. If any one compares the incessant activity of Mr Disraeli in conducting the opposition to Lord Aberdeen's Government twenty years ago, with his attitude in the later years of Mr Gladstone's Government, he will find an example of the manner in which an Opposition leader of established authority and declining years may usefully serve his party,

which, while he belongs to it, he must, by force of greater genius and experience, either intentionally lead or unconsciously baffle and weaken. Mr Gladstone's name alone was a tower of strength to his party, present or potential, so long as he would allow them to conjure with it; and as he not merely withdraws that strength, but inflicts upon them the demoralising uncertainty that, at any moment, however critical, it may be turned against them, it is impossible to overestimate the disaster which has befallen them. It is hard to reorganise your army in the presence of a triumphant enemy; but the confusion is infinitely increased if an indispensable battalion withdraws from the van and fights for its own hand at the moment of serious encounter.

The total disorganisation of her Majesty's Opposition is a matter of so much public importance, that although ordinarily the relations of a party to its leader are not a legitimate subject of discussion and interference by their opponents, still the irreconcilable personal difference between Mr Gladstone and the House of Commons Liberals, for such we take it to be, has been so forced upon the public attention as to render comment inevitable. "*On doit laver son linge sale en famille*" is, we conceive, by far the most prudent maxim for politicians to follow in the unfortunate circumstances which have befallen the Liberal party. But both in 1867, when his followers deserted him at a critical moment in the Reform campaign, also in the far more serious defection at the dissolution of 1874, the first thing that occurs to Mr Gladstone is to chuck up the reins. The mere notion of such a man resigning the leadership, and at the same time remaining in Parliament a

member of the party, is absurd on the face of it. Who is there in the ranks capable of leading him? Who is there capable of carrying the strength of the party along a track or in pursuit of a policy which he forbids? In office, a titular chief may reign; but in Opposition, men follow the leader who will show them game. The new ruler of the Liberal party, whoever he may be, unless he develops unexpected qualities, must either obey Mr Gladstone's will, or be prepared to quell his insubordination and defeat his resistance. In other words, he must prove himself the stronger man. Until he does so he is merely interim leader: Mr Gladstone will be able to resume his authority whenever he chooses to appear. A man cannot resign his proved superiority in council and in action; and if Mr Gladstone wished to withdraw from active service, and still to retain his seat in Parliament, the best way to do it would have been to have said nothing about it, have appointed his lieutenant, and retained his own freedom of action unhampered by a public announcement of an impossible resignation. The only mode by which his present determination can be carried into effect, and the Opposition regain that solidarity which is important for the transaction of public business, would be to accept a peerage. Otherwise the new leader must be either Mr Gladstone's *locum tenens* or his successful rival. An abdication may be justifiable, and the reasons assigned in this case are sufficient, but it should be completed. If you retain your supremacy, which in this case is personal and not official, you must perform or delegate the duties which are incident to it: discipline cannot be established whilst a *vis major* may at any moment sever the bonds of allegiance.

The position is utterly unprecedented in political warfare. Sir R. Peel and Lord John Russell were both dislodged from the leadership of their party; but in each case the whole party of its own free will transferred its allegiance to another chief, competent to hold the ground as his own. In the present instance, all through the recess, especially since his pamphlet on the Vatican decrees, every Liberal meeting in England has rung with cheers for Mr Gladstone. His supremacy in the party is unquestioned; and it remains to be seen whether he can put it from him, as a discarded cloak, and at the same time remain a member of that party.

The truth is, that with all his great qualities and transcendent powers, Mr Gladstone has, throughout his life, been the spoiled child of political fortune. He never, till the eve of his leadership, had had to struggle to undergo "the stern discipline that chastens human vanity," and to learn the virtue of patience and the fortitude of self-control from standing on his own resources. As the nominee of the Duke of Newcastle, and the favourite pupil of Sir R. Peel for fifteen years, he was, with all his brilliant powers, nursed and coddled into statesmanship; as the gifted son of Oxford University, he found for another eighteen years a safe refuge from a popular constituency; and the first time he won a contested election against all comers was three months before Lord Palmerston's death. During those eighteen years his great financial battles were fought and triumphs won under the protecting ægis, first of Lord John Russell, and then of Lord Palmerston; and those who remember the campaigns of 1860 and 1861 will recall how his imperious temper and impatient

resolves were overruled for his own good by more experienced wisdom and more disciplined judgment. When at last he was brought face to face with his still greater rival, bereft of his protectors, each on his own resources, in four months he was ousted from power. During that time he never once got the large majority which he had inherited from Lord Palmerston into hand; the whole country was talking of his faults of temper and blunders in management; and in despair he resorted to resignation in order to teach his party obedience. Mr Disraeli, dealing with a House which was returned on no definite issue, and emphatically called for guidance, won his legislative triumphs in the matter of Parliamentary Reform by sheer superiority over his rival in the management of men and the leadership of party. Until last year he has never had a majority; but he carried his measures over his rival's head, and with all the odds against him won the Premiership first. A temper which alternates between imperious dictation and brooding despondency, was ill fitted to conduct with success a Parliamentary campaign against a leader who was always master of himself, and always equal to the occasion. Accordingly, the Liberal candidate for power, beaten at all points, staked everything on one desperate throw and won; but it is a game which cannot be repeated. The country gave him a splendid majority, and Mr Gladstone used his power with the constituencies to rule his followers with a rod of iron. As his influence with the country waned, the true relations between leader and followers again became apparent. On the one side was a lofty, an almost Vatican, claim to absolute submission, and lately an implacable

resentment against desertion and defeat; on the other, the real attitude of mind was disclosed in the fulsome flattery, cajolery, denunciation, and sarcasm which have been alternately expended upon him in Parliament and in public. The relationship between them has never approached to that spirit, on the part of the followers, of deference and loyalty which Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston, on different grounds, uniformly commanded. Under these circumstances, there is no correlative cordiality in the mind of the leader, and he accordingly sees no public advantage in undertaking a task for which none of his antecedents fit him in point of acquired temper or natural sympathies—viz., that of a patient reconstruction of the party fortunes. A man who has squandered two large majorities in less than ten years, and exhausted an overpowering enthusiasm in his favour, has become unfitted, especially in his declining years, for the task of leading a forlorn-hope, and renovating the spirit and confidence of his defeated followers. The Liberals have no right to expect that he should devote himself heart and soul to this task; but it is an aggravation of their difficulties and disasters that by his presence he should render the task impossible to others.

And if the leader, with all his unrivalled genius, has twice fought a winning game with imperiousness and failed, and now recoils from the irksome task of fighting a losing game with patience and something of that majestic self-control which he has never learnt, what are we to say to the followers, now reduced to a condition so justly entitled to the indulgence of compassion? We say that they richly deserve their fate; and we trust that the severe lesson

which they have received will teach them more moderation and respect for others than they have learnt in the heyday of prosperity.

The divisions which they have established and encouraged in their ranks have not merely ruined their strength, but have placed them before the world in a position of absurdity and ridicule. In five years the party passed from an attitude of mere servile obedience to Mr Gladstone's dictation to one of tumultuous competition for the honour of denouncing his policy, dictating his future course, or of preparing to supersede him. Any member of the party anxious for distinction found a short cut to notoriety by starting some impossible crochets, and threatening defection and irreconcilable hostility if it were not forthwith inscribed on the Liberal banner. Even provincial mayors, with no moral or intellectual authority, were heard loudly demanding that a great crisis should be immediately produced in the interests of the party, and as a modest opening for themselves; and that if the great leader, who was a statesman before they were born, was not at once prepared to advance, he must get out of the road and make way for younger and more active men. The total anarchy which prevailed was brought to their notice long before the dissolution. Their friends implored them to learn moderation and wisdom; their opponents, ourselves included, protested against the affairs of the country remaining in the hands of a divided, discredited, and obsolete faction. In their adversity they have as yet learned nothing. The children of Israel murmuring in the desert would be as promising a subject for political guidance. Every man amongst them, however little known to fame, or sustained by the posses-

sion of political ability, considers himself entitled to deplore Mr Gladstone's shortcomings or his ecclesiastical proclivities, and to flaunt "Liberal principles" in his face—that convenient and elastic expression which was always the favourite platform from which to assail the Minister, just as any ritualistic priest will flourish "the Church" in the face of his Bishop. Unfortunately a Liberal Party Regulation Bill was out of the question; and accordingly, the strained relations between leader and followers have burst asunder, and their former chief deserts them at the commencement of a campaign, and does not even condescend to the ceremony of transferring his mantle to a successor.

The result is, that for a time the Liberal party has ceased to exist. The time has not yet arrived for reviewing its career with the im-

partiality of the future. It has produced or attracted to its ranks many great men; and it has a long catalogue of achievements and failures to arrest the attention of history. But its collapse has been signal and complete. We stand now at the commencement of a new epoch in history. New, or rather very old questions are coming to the front; and what is known as Liberalism has now ceased to cast its spell over the intellect and sympathies of the age. Fortunately this crisis in the fate of our opponents has found the Tory party renovated, united and strong; and, thanks to the guidance through so many years of doubt and despair by its two great leaders, the late Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli, it is now established as the party of the future to which England gladly intrusts its fortunes and looks for the guidance of its destinies.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE



No. DCCIX.

NOVEMBER 1874.

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EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

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MODERN SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM.

Nothing is more strange than the incessant reproduction of old thoughts under the guise of new and advanced opinions. It would seem as if the human mind, with all its restless activity, were destined to revolve in an endless circle. Its progress is marked by many changes and discoveries; it sees and understands far more clearly the facts that lie along the line of its route, and the modes or laws under which these facts occur; but this route in its higher levels always returns upon itself. Nature and all its secrets become better known, and the powers of Nature are brought more under human control; but the sources of Nature and life and thought—all the ultimate problems of being—never become more clearly intelligible. Not only so, but the last efforts of human reasoning on these subjects are even as the first. Differing in form, and even sometimes not greatly in form, they are in substance the same. Bold as the course of scientific adventure has seemed for a time, it ends very much as it began; and men of the nineteenth century look

over the same abysses of speculation as did their forefathers thousands of years before. No philosophy of Theism can be said to have advanced beyond the Book of Job; and Professor Tyndall, addressing the world from the throne of modern science—which the chair of the British Association ought to be—repeats the thoughts of Democritus and Epicurus, as the last guesses of the modern scientific mind.

Professor Tyndall is well known as a clever and eloquent lecturer on scientific subjects. He has occupied himself with the popular exposition of science; and whatever doubts may be expressed of the solidity of his acquirements and the soundness and sobriety of his knowledge, none can well question that he has succeeded brilliantly in his chosen line. Both in this country and in America vast audiences have listened with enthusiasm to his expositions; and the wide-spreading interest in scientific education is largely indebted to his activity and zeal.

It is not our present purpose to

enter upon any estimate of Dr Tyndall's position as a man of science. The real or permanent value of his scientific labours are beyond our scope. But when he comes forth from his lecture-room to address the world on those old and great subjects which lie at the foundation of all human knowledge and belief, his utterances necessarily provoke criticism. Not content with the function of expositor, he has again, as occasionally before, affected the *rôle* of Prophet, and invited men to look beyond the facts and laws of science to the origin of things in its highest sense.

It may be questioned whether Nature has fitted him for this higher *rôle*. A man may have a keen and bright intelligence eminently fitted for scientific observation and discovery, and a fertile and lucid power of exposition, and yet no gifts of speculation or prophetic depth. The very keenness of vision which traverses rapidly the superficialities of things, often becomes blunted when trying to penetrate below the surface. The audacity which ministers to success in experiment often overleaps itself in the task of thought. Certainly neither Dr Tyndall nor any of his school are likely to suffer from any modesty of effort. If they do not scale the barriers which have hitherto confined human knowledge, it will not be because they have shrunk from assailing them. One remembers an old story of Newton, in the plenitude of his powers and of his marvellous discoveries, confessing to his immeasurable ignorance; comparing himself to a child who had only gathered a few pebbles on the shore of a boundless sea. This is possibly a myth, like others of those ages of reverence which have long since gone. Our modern scientists (as it is the fashion to call them) are certainly not animated by any such

spirit of modest humility. They rejoice in the great achievements of the scientific mind, and laud and magnify their own share in them. All "religious theories" must be brought to their lecture-rooms and tested. We do not quarrel with the pre-eminence thus claimed for science. But the spirit in which the claim is made is hardly a philosophical, and still less a religious spirit. Religion is, after all, a great fact in human life and history—as great as any with which science can deal. It is the highest of human experiences, and should never be approached without something of the reverence, and sense of mystery, and tenderness, and depth of insight which belong to its essential nature. It is a great thing, no doubt, to extend the boundaries of science, and to apply its verifying tests to the explanation of all phenomena; but it is also a serious thing to meddle rashly with the foundations of human belief and society, especially when one has nothing better to suggest than the old guesses of a philosophy which has more than once failed to satisfy even the intellectual aspirations of mankind.

Particularly it must be questioned whether the position temporarily occupied by Professor Tyndall was an appropriate one for the ventilation of materialistic theories. The British Association has outlived the early ridicule with which its annual meetings were greeted, and has gathered to itself the mass of scientific workers in the three countries. It is a representative institution, and its annual President ought to bear a representative character. His private religious opinions, or lack of religious opinions, are something with which the Association has nothing to do; and there is a degree of impertinence in the obtrusion on such an occasion of the "confession," whether of a new or

an old faith. Men do not expect to have their religious convictions either helped or hindered at the British Association, and it is not becoming that they should have to complain of the President's address as disturbing their customary tone of religious thought. If they wished to go into fundamental questions of cosmical origin, and the right which the idea of a divine Mind rather than mere Force has to stand at the head of all things, they would prefer, or at least all sensible men would prefer, leisure of inquiry and of interrogation for such questions. The chair of the British Association, no less than the Christian pulpit, offers no opportunity of reply. It is a place of privilege, and every such place has its decent reserves as well as its duties. Professor Huxley, who has shown his prophetic aspirations no less than Professor Tyndall, and a considerably deeper capacity of treating both philosophical and religious questions, wisely abstained as its President from turning the British Association into a propaganda of scientific belief or no-belief. He spoke with authority on the progress of a most interesting branch of science, to the culture of which he had devoted himself. It would have been well, we think, if Professor Tyndall had followed his example, for the sake both of his own reputation and of the reputation of the British Association.

For, after all, the British Association, while it has survived ridicule, and no doubt worked its way into some real function of usefulness in the promotion of science, is not without its ridiculous side. Like every other popular institution, it has gathered to itself not only wise and able workers in science, but many of those spurious theorists, and vague intellectual fanatics, who are constantly seeking an oppor-

tunity of presenting themselves before the public. It has its crowds of hangers-on who know little of science, and not much of anything else, but who find its Sections an appropriate sphere for their windy declamation on all subjects which can possibly be brought within their scope. These are the devotees of what is known as the Modern Spirit, waiting with greedy ears upon the utterances of its apostles and prophets, and ready to catch at any sound of scepticism as a breath of life. It is a strange phenomenon, this enthusiasm of unbelief, which is in the air of our time, and the rush which so many minds are making towards negations of some kind or another. There is nothing apparently so difficult for men as to stand alone, and calmly inquire into the truth of great questions. But few men, in point of fact, are fitted by native strength of mind or training to face such questions themselves. They are either scared by them, and so revert to some blind form of faith, or vaguely fascinated by them, and ready to take up with the first daring solution that comes in their way. The latter class of enthusiasts are apt to fancy themselves independent thinkers, because they go with the new spirit of the times, and throw off so readily the garments of their former profession. But, in point of fact, they are often more bigoted and slavish in thought than the blindest partisans of an ancient faith. Men and women who profess their inability to believe anything their fathers did, "look up," and feign to be fed with the emptiest generalisations of a pseudoscience. They are disciples of authority as utterly as those who are willing to abjure all science at the bidding of a supposed supernatural voice.

It is a bad thing in itself, and it

is bad for the British Association, to minister to the crude appetites of these neophytes of the Modern Spirit, who have laid aside religion without any capacity of rational thought on their own behalf. Dr Tyndall, in his better moments, can hardly be gratified by the enthusiasm of such disciples; and yet it may be said that they are the only class to whom such an address as his would be perfectly welcome. His more thoughtful hearers might be charmed by its eloquence, and the brilliant clearness and rapid ease of its diction here and there; but they must, at the same time, have been pained by its one-sidedness and superficiality, and the inconclusive vanity of its results. To them it could be no revelation to have all things traced to a material origin, on the supposition of matter being endowed with all possible potencies of life. On such a supposition hardly anything remains to be explained, only that it is as easy to make an hypothesis on one side as the other, and the hypothesis of the materialist is at least as unverifiable as that of the theist. Dr Tyndall himself, no doubt, knows this, and the difficulties which beset his own theory no less than all theories on the subject. But he ought to have remembered that there were many of his hearers who could receive the theory on trust from him, as a sort of temporary Pope of science; and that the last thing any really scientific man should wish to encourage is that species of presumptuous ignorance which mistakes hypothesis for fact, and "guesses after truth" for the truth itself. Few things are more intolerable than the confidence of ignorance on any subject; but the confidence of an ignorance that thinks itself in the front of knowledge, because it has learned the most recent nomenclature of scientific pretension, is

something from which all wise men would shrink, and of which all modest men feel ashamed.

But it is necessary to look more carefully at Professor Tyndall's address. Our criticism will be better applied when we have submitted its main points to the reconsideration of our readers. It is only fair that we should hear him speak for himself, and with the force due to the order and connection in which he has himself set forth his thoughts. His address is partly historical and partly argumentative. It is written throughout with great clearness, and a brilliant lightness and expressiveness of touch of which the author has frequently shown himself master; and yet, as a whole, there is a lack of coherence and higher order of ideas in it. He glances from topic to topic with great adroitness, and mixes up history with argument, and argument with history, in ingenious combination; but neither is the history accurate or exhaustive, nor the argument carried out with consistency and force. It is possible, therefore, to mistake his meaning here and there, and the exact conclusions to which he points; but it is hardly possible to misunderstand the drift of his thought, and the antagonism which he everywhere implies betwixt science and religion, or, at least, religion in any fashion such as men have hitherto been accustomed to receive it. It will be our care in the sequel to show that he, as well as his whole school, greatly exaggerate this antagonism, and, in fact, only impart any reality to it by perverting theological conceptions on the one hand, and, on the other hand, claiming for science what can never come within its sphere.

Dr Tyndall's address strikes, in its very opening sentences, the keynote of this alleged opposition betwixt science and religion. "An

impulse inherent in primeval man," he says, "turned his thoughts and questionings betimes towards the sources of natural phenomena. The same impulse, inherited and intensified, is the spur of scientific action to-day. Determined by it, by a process of abstraction from experience, we form physical theories which lie beyond the pale of experience, but which satisfy the desire of the mind to see every natural occurrence resting upon a cause. In forming their notions of the origin of things, our earliest historic (and doubtless, we might add, our prehistoric) ancestors pursued, as far as their intelligence permitted, the same course. They also fell back upon experience, but with this difference—that the particular experiences which furnished the web and woof of their theories were drawn, not from the study of nature, but from what lay much closer to them—the observation of men. Their theories, accordingly, took an anthropomorphic form. To supersensual beings, which, 'however potent and invisible, were nothing but a species of human creatures, perhaps raised from among mankind, and retaining all human passions and appetites,' were handed over the rule and governance of natural phenomena."

The words marked as a quotation in this paragraph are from the third section of Hume's 'Natural History of Religion.' The object which Hume has in view is not exactly that professed by Professor Tyndall; yet the language of the great sceptic of the eighteenth century naturally comes to the assistance of his followers in the nineteenth. It is singular, indeed, how all the most characteristic ideas of modern positive thought were anticipated by Hume, and not merely in vague

hint, but in clearer and more outspoken words than are now frequently used. All the prevailing talk as to *anthropomorphism* is merely an echo of Hume, or of the sceptical Philo, who may be supposed to represent him in the 'Dialogues concerning Natural Religion.' In the Essay from which the above quotation is made, he speaks "of the universal tendency among mankind to conceive all beings like themselves, and to transfer to any object those qualities with which they are familiarly acquainted.* He is everywhere full of the modern conception of mind as the mere efflux of Nature, just as "heat or cold, attraction or repulsion," or any other phenomena which falls "under daily observation."† Nay, he is the noted precursor of that very tone of condescension as to religion which is so common to the present school, and which appears with such disagreeable emphasis in the close of Dr Tyndall's address—the tone which allows it a subjective validity in the region of faith or emotion, but no objective validity in the truth of things. It is very natural, therefore, to find the President of the British Association leaning upon the arm of the good-natured and keen-witted Scotch philosopher, who has done so much of the work of thought for our modern philosophers before they were born.

All the same, Professor Tyndall hardly makes a fair use of the quotation of Hume. Hume is writing of the origin of religion, and not of supposed theories of "the origin of things." The origin of religion, he maintains, is not to be sought in the contemplation of natural phenomena—for such a contemplation could hardly fail to lead men to the conception of a universal cause, or

* Sect. iii.

† Dialogues concerning Natural Religion, Part ii.

"of one single being who bestowed existence and order on this vast machine, and adjusted all its parts according to one regular plan or connected system. . . . All things," he adds, "in the universe are evidently of a piece. Everything is adjusted to everything. One design prevails throughout the whole. And this uniformity leads the mind to acknowledge one author."* It is not the observation of nature, but of human life in its thousand accidents and variations, which leads men to the conception of a 'mob of gods' invested with the governance of the world. Whether Hume's theory be correct or not, is nothing to the point. It is a theory of the origin of religion in man's heart that he is in quest of, and not a theory of man's earliest thoughts about natural phenomena.

While these thoughts, according to our lecturer, necessarily took at first 'an anthropomorphic form,' there yet rose, "far in the depths of history, men of exceptional power" who rejected anthropomorphic notions, and sought "to connect natural phenomena with their physical principles." And prior even to such mental efforts men's thoughts were stimulated by commerce and travel; and "in those regions where the commercial aristocracy of ancient Greece mingled with its Eastern neighbours, the sciences were born." A quotation from Euripides follows standing on the same page of Hume with the sentence already quoted, and descriptive of the caprices practised by the popular deities in order that man may worship them the more. This was "the state of things to be displaced," says Dr

Tyndall, by the progress of science, which "demands the radical extirpation of caprice, and the absolute reliance upon law in Nature."

Among the great men who lead in this process of scientific extirpation, Democritus stands pre-eminent. Few men "have been so despitely used by history," under the name of the "laughing philosopher." But his true greatness was long since seen by Bacon, who "considered him to be a man of weightier metal than either Plato or Aristotle, though their philosophy was noised and celebrated in the schools amid the din and pomp of professors."

In his account of Democritus, Professor Tyndall frankly expresses his obligations to Lange's 'History of Materialism'—"a work," he says, "to the spirit and letter of which I am equally indebted." He may well make this confession, for he can hardly be said in this part of his address to do more than repeat—no doubt in his own flowing language—Lange's description and analysis of the Atomic Philosophy. His summary of its principles in the fourth paragraph is little else than a translation from Lange, although with some variety in the order of the six propositions into which the summary is thrown in both cases—the combination of two of Lange's propositions into one, and the addition of a well-known principle elsewhere derived by our lecturer. The principles as given by the latter are briefly these: "1. From nothing comes nothing. Nothing that exists can be destroyed. All changes are due to the combination and separation of molecules. 2. Nothing happens by chance. Every oc-

* Natural History of Religion, sect. ii. Here, as in many other places, Hume's theism may be said to be ostentatious. And it was probably sincere. While the chief author of many of the ideas which have been applied by the modern philosophy to sap the foundations of theism, he cannot be said himself to have abandoned the theistic position, or at least he never professes to have done so.

currence has its cause from which it follows by necessity. 3. The only existing things are the atoms and empty space; all else is mere opinion. 4. The atoms are infinite in number, and infinitely various in form; they strike together, and the lateral motions and whirlings which thus arise are the beginnings of the worlds. 5. The varieties of all things depend upon the varieties of these atoms in number, size, and aggregation. 6. The soul consists of free, smooth, round atoms like those of fire. These are the most mobile of all. They interpenetrate the whole body, and in their motions the phenomena of life arose."

As arranged in the first section of the first book of Lange's work (p. 7, 8), the most important of the Democritian principles stand as follows: "1. The principles of all things are atoms and empty space. All else is mere opinion. 2. There are infinite worlds in number and extent which continually arise and pass away. 3. Out of nothing comes nothing, and nothing can be destroyed. 4. The atoms are in continual movement, and all changes are to be explained by their combination and separation. 5. The varieties of things depend upon the varieties of their atoms in number and size; originally there is no qualitative difference of atoms. 6. Everything happens through necessity. Final causes are to be rejected."

There is just so much similarity betwixt the two statements as to show how liberally Dr Tyndall has used Lange, and how truly, according to his own confession, he has been indebted to the "letter" as well as the spirit of the German historian of Materialism. It would hardly have been worth while to point this out, save that he has borrowed still more largely from

another work to which he alludes more than once, but without expressing at large his indebtedness—viz., Dr Draper's 'History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.' When he drops Lange, he takes up Draper. The former serves as the basis of his address to the close of the paragraphs on Lucretius—the latter as the main source of its subsequent historical analysis, till he leaves the field of history and entertains us with the clever dialogue betwixt Bishop Butler and the disciple of Lucretius. It is not merely that he quotes facts and allusions; but all that he says as to the influence of the Arabian intellect during the middle ages, and "our scientific obligations to the Mahomedans," is almost literally transferred from the sixteenth chapter of Draper's work. The picture of scientific precocity presented by Alhazen, "about A.D. 1100;" the contrast betwixt the dirt and stupidity of the medieval Christians, and the "cleanliness, learning, and refinement" of the Moors; and the delicate allusion to "the under-garment of ladies," as retaining its Arab name to this hour,—are all from Draper. Considering how largely our lecturer has used Dr Draper's work, it is a wonder that its author (who is still living) should not have come in for some of that fulsome eulogy which it is so much the habit of the members of this school to bestow upon one another, and which is so roundly administered in this very address. We observe that an admirer of Dr Draper, who has "intimately known his work for ten years," and is greatly gratified by Professor Tyndall's obligations to it, yet expresses his disappointment that his "acknowledgment of them was not fuller, wider, and more emphatic." The paragraphs he adds "on the Arabs and Bruno are almost slavishly recast from Professor Draper's

text."* Dr Tyndall, indeed, expresses his "entire confidence" in Dr Draper; and he has shown this confidence by the indiscriminate manner in which he has borrowed from him. He could hardly otherwise have adopted so one-sided and superficial an estimate of the Scholastic Philosophy, nor even committed himself to such a bit of learned pleasantries as that about the under-garment of ladies. A glance into Du Cange's Dictionary of Medieval Latin would have satisfied him that *Camisa* or *Camisia* is of much older use than Dr Draper or he seems to imagine. The truth is, that Draper's volumes, although not without a certain merit, are not of such solid value as to warrant the use made of them. A President of the British Association should go deeper for his facts and authorities. Hardly "the outcome of vigorous research" themselves, they cannot be the basis of any such research in others. Especially they are deceptive, in their one-sided and unsifted accumulations of details, and their thin and partial vein of generalisation, to one who like Dr Tyndall has abandoned himself with unreserved faith to their guidance, and simply transferred their generalisations to his pages.

There is nothing more characteristic of the members of the Modern School than the confidence and admiration which they express towards all who agree with them. Names, however unknown or obscurely known, if only associated with some attack on theology, or some advance of materialistic speculation, are brought into the full blaze of applause recognition. So far as ancient names are concerned, we do not ourselves much quarrel with this. We are glad to see men like Democritus and Epi-

curus, and Alhazen and Bruno, receive, it may be, even more than their measure of justice, as some of them may have hitherto received less than this measure. Church writers long had it their own way, and it is only fair that science should have its turn. Truth is not likely to be advanced, however, by men of science not only vindicating names which they may consider to have been aspersed in the past, but repeating towards others a similar exaggeration of abuse to that which they have deprecated when directed against their own intellectual ancestry. We have no objection to see both Democritus and Epicurus set upon their pedestals; but why should poor Aristotle not only be dethroned from his eminence, but degraded and kicked away in disgrace, like a lad who had got to the top of his class and kept it for years under false pretences?

"Whewell," says Dr Tyndall, "refers the errors of Aristotle not to a neglect of facts, but to a 'neglect of the idea appropriate to the facts; the idea of mechanical cause, which is force, and the substitution of vague or inapplicable notions, involving only relations of space or emotions of wonder.' This is doubtless true; but the word 'neglect' implies mere intellectual misdirection; whereas in Aristotle, as in Goethe, it was not, I believe, misdirection, but *sheer natural incapacity*, which lay at the root of his mistakes. As a physicist, Aristotle displayed what we should consider some of the worst attributes of a modern physical investigator — *indistinctness of ideas, confusion of mind, and a confident use of language which led to the delusive notion that he had really mastered his subject, which he has as yet failed to grasp, even the elements of it. He put words in the place of things, subject in the place of object.*"

This—and there is a good deal more of the same emphasis of abuse

bestowed upon the old Stagirite—is hardly decent language in the mouth of a President of the British Association towards one who has so long held such a lofty pre-eminence. There may be good ground for lowering Aristotle from the position of intellectual authority which he has enjoyed almost beyond precedent, and to the disadvantage in many cases of a free and true method of investigation. But a man lives by his excellencies, and not by his faults; and the imperial faculties which in so many departments of knowledge so long swayed the human mind, will not suffer from Dr Tyndall's aspersion. The true way, of course, to test Aristotle, as well as any ancient name, is not by comparing him with any "modern physical investigators," but with the investigators and thinkers of his own time. Professor Tyndall, it has been well said, would be at a loss to "offer a shadow of proof that the physical inquiries of the Atomists were conducted on sounder principles than those of the Stagirite—for example, that the arguments of Epicurus for the existence of a vacuum were a whit more satisfactory than the opposite arguments of Aristotle."*

It is curious to trace the revival of the Atomic Philosophy and the rejuvenescence of its great leaders, Democritus and Epicurus, with every repeating wave of materialistic speculation. Some of Dr Tyndall's auditors probably heard of the philosopher of Abdera for the first time; and many more of them, it is no want of charity to say, had no conception either of his historical position or of his special opinions. Even Dr Tyndall himself appears to have been somewhat hazy about his position, when he speaks of him in connection with Empedocles,

and of the latter noticing a "gap in the doctrine of the former," and striking in to fill it up. The four "rudiments" of Empedocles are generally supposed to represent a prior stage of speculation to the "atoms" of Democritus. To a slip of this kind little importance need be attached. But it is surely absurd for our modern Positive philosophers, with their advanced ideas, to make so much of these ancient names. Even if it were true, that more than two thousand years ago the "doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest,' which in our day, not on the basis of vague conjecture, but of positive knowledge, has been raised to such extraordinary significance, had received at all events partial enunciation"—it would not matter in the least as to the truth of this doctrine, or the truth of the views with which it is associated. If we must discard Plato and Aristotle, we are not likely to shelter ourselves under the cloak of Democritus or Empedocles. Even if the former has been "despitefully used" by history, and we are wrong in regarding him as the "laughing philosopher," at any rate we know little or nothing of his philosophy. For, says Mr Lewes—whose authority should be congenial to Dr Tyndall—speaking of the evidence which survives on the subject, it is "so obscure that historians have been at a loss to give it (the system of Democritus) its due position in relation to other systems. Reinhold, Brandis, Narbach, and Hermann view him as an Ionian; Buhle and Tenneman, as an Eleatic; Hegel, as the successor of Heraclitus; Ritter, as a Sophist; and Zeller, as the precursor of Anaxagoras." Ferrier is inclined to claim him, with all his materialistic tendencies, as in some degree an adherent of the phi-

* Letter on Dr Tyndall's address by Professor Smith Robertson.

losophy of the Absolute.* Altogether he is a shadowy figure, and probably owes something of his very vitality to the vagueness of his outline, and the ease with which the modern mind reads its own meaning into him.

In the seventeenth century, when the first wave of materialistic speculation passed over England, it was in the same manner Democritus and Epicurus who came to the front as its representatives. They impersonated to Cudworth and others that "Atheism of Atomicism" with which they fought so stoutly. And what is particularly deserving of notice is, that then, as now, a clear discrimination was made by all enlightened theists betwixt the atomic theory itself as a physical hypothesis, and the materialistic atheism which has been associated with it. The former is a perfectly valid theory, resting on its own evidence, and, according to Cudworth, as ancient as speculation itself. In its true interpretation it professed to explain the *physical origin* of the universe, and nothing else. As such, theism has nothing to say against it. "But Leucippus and Democritus, and after them Protagoras and Epicurus, cast off the spiritual side of the philosophy, and left only the material. They took away the highest part, and left only, as Cudworth says, the 'meanest and lowest.'"[†] In this respect Hobbes followed them in the seventeenth century, just as others are doing in the nineteenth. It may surely be said that the course of materialistic thought shows little sign of originality. With all

the commotion it again makes in our day, it is where it was, standing by the names of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius. It vaunts itself of new and higher methods of investigation, but its theories are not a whit more valid and satisfactory than they were in former centuries; and the powerful language of Lucretius, to which the pen of Tyndall naturally reverts, is probably to this day their best and most felicitous expression.

But, absurd as is all this historical appeal on such a subject, and especially so in a school whose pretension it is to disclaim authority, it is far more excusable than the manner in which living names are used by the same school. Anything more offensive than the vulgar admiration so largely interchanged amongst its members it is hard to imagine, and Dr Tyndall's address is a conspicuous instance of this offensiveness. His friends and admirers are everywhere bespattered with the most ridiculous praise; while, as if to set off their merits to more advantage, we have a strongly-drawn picture of those "loud-tongued denunciators" who venture to open their lips against the divine claims of science—"rash and ill-informed persons who have been hitherto so ready to thrust themselves against every new scientific revelation, lest it should endanger what *they are pleased to consider theirs*." These "objectors," like the noxious thistle which "produces a thistle and nothing else," "scatter their germs abroad, and reproduce a new kind, ready to play again the part of their intellectual

* Lewes's Hist. of Philosophy, vol. i. p. 96, 97; Ferrier's Greek Philosophy, p. 163. Some fragments of Democritus survive, gathered from Aristotle and others. They were published at Berlin in 1843 by Mullach, under the title 'Democriti Abderitæ operum fragmenta.' Of Epicurus the philosophical remains (found among the rolls at Herculaneum, and published by Orelli, 1818) are still more imperfect. Not one of the 300 volumes ascribed to him survives.

† See Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy, vol. ii. p. 249, by Principal Tulloch, where the conflict of materialism with Christian thought in the seventeenth century is fully told.

progenitors ; to show the same virulence, the same ignorance ; to achieve for a time the same success ; and, finally, to suffer for a time the same inexorable defeat." In comparison with this noxious race stand the enlightened group of Evolutionists, who are now leading the van of the world's thought, with Mr Charles Darwin and Mr Herbert Spencer at their head. The former is a man of "profound and synthetic skill," who "shirks no difficulty," and has so "saturated" his subject "with his own thought," that he must "have known better than his critics the weakness as well as the strength of his theory." This, Dr Tyndall continues, would be of little avail were Mr Darwin's object "a temporary dialectic victory, instead of the establishment of the truth which he means to be everlasting. But he takes no pains to disguise the weakness he has discovered ; nay, he takes every pains to bring it into the strongest light. His vast resources enable him to cope with objections started by himself and others," so as to leave the final impression upon the reader's mind that if they be not completely answered, they certainly are not fatal. This largeness of knowledge and readiness of resource render Mr Darwin the most terrible of antagonists. . . . He treats every objection with a soberness and thoroughness which even Bishop Butler might be proud to imitate," and all "without a trace of ill-temper. . . . But though in handling this mighty theme all passion has been stilled, there is an emotion of the intellect incident to the discernment of new truth which often colours and warms the pages of Mr Darwin."

Mr Darwin, we trust, has more good sense than to welcome this outburst of nauseous compliment. An accomplished naturalist, with rare powers of observation, and

an entertaining and often graceful power of describing the results of his patient and prolonged investigations, he is eminently deserving of all due honour. Whatever merit there may be in the elucidation of the principle of natural selection to which he has devoted his life, let him by all means have it. For ourselves, we believe that the importance of the principle has been greatly exaggerated. But, withal, Mr Darwin is as little of a philosopher as any man who ever lived. His genius is almost solely a genius of observation and narration, with very faint powers of argument, and, as it appears to us, with almost no depth of synthetic insight. He fails frequently to understand the true meaning of the facts which he describes, and still more frequently the higher conclusions to which they plainly lead. He is weak in logic, and especially weak in every attempt to rise into the higher region which he sometimes essays of abstract discussion ; and this mainly owing to that very absorption of mind with his own subject, which Dr Tyndall considers one of his special merits. If there was no other evidence of all this, and of the confusion of thought which runs through a great deal of Mr Darwin's most ingenious writing, the fact that, according to his ardent encomiast, "he needed an expounder," would suffice to prove as much. This expounder he found in Mr Huxley ; and, of course, Dr Tyndall "knows nothing more admirable in the way of scientific exposition than those early articles of Mr Huxley on the origin of species." In a similar manner Mr Herbert Spencer comes in for his share of glory as "the apostle of the understanding,"—"whose ganglia are sometimes the seat of a nascent poetic thrill."

But enough of this. We have

taken the pains to point out these features of Dr Tyndall's address, because they furnish conspicuous evidence of an increasing vice in contemporary literature. It is bad enough that the intellectual world should be divided into so many schools as it is. It narrows intellectual work, and sectarianises culture. Our scientific and literary coteries jostle one another like so many sects in the religious world, each often with a jargon of its own, and a *mission* in comparison with which nothing else is of any consequence. This is sufficiently intolerable; but it is still more intolerable that these coteries should constitute themselves into societies for mutual admiration, and that the Chair of the British Association should not be free from this vulgar species of flattery. If Mr Darwin, Mr Herbert Spencer, and others, are really the great philosophers which their friends and admirers declare them to be, then their intellectual character may be safely left to the future. They do not need to have their merits emblazoned as on a sign-post for the applausive gaze of the "common herd." The Evolutionists should leave this exaggerated talk to others whom they are apt to despise, and remember that the habit of emphasis is seldom the sign of a strong cause, and never the sign of the highest range of intellectual simplicity and power.

We said in the outset that one of the main objects of Dr Tyndall's address was to emphasise an antagonism betwixt religion and science; and to this more important point we must return. There is a certain sense, indeed, in which he and all his school are deferential towards religion, and even warmly disposed to allow its claims. In the close of his address he adverts to these claims, and makes his meaning sufficiently clear. Religious feeling is

an undoubted element of human nature, and cannot be ignored by any wise observer, no more than "that most powerful of passions—the amatory passion," which Mr Spencer (of course) has indicated as "antecedent" in its first occurrence "to all relative experiences whatever"! "There are such things woven into the texture of man as the feeling of awe, reverence, and wonder; and not alone the sexual love just referred to, but the love of the beautiful, physical, and moral, in nature, poetry, and art. There is also that deepest feeling which, since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. *You*, who have escaped from these religions" (the scientific fledglings, we presume, surrounding the Chair of the British Association) "into the high-and-dry light of the intellect, may deride them; but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present time. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are—dangerous, nay, destructive to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again—it will be wise to *recognise them as the forms of a force, mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided to noble issues in the region of emotion, which is its proper and elevated sphere.*" Again, in almost the closing words of the lecture, we are told that "the world embraces not only a Newton but a Shakespeare, not only a Boyle but a Raphael, not only a Kant but a

Beethoven, not only a Darwin but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary—not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith; so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be left free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs,—then, in opposition to all the restrictions of Materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however,”—and with this sentence the original lecture concluded—“I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.”

This bit of rhetorical pathos has been removed in the Address as published by Messrs Longman, and two quotations substituted,—one of them a well-known quotation from Wordsworth’s “Tintern Abbey,” and the other a remark of Goethe—“Fill thy heart with it, and then receive it as thou wilt.”

These extracts are to be taken for what they are worth. They seem to many to mean a great deal—to open, as it were, a new door for religion when the old one has been shut. They are all the more deserving of notice because they contain a certain measure of truth, which every enlightened student of

the history of religious opinion recognises. The conclusive beliefs of mankind as to the objects of religion necessarily undergo modification and change ‘with each succeeding age.’ No one who has pondered the subject would be disposed to claim, in the region of religious knowledge, “an ultimate fixity of conception.” But this is something very different from Dr Tyndall’s position. He denies, it is obvious, not only the adequacy of our religious ideas—but that these ideas have any veritable objects at all. Such religion as he would condescendingly make room for is a religion of mere subjectivity, not “permitted” to intrude on the region of *knowledge*, but confined to its proper sphere of *emotion*. In short, it is such a religion as *need not, in any sense, be true*—a mere emotional flower on the upspringing growth of humanity, having no deeper root than the vague soil of wonder or of tenderness that lies in human nature, and pointing no whither,—such a religion, therefore, as may perfectly consist with a doctrine of material evolution. Suppose man, along with all other creatures, to be a mere efflux of nature—to come forth from her teeming womb, as the universal mother—and you may have such religion as grows with other growths from this fruitful source. Religion, like other things, is a part of the general evolution, and must be allowed its sphere.

It is hardly necessary to say that this is an essentially different conception of religion from that which is embodied in Christianity, and recognised by all Christian Churches. And it is well that the clear distinction betwixt the two systems should be understood. According to the one, man is the mere product of nature—the highest organism which its teeming and fertile power

has thrown off in its ever-upward movement. According to the other, he is not only at the head of nature as its highest consequence, but as endowed with a reasonable soul which is the divine image, and not the mere play of natural forces, however subtle or beautiful.

This is the essential question betwixt the two schools, What is man? or, more strictly, What is Mind in man?—a question as old as the dawn of speculation, and which the progress of science, with all its modern pretensions, is no nearer solving than it was centuries ago. This deeper question it is which lies at the root of all the modern contention about the idea of design in nature. If Mind, of course, is merely one form of force amongst many, why should it be conceived of as underlying other forms, and regulating and controlling them? As Hume long ago put it, with a pertinence which none of his followers have rivalled, "What peculiar privilege has this little agitation of the brain, which we call thought, that we must thus make it the model of the universe?"* Why should the source of the universe be conceived as analogous to it rather than to what we call matter? The Modern scientific School has deliberately espoused the rights of matter. Some of its members may say, that in the end they cannot tell whether the source of being is material or spiritual. "Matter may be regarded as a form of thought—thought may be regarded as a property of matter; each statement has a certain relative truth."† But beneath all this indifference and frequent confusion of language, there is an essential discrepancy in the two modes of thought which touches almost every aspect of life and determines the true char-

acter of religion. Dr Tyndall is well aware of this, and his language leaves no doubt on which side he is proud to rank himself.

In speaking of the origination of life, he says he does not know what Mr Darwin conclusively thinks of it.

"Whether he does or does not introduce his 'primordial form' by a creative act I do not know. But the question will inevitably be asked, 'How came the form there?' With regard to the diminution of the number of created forms, one does not see that much advantage is gained by it. The anthropomorphism which it seemed the object of Mr Darwin to set aside, is as firmly associated with the creation of a few forms as with the creation of a multitude. We need clearness and thoroughness here. Two courses, and two only, are possible. Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of matter. If we look at matter as pictured by Democritus, and as defined for generations in our scientific text-books, the absolute impossibility of any form of life coming out of it would be sufficient to render any other hypothesis preferable; but the definitions of matter given in our text-books were intended to cover the purely physical and mechanical properties; and taught, as we have been, to regard these definitions as complete, we naturally and rightly reject the monstrous notion that out of *such* matter any form of life could possibly arise. But are the definitions complete? Everything depends upon the answer to be given to this question. Trace the line of life backwards, and see it approaching more and more to what we call the purely physical condition. We reach the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which we have 'a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character.' Can we pause here? We break a magnet, and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking; but however small

the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we break no longer, we *prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules*. Are we not urged to do *something* similar in the case of life? Is there not a temptation to close, to some extent, with Lucretius, when he affirms that 'Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself without the meddling of the gods;' or with Bruno, when he declares that Matter is not 'that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb'? The questions here raised are inevitable. They are approaching us with accelerated speed, and it is not a matter of indifference whether they are introduced with reverence or irreverence. *Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is, that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."*

In his Address, as revised and published by himself, Dr Tyndall has slightly modified the expressions of this significant passage. The conclusion to which he comes no longer appears as "a confession" which he is bound to make, but as "an intellectual necessity." "The vision of the mind" is introduced as authoritatively supplementing "the vision of the eye." And in the end, as throughout, in the description of matter, and its identity with every form of life, there is more the semblance of reasoning, and less the air of a devotee eager to proclaim his gospel of Materialism.

At the best, however, it requires only the most cursory examination of the passage to see how far the lecturer commits himself, and in so doing, how far he exceeds the

bounds of science. Plainly, according to his own words, he makes a leap from the visible to the invisible. Whether this leap be made in the strength of faith, or of "an intellectual necessity," is little to the point. Intellectual necessities are as little valid as faith in the school of science or the sphere of mere observation and experiment. "*Hypotheses non fingo*" was the old motto of Physicism; and it is an absolute motto of all true science, discarded as it has been by the Modern School. When once a conclusion is made to hang not on observed facts, and the generalisations in which the facts verify themselves, but upon a vision confessedly prolonged beyond the facts, and crossing the boundary of experimental evidence, it is no longer in any sense a scientific conclusion. It may be as visionary as—it probably is far more so than—any of those theological or so-called anthropomorphic conclusions which are the special bane of Dr Tyndall. It is indeed a strange outcome of all our boasted scientific progress, before which so many theological spectres are to disappear, and the reign of natural law over all things is to be inaugurated, that its last word for us is as pure an hypothesis as the scholastic or religious genius of past ages ever conceived. What has this genius in its wildest flights ever done more than prolong its vision beyond the bounds of experience, and confidently apply the suggestions of one department of knowledge to another, or, in the language of the Address, do *something* similar, in the one as in the other? If men have erred in the past, in judging too much of nature by themselves, and investing it with their own limitations, which may be readily admitted, does this warrant the modern physicist in applying to man, or the universe as a whole, a

new class of notions derived from the lower fields of nature, and as yet wholly unverified even there? If we are only to get quit of anthropomorphism at the expense of materialism, it is but a sorry exchange. If the Mind which lives in man is to be cast out of nature only that the Force which moves in nature may be transferred in its primordial generality, and without the slightest evidence, to man with all his god-like qualities, then we have no hesitation as to which hypothesis is the grander and even the more scientific of the two.

We have no quarrel with the evolutionary hypothesis in itself. It is an inspiring conception to look upon nature in all its departments as intimately linked together from "primordial germ" to the most fully developed organism—from its rudest speck to its subtlest symmetry of form, or most delicate beauty of colour. The idea of *growth* and *vital affinity* is, we readily grant, a higher idea than that of mere *technic* after the manner of men. There is no call upon us to defend the imperfect analogies by which past generations may have pictured to themselves the works of nature. There was no finality, and there may have been something of human pride and prejudice, in these analogies. In so far as science helps us to understand better and more wisely all the activities of the world around us, we are indebted to it. But it will hardly help us to do this, to substitute one unverified hypothesis for another, and to conceive of nature as a great mother self-produced and self-producing, any more than as a great workshop with the traces of artificers' tools all scattered up and down in it.

It is unnecessary to argue at length the unverified character of

the *naturalistic* hypothesis of Evolution. It stands confessed in Dr Tyndall's language. The power of self-transmutation which it attributes to matter is as yet wholly unproved, and nothing can show this more distinctly than the manner in which he speaks of the subject. With all his wish to read below the lines of nature, and trace them with his mental vision running into one another, he is forced to say that all the evidence hitherto proffered in behalf of 'spontaneous generation' cannot be accepted. It is all very well to qualify this admission with the statement that there are those who consider this evidence "as perfectly conclusive;" "and that were some of us who have pondered this question to follow a *very common example, and accept testimony because it falls in with our belief*, we also should eagerly close with the evidence referred to." This is but a poor insinuation, and merely shows how impossible it is for men like him to forget the hated and despised theologian who haunts their scientific dreams. Does not this constant hitting at a "sad example" betray their own liability to follow it; and to accept testimony for little other reason than that it falls in with their belief? The present lecture, in its attempt to explain the rise of higher from lower organisms, is not without specimens of this mode of reasoning. Let our physicists forget theology for a little—put it out of sight—as indeed they have nothing to do with it, and science will be all the better, although it may prove less exciting and theorising in their hands.

Withal, Dr Tyndall clearly admits that the essential point of the origin of life from anything but antecedent life—a point which enters into the very conception of a process of mere natural evolution—

remains unproved to all true men of science. "They know full well that the chemist now prepares from inorganic matter a vast array of substances which were some time ago regarded as sole products of vitality. They are intimately acquainted with the structural power of matter as evidenced in the phenomena of crystallisation. They can justify scientifically their *belief* in its *potency*, under the proper conditions, to produce organisms. But they will frankly admit their inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life."

In short, the materialistic conclusion is only to be reached—the leap made—by finding that there is no necessity for inference or leap at all; or, in other words, by endowing matter from the first with a mysterious potency, capable of all which they attribute to it, but the operation or manifestation of which they have wholly failed to trace. This is really, as we implied at the outset, a begging of the whole question. If matter in reality be something quite different from what we have been hitherto in the habit of thinking it to be; if it include within itself from the beginning not merely *life* but *mind*, then the appearance of both in the course of its development need excite no surprise, and no puzzle. But this is only to say in other words that all force is in its origin material rather than intellectual or spiritual—another unproved hypothesis—and one not only unproved, but at variance with all our best and directest knowledge of the subject. For undoubtedly our primary and our highest analogue of force is not matter, but what we call *Mind*—the operation of our

own self-consciousness. No one has better shown than Dr Tyndall himself how impossible it is to arrive at this self-consciousness from any form of matter—how vainly we try to account for even the lowest sensation by the mere molecular change in the brain which may be its concomitant. "We can trace the development of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them." And again elsewhere: "Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organs, nor apparently any rudiment of the organs, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other." If thought and its material correlate be thus distinct and untranslatable; and if our self-consciousness, standing not indeed apart from matter—for nothing is or can be now known to us apart from it—but majestic in its own supremacy more than any form matter can ever yield to us,—if this be the true source of power within us, and the loftiest conception of it we can have, why should it not also be to us the true image of that which confessedly underlies all things, and moves in all?

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns

And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man

A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,

And rolls through all things."

These words of Wordsworth,

* In his paper on "Scientific Materialism."

which our lecturer makes use of, appear to apply far more grandly to a great Mind, living in nature, than to matter of whatever promise or potency. If intellectual necessities are to be our guide, the conception of such a Mind is a far stronger necessity to the majority of enlightened intellects in all ages, than any such conception of matter as he eloquently portrays. Why, after all, this strange jealousy of Mind in nature which possesses our Modern School? Why, at the utmost, must we own an inscrutable Potency, and nothing else, working darkly forward through all forms of being? It is the savage who, when he hears the thunder amongst his woods, or looks around upon the riot of nature in a storm, trembles before a mighty force which he fails to understand. It is the Hebrew prophet or Grecian sage, in whose own mind has risen the dawn of creative thought, who clothes the Mystery of power with intelligence and life. If this be anthropomorphism, it is an anthropomorphism which illuminates nature not less than it dignifies man. Man can only think after his own likeness on any subject; and it may be safely left to the future to settle whether the conception of mere Force, inscrutable in its secrecy—an unknown *x* of which nothing can be affirmed save potentiality—or the conception of an intelligent Will, supreme in foresight as in power, bears least the mark of human weakness.

It is strange that our modern philosophers should crave so much for a material rather than a spiritual origin—and still more strange that they should think the one mode of origin more dignified than the other. It is well to give its due to nature, and to recognise that we are only parts in the great "cosmical life" around us; but it is an odd phase

of human vanity which insists on setting physical phenomena above those of the human mind, and seeing in the former, rather than in the latter, the type of all being. Man may have made too much of himself in the past, but after all he has his rights; and there is surely nothing greater in nature than that Mind which alone understands it, and reduces it to science.

The truth is, that at the bottom of all this modern depreciation of Mind in nature there is a deep-seated hostility not only to the old mechanical conceptions of the universe, with which we may so far sympathise, but to the distinctive ideas which lie at the basis of Christianity or any form of spiritual worship. All genuine spiritual reverence lies in the acknowledgment of the affinity of man with God—as being made in the image of God, and having all his true excellence in a growing conformity to the Divine image. The acknowledgment of a Divine Reason alike in man, in the world, and above the world, is a fundamental postulate of true religion. If there is not such a Reason, in obedience to which there is order and happiness, and in disobedience to which there is wrong and misery, the very idea of religion disappears. It is needless to talk of our emotions of wonder and awe and tenderness finding their natural scope, and creating for themselves appropriate vehicles of religious sentiment—changing with the changing thoughts of successive ages. They will do this, no doubt. Religious sentiment will assert itself, do what we will. As Strauss has shown, men will worship the *Universum*—for which Dr Tyndall's Potential Matter may very well stand—rather than worship nothing at all. But, after all, such nature-worship, or mere emotional piety, does not deserve

the name of religion—the essential idea of which is surely to exercise some restraining moral power over man. And how can you get this power, if you have no moral or rational fixity beyond man himself? Laws of nature are very good, and we will always be better to know these laws and to obey them; but what man needs in all his higher being is not merely blind restraint, but moral restraint—and not merely this, but moral education. And how can this come to him except from a Mind above him—an intelligent Being—not in dream or fancy, but in reality at the centre of all things—“who knoweth his frame, and remembereth that he is dust”—in whose living will is the control of all things, and who yet numbereth the hairs of his head, and “without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground”?

It should be said, in conclusion, that the antagonism which is everywhere in the writings of Evolutionists, and especially so in Dr Tyndall's Address, presumed to lie betwixt the idea of evolution and the old idea of design or Mind in nature, is entirely gratuitous. Even if the hypothesis of evolution were proved, and science were able to demonstrate the continuity of nature from first to last, this would not render the idea of a Divine Mind originating nature and working in it through all its evolutions the less tenable. The intellectual necessity which demands a creative mind or an intellectual origin of all things would remain the same. The evidence of what is called design might be modified, but it would not be the less clear and forcible. For it is an essential mistake underlying all the thought of the Modern School that the ideas of design and of continuity or order are incompatible—a mistake arising from the excess of that

very anthropomorphism which they so much repudiate in their opponents. Continually they write as if design, intention, purpose, applied to nature, were necessarily of the same tentative and irregular character as the operations of human genius. It is the mere human Mechanician they imagine, and suppose others to imagine, when they speak contemptuously of the theistic conception. But no modern theist makes use of such words in any such sense as they suppose. The idea of design is no longer a mere mechanical idea, as if representing the work of a human Artificer, but simply a synonym for some manifestation of order, or group of regulated or subordinated facts. The notion of design which the Modern School repudiate, was in fact never anything but a caricature. It is impossible for them, or for any, to conceive too grandly of Nature, or of the unbroken harmony and continuity of its movements. The very magnificence of its order is only a further illustration of Divine wisdom; for surely the very thought of a Divine Mind implies the perfection of wisdom, or, in other words, of order, as its expression. The more, therefore, the order of nature is explained and its sequences seen to run into one another with unbroken continuity, only the more and not the less loftily will we be able to measure the working of the Divine Mind. The necessity which makes us postulate such a Mind has nothing to do *with special phenomena or the modes of their production*. It is a purely rational necessity, the dictate of our highest consciousness and insight into the meaning both of man and of the world around him. The intellectual compulsion which forces Dr Tyndall across the boundary of experimental evidence to “discern in nature the

promise and potency of all terrestrial life" appears to us far less reasonable or well founded than that which has forced so many of the highest and most philosophical intellects of all ages to recognise this promise and potency—not in matter, but in Mind. And, this recognition once made, the mere modes of natural phenomena are of no consequence. They may be after the manner of special contrivance or of continuous development—it matters not. Religion has no concern with any mere physical theories of the origin of the universe. It has no quarrel, or ought to have none, with either atomism or evolution when kept within their proper sphere. So Cudworth announced long ago. Nothing within the province of nature, no change in the manner in which science comes to view its operations, affects the primal thought. Mind is there, as "the light of all our seeing," whether nature works, or rather is worked, by evolution or by special fiat. Science is free to reveal its plans, to modify our notions of its plans, and to exalt them as it can; but the mere fact *that they are plans*, under any mode of conception, is the witness to our minds of another Mind behind all. Mind is, in short, the synonym of order everywhere—it matters not what may be the special form of that order.

It would be well if both our scientific men and our theologians would see and acknowledge that more plainly. It clears for the one the whole province of nature to investigate as they will—to unfold and explain as they can. It would ease the other from all apprehension of the progress of science. Nothing in that progress can ever touch the great conclusions of religion, which take their rise in a wholly different

sphere, and find all their life and strength elsewhere. In so far as theology in the past may have intruded upon science, and refused its claims of investigation and of judgment in the domain of nature, theology was in error; and it ought to be grateful rather than recriminatory that science has taught it its error. At the same time, science need hardly harp, as with Dr Tyndall it does, over the old strain of persecution. It is time to forget old conflicts which all wise thinkers have abandoned; and it is hardly a sign of that healthy life which he and others proclaim as the chief characteristic of the modern giant, rejoicing as a strong man to run his race—to have such a plaint made over its old sorrows. Dr Tyndall knows well enough that the days of persecution have ended *on the side of religion*. It is not from the theologian that danger is any longer to be apprehended in that direction. Let him pursue his investigations without fear or alarm. But let him also bear in mind that, if science has her rights, so has religion, and that the great ideas which lie at the foundation of all religion are unspeakably precious to many minds no less enlightened than his own, if not exactly after his fashion of enlightenment. What such minds resent in his Address is not, what he seems to think, any free handling of old ideas, so far as they come legitimately within the range of science—but the constant insinuation that these new conceptions of science are at variance with the old truths of religion, or with the truths of a Personal God and of immortality. Dr Tyndall may be able to conceive of religion apart from these truths. He may or may not himself be a materialistic atheist. We are glad to see that he disavows the charge in the preface which he has

published to his Address. We have certainly not made it against him. Nor is it, let us say, of consequence what Dr Tyndall's own views of religion are. This is a point quite beside the purpose. If he has, like other men, his "times of weakness and of doubt," and again his "times of strength and of conviction"—of healthier thought when the doctrine of "material atheism" seems to fall away from him—this is his own concern. And we should deem it impertinent to obtrude upon either his darker or his brighter hours. *Sursum corda*, we might say to him, by way of brotherly encouragement, but nothing more. What we and the public have to do with are not Dr Tyndall's moods of mind, nor his personal creed, but his treatment of grave questions in the name of science. That treatment, in our judgment, and in the judgment of many besides, has been neither dignified nor just. It has meddled with much which lay quite outside his province,

and upon which science, following its only true methods, can never be able to pronounce. It has been, if not incompetent, yet highly inadequate and unphilosophical, constantly suggesting what it has not proved, and leading, without excuse, the thoughts of his hearers towards wild negations—hanging out, in short, old rags of Democritism as if they were new flags of scientific triumph.

It is very easy for Dr Tyndall to speak of the fierceness of his critics, and to give them, from his scornful isolation, "the retort courteous." It is always easy to be mild when one cares little about a matter; but the deeper feeling, he may be sure, which has been called forth by his Address, is one of regret that he should have used so ill a great opportunity, and in the name of the British Association said so much which can neither do honour to that Association, nor to the cause of science with which it is identified.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE;

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART XI.—CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN Valentine disappeared in the moonlight from the Hewan, his mind was in a state happily very unusual to youth, but to which youth adds all the additional bitterness of which it is capable. He was not only outraged, wounded to the quick, every comfort and consolation taken from him for the moment, but his heart and imagination had no refuge to fall back upon, no safe shelter which he could feel behind him whatever might happen. Everything he was familiar with and every being he loved was involved in the catastrophe that had overwhelmed him. In other circumstances, had anything equally dreadful befallen him at home, he would have had his young love to fall back upon, and his tender, sympathising Violet, whose soft eyes would have given a certain sweetness even to misery itself; or had Violet failed him, he might have had at least the tender peacefulness of the old home, the old people who adored him, and to whom he was all in all. But in this horrible crisis everything seemed gone from him. The very thought of home made his heart sick; he had been shamed in it, and made a shame to it; and poor Lord Eekside's kind mistaken assurance, so tenderly and solemnly made, that in his own mind there was not a doubt of Val's identity, had almost broken the poor young fellow's heart. Heaven above! what must his condition be, when his grandfather, the old lord himself, whose idol he was, had to say this to him? When the recollection recurred to

Val, it was with all the fainting sickness of soul with which a deathblow is received. It was not a deathblow, but in his misery this was how he felt it. And Violet was separated from him, it seemed for ever, by her father's enmity and unprovoked assault; and if that had not been enough, by his own mad assault upon Sandy, who, he knew well enough, was his friend, and would never have harmed him. This completed, he felt, his isolation and miserable loneliness; he had nowhere to turn to for relief. Once indeed he thought of his father; but had not his father prophesied to him how it would be? and could he go now and tell him all had happened as he prophesied, and yet expect consolation? Thus poor Val felt the ground cut from under his feet; he had nowhere to turn to, no one to fall back upon. For my part, I think this makes all the difference between the bearable and the unbearable in human trouble. This is what clothes in armour of proof a man who has a wife, a woman who has a child. Something to fall back upon, something to turn to, whatever your ill is, to find support, backing, consolation. Poor boy! he gazed round him with hot eyes, hopeless and unrefreshed, and saw nowhere to go, no one to throw himself on. It was not that he doubted the love of his grandparents, who had never given him a moment's cause to distrust them; but there it was that his wound had been given him, and he wanted to get away, to get away! to look at it from a distance and see

if perhaps it might be bearable—but found nowhere to go to, no one to receive him. And the kind reader must remember what blood Val had in his veins before he condemns him—wild blood, oftentimes almost more than he could struggle against even in his calmest moments, and a heart full of chaotic impulses, now fired by misery and left to torment him like a pack of demons. He did not know what to do, nor what he wanted to do; but something must be done, and at once, for to keep still was impossible. Therefore as movement was the best thing for him at all events, he walked to Edinburgh through the moonlight, through the tranquil country roads, on which he met no one, through still villages where all the world was asleep. Now and then a watchful dog, roused by the passing step, barked at him as he went along, which seemed somehow to give him an additional conviction of being a castaway, abandoned by all the world—but that was all. Deep silence surrounded him, a still, soft night, but chill with a cold that went to his heart; and the moon was cold, and the world slept, and nobody cared what Valentine might do with himself—Val, who had been so loved, so cared for, and who was so sure three days ago that the whole world took an interest in him, and, in its heart, was on his side!

I do not know precisely why he went to Oxford—probably because he was accustomed to go there, and it gave him less trouble to think of that place than of anywhere else when the moment came to decide where he was going—for I don't think it was any conscious recurrence of mind to friendly Dick and his mother. He was too unhappy to remember them. Anyhow he went to Oxford—where he arrived half dead with fatigue and misery. He had not eaten, he had not slept, since

Lord Ekside gave him that paper in the library, and he had been subject to all the excitement of the election while in this state. He went to bed when he got to the hotel, to the astonishment of the inn people, for he had not even a bag with him, no change of dress, or any comfort—and spent the night in a confused stupor, full of dreams, which was not sleep. Next morning he got up late, went down to the river side, hardly knowing what he was about, and got into a boat mechanically, and went out upon the river. As it happened, of all days in the year this was Easter Monday, a day when many rude holiday parties were about, and when the Thames is generally avoided by well informed persons. It was crowded with boats and noisy parties, heavy boatloads, with rowers unfit for the responsibility they had undertaken,—the kind of people who cause accidents from one year's end to another. Val did not think of them, nor, indeed, of anything. I doubt even whether he was capable of thought: his pulse was galloping, his head throbbing, his eyes dull and red, and with an inward look, seeing nothing around. As it happened, Dick was not on the wharf at the moment to notice who was going or coming, and was quite unaware of the presence of his young patron. Dick's mother, however, was standing in her little garden, looking out over the wall. She had no one to look for now, but still her eyes kept their wistful habit, and the even flow of the stream and perpetual movement seemed to soothe her. She was standing in her abstracted way, one arm leaning upon the little gate, gazing without seeing much,—not at the familiar Thames, but into the unknown. She came to herself all at once with a start, which made the gate quiver: came to herself? nay—for herself, poor

soul, had not much share in her thoughts then—but came back to consciousness of the one thing which seemed to give life a certain reality for her. All in a moment, as if he had dropped from the skies, she saw Valentine stepping into his boat ; how he had come there, where he was going, she could not tell ; but there he stood, wavering slightly as he stepped into the light outrigger, swaying it dangerously to one side, in a way very unlike Val. Her heart sprang up in her breast, her whole nature came to life at the sight of him, and at something, she could not tell what, in the look of him—something uncertain, helpless, feeble. Her figure lost its droop, her head its musing attitude. She stood alert, in the intensest eager attention and readiness for everything, watching her boy.

Val paddled out into the stream, poising his long oars, I cannot tell how, in a vague uncertain way, as if he did not well know which end of them was in his grasp. Then he let himself float down past her, feebly steering himself, but doing little more ; and then some sudden idea seemed to come to him—or was it rather a cessation of ideas, a trance, a faint ? He stopped his boat in the middle of the crowded river, and lay there with long oars poised over the water—wavering, reflected in it like the long dragon-fly wings—his figure bent a little forward, his face, so far as she could see it, blank and without expression. There he came to a dead stop, of all places in the world—in the middle of the stream, in the middle of the crowd—taking no notice of passing boatmen that shouted to him, "Look ahead !" and had all the trouble in the world to steer their course about him and keep out of his way. A thrill of strong anxiety came into the woman's mind—*anxiety such as had never moved*

her before. Heretofore she had been passive, doing nothing, taking no active part in any one's affairs. This stir of life was such that it set her into sudden energetic movement almost unawares. She went outside her gate, and closed it behind her, watching intently, her heart beating high in her breast, and a sense as of some coming emergency moving her. There he sat in his boat, lying still upon the shining water, the long oars with a faint flutter in them as if held in unsteady hands, not straight and motionless as they ought to be—and crowds of unwary boats, ignorantly managed, stumbling about the stream, boats all ripe and ready for an accident, with people in them shouting, singing, jumbled together. There was a small green cyot, a bundle of waving willows, nothing more, just in front of Valentine's boat, which was a partial shield to him ; but what had happened to Val that he lay thus, taking no precaution, with the long oars trembling in his hands ?

"Look ahead there ! look ahead, sir !" cried the men on the river. Val never moved, never turned to see what it was. What did it matter to him (the watcher thought), a capital swimmer, if anything did happen ? How foolish she was to be afraid ! Just then a great lumbering boat, with four oars waving out of it in delightful licence and impartiality, like the arms of a cuttle-fish, full of holiday folk, came up, visible behind the cyot. There was a jar, a bump, a shout. "It aint nothing, he swims like a duck," cried some voice near her. She could not tell who spoke ; but through the dazzle in her eyes she saw that the long oars and the slim boat had disappeared, and that the holiday party—shouting, struggling about the river—were alone visible. Swim ? Yes, no doubt he

could swim; but the woman was his mother—his mother! She gave a great cry, and rushed with one spring into the punt that lay moored at the steps immediately in front of her door. She was not like one of you delicate ladies, who, all the same, would have done it too, had your boy been drowning. She knew how to do a great many rough, practical things. She pushed the big boat into the stream, and with her big pole, flying like a mad creature, was under the green willows looking for him before any one else could draw breath.

And it was well for Val, poor boy, that though he did not know it, his mother was by, with divination in her eyes. The best swimmer on the Thames could not have contended with the stupor of fever that was on him. When his boat was upset, rousing him out of a bewildering dream, he gave but one gasp, made one mechanical grasp at something, he knew not what, that was near him, and then was conscious of nothing more. His limbs were like steel, his head like lead. There was no power in him to struggle for his life. The boatmen about who knew him did not stir a step, but sat about in their boats, or watched from the rafts, perfectly easy in their minds about the young athlete, to whom a drench in the Thames was nothing. Only the woman, who was his mother, knew that on that particular day Val would sink like a stone. She was at the spot with the punt before any one knew what she was doing, but not before one and another had asked, calling to each other, "Where is he? He is too long under water. He don't remember it's March, and cold." "He'll get his death of cold," said one old boatman. "Man alive!" cried out another, jumping over the boats that lay drawn up upon the rafts, "out with a boat!—

he's drowning. Out with your boat!"

What Val had clutched at was the root of one of the willows. He caught it without knowing, clenched it, and when he sank, sank with his drooping head on the damp soil of the eyot—into the water to his lips, but yet supported and moored, as it were, to life and safety by the desperate grasp he had taken of the willow. There the woman found him when she reached the spot. He had fainted with the shock, and lay there totally helpless, the soft wavelets floating over his dark curls, his face half buried in the soft, damp soil, like a dead man, making no effort to save himself. She gave a cry which echoed over all the river. People a mile off heard it, and shivered and wondered—a cry of longing and despair. But before even that cry had roused the echoes, several boats had shot forth to her aid. The men did not know what had happened, but something had happened; they came crowding about her, while she, half sunk in the soft slime, dragged up in her arms out of the water the unconscious figure. She had his head on her arm, holding him up, half on land half in water, when they got to her. She was paler than he was, lying there upon her, marble white in his swoon. "Is he dead?" they said, coming up to her with involuntary reverence. She looked at them piteously, poor soul, and held the inanimate figure closer, dragging, to get him out of the water. Her pale lips gave forth a low moan. No one asked what right this strange woman had to look so, to utter that hopeless cry. No one even said, "He is nothing to her;" they recognised the anguish which gave her an unspoken, unasked right to him, and to them, and to all they could do. And nothing could be easier than to draw him from the river, to place him

in the punt, where she sat down beside him, and with a gesture of command pointed to her house. They took him there without a word. "Carry him in," she said, and went before him to show them the room. "Go for a doctor." They obeyed her as they would have obeyed Lady Eskside herself. They thought Val was dead, and so did she. She stood and looked at him, when they rushed away to get help for her, in a misery of impotence and longing beyond all words to say. Oh, could she do nothing for him! nothing! She would have given her life for him; but what is a poor mother's life, or who would accept so easy a ransom? She could only stand and gaze at him in hopeless, helpless, miserable anguish, and wring her hands. She did not know what to do.

Fortunately, however, the doctor came very speedily, and soon engaged all her powers. He turned away the good fellows who had fetched him, and called the servant from the kitchen. "Quick, quick! every moment he remains in this state makes it worse for him," said the man, who knew what could be done; and, though he was kind and pitiful, had no sword in his breast piercing him through and through. Val came back to life after awhile and to semi-consciousness. She had not expected it. She had obeyed the doctor's orders in a stupor, docile but hopeless; but what a tumult, what a tempest woke and raged in her as she saw life come back! She kept quiet, poor soul, not daring to say a word; but her joy worked through her veins like a strong wine; and she felt as if she could scarcely keep standing, scarcely hold her footing and her composure against the rapture that seemed to lift her up, to make a spirit of her. Saved! saved!—was it possible? She had borne

speechless the passion of her anguish, but it was harder to fight with and keep down the tumult of her joy.

"Come here," said the doctor, speaking in peremptory tones, as it was natural when addressing a person of her class. "I want to speak to you down-stairs. Sit down. Have you any wine in the house? where do you keep it? Be still, and I'll get it myself. Now take this; what's the matter with you? Did you never see a man nearly drowned before?"

"No," she said, faintly, keeping up her struggle with herself. She wanted to cry out, to laugh, to dance, to shout for joy; but before the man who eyed her so strangely, she had to keep still and quiet. She put the wine aside. "I don't want anything," she said.

"Your pulse is going like a steam-engine," said the doctor; "cry, woman, for God's sake, or let yourself out somehow. What's the matter with you? Can't you speak!—then cry!"

She sank down on her knees; her heart was beating so that it seemed to struggle for an exit from her panting, parched lips. "I think I'm dying—of joy!" she said, almost inaudibly, with a sob and gasp.

"Poor creature, that is all you know," said the doctor, shaking his head; "he is not round the corner yet by a long way. Look here, do you know anything about nursing, or do you often give way like this? On the whole, I had better have him moved at once, and send for a nurse."

"A nurse!" she said, stumbling up to her feet.

"Yes, my good woman. You are too excitable, I can see, to look after him. There's something the matter with him. I can't tell what it is till I see him again. Who is he? but how should you know? He had better go to the hospital, where he can be well looked to——"

"Sir," she said, eagerly, "I'm myself now. I am not one to get excited. I thought he was dead; and you brought him back. God bless you! He has been as good as an angel to my boy. I'll nurse him night and day, and never give way. Let him stay here."

"You are not strong enough; you'll get ill yourself," said the doctor. "Then you know who he is? Be sure you write to his friends at once. But he'd much better go to the hospital; you'll get ill too——"

"No, no," she said; "no, no. I never was ill. It was I who got him out of the water. I'm strong; look, doctor, what an arm I have.

I can lift him if it's wanted. Let him stay; oh, let him stay!"

"Your arm is all very well, but your pulse is a different thing," said the doctor. "If you go and fret and excite yourself, I'll have him off in an hour. Well, then, you can try. Come and let us see how he is getting on now."

"They are as like as two peas," he said to himself, as he went away. "He's somebody's illegitimate son, and this is his aunt, or his sister, or something, and he don't know. God bless us, what a world it is! but I'd like to know which he's going to have, that I may settle what to do."

CHAPTER XXXII.

I am afraid I cannot tell any one "which" it was that poor Val had, not having any medical knowledge. He was very ill, and lay there for the week during which Dick was absent on his master's affairs, knowing nobody, often delirious, never himself, unable to send any message, or even to think of those he had left behind, who knew nothing of him. He talked of them, raved about them when his mind wandered, sometimes saying things which conveyed some intelligence to the mind of the anxious woman who watched over him, and often uttering phrases which she listened to eagerly, but which were all blank and dark to her. Poor soul! how she watched, how she strained her ear for every word he said. Her own, thus, once more; thus at last in her hands, with none to come between them; dependent on her—receiving from her the tendance of weary days and sleepless nights. Receiving from her, not she from him—eating her bread even, so to speak, though he could eat nothing—living under her roof—depend-

ent on her, as a son should be on a mother. I cannot describe the forlorn sweetness there was to her in this snatch of nature; this sudden, unexpected, impossible crisis which, for the time, gave her her son. I do not know if it ever occurred to her mind that the others who had a right to him might be wondering what had become of their boy. Even now her mind was not sufficiently developed to dwell upon this. She thought only that she had him—she, and no other. She closed her doors, and answered all questions sparingly, and admitted nobody she could help; for what had anybody to do with him but she? When the doctor asked if she had written to his friends, she nodded her head or said "Yes, yes," impatiently. His friends! who were they in comparison to his mother? They had had him all his life—she had him for so short a time, so very, very short a time!—why should any one come and interfere? She could get him everything he wanted, could give up all her time to watch him and

nurse him. Once she said, when the doctor pressed her, "I have let his mother know;" and he was satisfied with the reply. "If his mother knows where he is, of course it is all right," he said. "Oh yes, yes," she cried, "his mother knows;" and what more was necessary? She had not the faintest intention of revealing herself to him afterwards, of taking the advantage of all she was doing for him. No! it seemed to her that she could die easier than say to Val, "I am your mother;" a subtle instinct in her—delicacy of perception communicated by love alone—made her feel that Val would receive the news with no delight—that to be made aware that she was his mother would be no joy to him; and she would have died rather than betray herself. But to have him there, unconscious as he was, "wandering in his mind," not knowing her, or any one—but yet with her as if he had been a baby again, dependent on her, receiving everything from her! No words can say what this was. She passed the time in a strange trance of exquisite mingled pleasure and pain; suffering now and then to see him ill, to feel that he did not know her, and if he knew her, would not care for her; suffering, too, from the sleepless nights to which she was totally unaccustomed, and the close confinement to one room, though scarcely realising what it was that made her head so giddy and her sensations so unusual; but all this time and through all the suffering rapt in a haze of deep enjoyment—a happiness sacred and unintelligible, with which no one could intermeddle; which no one even knew or could understand but herself. She had no fear for Valentine's life; though the doctor looked very grave, it did not affect her; and though her brain was keen and clear to understand

the instructions he gave, and to follow them with pertinacious, unvarying, almost unreasoning exactitude, she did not study his looks, or ask with brooding anxiety his opinion, as most other women in her circumstances would have done. She never asked his opinion, indeed, at all. She was merely anxious, not at all afraid; or if she was afraid, it was rather of her patient getting well than dying. The doctor, who was the only one who beheld this strange sickbed, was more puzzled than tongue could tell. What did the woman mean? she was utterly devoted to the sick man—devoted to him as only love can be; but she was not anxious, which love always is. It was a puzzle which he could not understand.

In a week Dick came back. He had been away on his master's business, being now a trusted and confidential servant, with the management of everything in his hands. It was Easter week, too, and his business had been combined with a short holiday for himself. His mother was not in the habit of writing to him, though she did, in some small degree at least, possess the accomplishment of writing—so that he came home, utterly ignorant of what had happened, on one of those chilly March evenings when the light lengthens and the cold strengthens, according to the proverb. Dick was tired, and the landscape, though it was home, looked somewhat dreary to him as he arrived; the river was swollen, and muddy, and rapid; the east wind blanching colour and beauty out of everything; a pale sunset just over, and a sullen twilight settling down, tinting with deep shadows and ghastly white gleams of light the cold water. He shivered in spite of himself. The door was not standing open as usual, nor was

there any light in the little parlour. He had to stand and knock, and then, when no one answered, went round to the back door (which was his usual entrance, though he had chosen the other way to-night) to get in. The kitchen was vacant, the maid having gone to the doctor's for poor Val's medicine. Dick went into the parlour, and found it dreary and deserted, looking as if no one had been there for months. Finally, he went up-stairs, and found his mother at the door of a bedroom coming to meet him. "I thought it must be you," she said, "but I could not leave him." "Leave him? Leave whom, mother? what do you mean?" he said, bewildered. "Hush, hush," she cried, looking back anxiously into the room she had just left; then she came out, closing the door softly after her. "Come in here," she said, opening the next door, which was that of his own room. "I can speak to you here; and if he stirs I'll hear him." Dick followed her with the utmost astonishment, not knowing what his mother meant, or if she had gone out of her wits. But when he heard that it was Mr Ross who lay there ill, and that his mother had saved his young patron's life, and was now nursing him, with an absorbing devotion that made her forget everything else, Dick's mind was filled with a strange tumult of feeling. He showed his mother nothing but his satisfaction to be able to do something for Mr Ross, and anxiety that he should have everything he required; but in his heart there was a mixture of other sentiments. He had not lost in the least his own devotion to the young man to whom (he always felt) he owed all his good fortune; but there was something in his mother's tremulous impassioned devotion to Valentine that had disturbed his

mind often, and her looks now, engrossed altogether in her patient, thinking of nothing else, not even of Dick's comfort, though she knew he was to return to-day, affected him, he could scarcely tell how. When he had heard all the story, he laid his hand kindly on her shoulder, looking at her. "You are wearing yourself out," he said; "you are making yourself ill; but it's all right. To be sure, when he was taken ill like this, he could go nowhere but here."

"Nowhere," she said with fervour. "Here it's natural; but never mind me, boy, I'm happy. I want nothing different. It's what I like best."

"I'll just step in and look at him, mother."

"Not now," she said quickly, with an instinct of jealous reserve. She did not want any one to interfere—not even her boy. Then she added—"He's sleeping. You might wake him if he heard another step on the floor. Go and get your supper, Dick; you're tired—and maybe after, if he wakes up——"

"Is there any supper for me?" said Dick, half laughing, but with a momentary sensation of bitterness. He felt ashamed of it the moment after. "Go in, go in to him, mother dear," he said. "You're in the right of it. I'll go and get my supper; and after that, if he wakes I'll see him—only don't wear yourself out."

"I do nothing but sit by him—that's all; doing nothing, how could I wear myself out?" she said. "But oh, I'm glad you're home, Dick; very glad you're home!"

"Are you, mother?" Dick said, with a vague smile, half gratified, half sceptical. Perhaps she did not hear him, for she was already in Val's room, watching his breathing. Dick went down-stairs with

the smile still upon his face, determined to make the best of it—for after all Mr Ross had the best right to everything that was in the house, since, but for him, that house would never have belonged to Dick at all. He called the maid, who had come back, to get him his supper, and stepped outside while it was getting ready, to take counsel of the river and the skies, as he had done so often. It was now almost dark, and the river gleamed half sullen, under skies which were white and black, but showed no warmer tinge of colour. Heavy clouds careered over the blanched and watery firmament—a dreary wind sighed in the willows on the eyot. They did not give cheery counsel, that river and those trees. But Dick soon shook off this painful jealousy, which was not congenial to his nature. What so natural, after all, as that she should give her whole mind to the sufferer she had nursed, even at the risk of momentarily neglecting her son who was quite well, and could shift for himself? Dick laughed at his own foolishness, and felt ashamed of himself that he could have any other feeling in his mind but pity and interest. He stole up, after his meal, to look into the sickroom, and then the tenderest compassion took possession of him. Val was lying awake with his eyes open but seeing nothing—noticing no one. Dick had never seen him otherwise than in the full flush of strength and health. A pang of terror and love took possession of him. He thought of all Val had done for him, since they met, boys, on the river at Eton, generously exaggerating all his boy-patron's goodness, and putting his own out of sight. The tears came to his eyes. He asked himself with awe, and a pang of sudden pain and terror, could Valentine be going to die? His mother sat quite motionless

by the bedside, with her eyes fixed on the patient. There was in her face no shadow of the cloud which Dick felt to be hanging over the room, but only a curious dim beatitude—happiness in being there—which the young man divined but could not understand.

Dick stole down again quietly to the little parlour, where his lamp gave a more cheerful light to think by than the eerie river. It would be absurd were I to deny that his mind had been troubled by many painful and anxious thoughts touching the connection of his mother with the Rosses. He thought he had come to a solution of it. In his class, as I have already said, people accept with comparative calm many things which in higher regions would be considered very terrible. Dick had made up his mind to a conclusion such as would have horrified and driven desperate a man differently brought up. He concluded that probably Val's father was his own father, that his mother had been very young, beautiful, and easily deceived, and he himself was the son of this unknown "gentleman." Dick was not ashamed of the supposed paternity. It had given him a pang when he thought it out at first; but to a lad who has been born a tramp, things show differently, and have other aspects from that which they bear to the fear of the world. Putting feeling aside, this is what he thought the most probable solution of the mystery; and Val, she knew, was this man's son, and therefore he had a fascination for her. Probably, Dick thought, with a little pang, Val was like his father, and reminded her of him; and it did wound the good fellow to think that his mother could forget and set aside himself for the stranger who was nothing to her, who merely reminded her of a lover

she had not seen for years and years. When he thought of his own problematical relationship to Valentine, his heart softened immensely. To think that it was to his brother he owed so much kindness—a brother who had no suspicion of the relationship, but was good to him out of pure generosity of heart and subtle influences of nature, was a very affecting idea, and brought a thrill to his breast when it occurred to him. These were the conclusions he had hammered out by hard thinking from the few and very misty facts he knew. Some connection there clearly was, and this seemed so much the most likely explanation. Dick thought no worse of his mother for it; he knew her spotless life as long as he could remember—a life remarkable, even extraordinary, in her class—and his heart swelled with pity and tenderness at thought of all she must have come through. He had too much natural delicacy to ask her any questions on such a subject; but since he had (as he thought) found out, or rather divined this secret, it had seemed to account for many peculiarities in her. It explained everything that wanted explanation—her extraordinary interest in Val, her fear of encountering the lady who had been with him, her strange lingerings of manner and look that did not belong to her class. Dick thought this all over again, as he sat in the little parlour gazing steadily into the lamp; and, with a strange emotion in which pain, and wonder, and pity, and the tenderest sympathy, were all mingled together, tried to make himself master of the position. His lip quivered as he realised that in reality it might be his brother, his father's son, who lay unconscious in the little room up-stairs. No doubt Val was like his father—no doubt he recalled

to the woman, who had once been proud (who could doubt?) of being loved by “a gentleman,” the handsome, noble young deceiver who had betrayed her. But Dick did not use such hard words; he did not think of any betrayal in the case. He knew how tramp-girls are brought up, and only pitied, did not blame, or even defend, his mother. It seemed to him natural enough; and Val no doubt recalled his handsome father as homely Dick never did and never could do. Poor Dick! if there was a little pang in this, it was merely instinctive and momentary. The thought that Val might be—nay, almost certainly was—his father's son, half his brother, melted his heart entirely. He would have sat up all night, though he was tired, if his mother had permitted him. His brother! and in his ignorance, in his youthful kind-heartedness, how good he had been! They had taken a fancy to each other the moment they set eyes upon each other, Dick remembered; and no wonder if they were brothers, though they did not know. The good fellow overcame every less tender feeling, and felt himself Val's vassal and born retainer when he thought of all that had come and gone between them. He scarcely slept all night, making noiseless pilgrimages back and forward to the sick room, feeling, unused as he was to illness, as if some change might be taking place for better or worse at any moment; and though he had as yet no real clue to the devotion with which his mother watched the sufferer, he shared it instinctively, and felt all at once as if the central point of the universe was in that uneasy bed, and there was nothing in the world to be thought of but Val.

“Mother, you've sent word to—his friends?” Dick had some feel-

ing he could not explain which prevented him saying "his father." This was early next morning, when she had come out to say that Val was asleep, and had spent a better night.

She looked at him with a look which was almost an entreaty, and shook her head. "No—don't be vexed, Dick ; I'm bad at writing—and besides, I didn't want no one to come."

"But they must be anxious, mother. Think ! if it had been yourself ; and you know who they are. If it wasn't far off in the north I'd go."

"Ah," she said, with a gasping, long-drawn breath—"if it must be done, that's the way, Dick. I'm bad at writing, and a letter would frighten 'em, as you say."

"I didn't say a letter would frighten them. Mother, I can write well enough. It's Lord Eskside—I recollect the name. Tell me where, and I'll write to-day."

"No," she said, "no ; a letter tells so little—and oh ! I don't want 'em to come here. There's things I can't tell you, boy—old things—things past and done with. You've always been a good son, the best of sons to me——"

"And I'll do anything now, mother dear," said poor Dick, moved almost to tears by the entreaty in her face, and putting his arm round her to support her ; "I'll do anything now to give you a bit of ease in your mind. You've been a good mother if I've been a good son, and never taught me but what was good and showed me an example. I'll do whatever you would like best, mother dear."

He said this, good fellow, to show that he found no fault with her if it was shame that kept her from speaking to him more openly. But she who had no shame upon her, no burden of conscious wrong, did

not catch this subtle meaning. She was not clear enough in her mind to catch hidden meanings at any time. She took him simply at his word.

"Dick," she said softly, entreating still, "he's better—he'll get well—why shouldn't he get well ? he's young and strong, the same age as you are—a bit of an illness is nothing when you're young. He'll get well fast enough ; and then," she said, with a sigh, "he'll go and tell his people himself. What is the use of troubling you and me ?"

Dick shook his head. "They must be told, mother," he said, "I'll write ; or if you like, I'll go."

She gave a long weary sigh. She was reluctant, he thought, to have any communication with those unknown people, Val's father, and perhaps his mother, some great lady, who would have no pity for the woman thus strangely thrown in her son's path. This was quite natural, too, and Dick, in his tender sympathy with her, entered into the feeling. His tenderness and compassion made a poet of him ; he seemed to see every shade of emotion in her disturbed soul.

"Mother dear," he said again, still more gently, "you don't want to have aught to do with them ? I can understand. Tell me where it is and I'll go. The master will let me go easy. We're not busy yet. I'll see the doctor, and go off directly ; for whether you like it or not, it's their right, and they ought to know."

"Well, well," she said, after a pause, "if it must be, it must be. I've never gone against you, Dick, and I won't now ; and maybe my head's dazed a bit with all the watching. It makes you stupid like."

"You'll be ill yourself, mother, if you don't mind."

"And if I was !" she cried. "If they take him, what does it matter ?

and they're sure to take him. Dick, it's like taking the heart out of my bosom. But go, if you will go."

"I must go, mother," he said, sorrowfully. This passion was strange to him—hurt him even in spite of himself. Because Val was like his father! The depth of the passionate interest she had in him seemed so disproportionate to the cause.

But when Dick saw the doctor, he was more and more determined to go. The doctor told him that in another week the crisis of the fever might come—one week had passed without any change, and the sufferer was embarked upon the dark uncertain tideway of another, which might be prolonged into another still; but this no one could tell. "I thought your mother had let his friends know—she told me so," he said. "They ought to be made aware of the state he is in,—they ought to be here before the week is out, when the crisis may come."

"But you don't think badly of him, doctor?" said Dick, with tears in his eyes. The mother had never asked so much, the doctor reflected; and he felt for the young man who felt so warmly, and was interested in the whole curious mysterious business, he could scarcely tell why.

"Your mother is a capital nurse," he said, assuming a confidence he scarcely felt, "and please God, he'll pull through."

"Oh, thank you, doctor!" cried honest Dick, drying his eyes, and feeling, as do all simple souls, that it was the doctor who had done it, and that this vague assurance was very sure. He went to see Valentine after, who, he thought, gave him a kind of wan smile, and looked as if he knew him, which Dick interpreted, knowing nothing about it, to be a capital sign; and then he extorted from his mother directions for his

journey. Reluctantly she told him where to go."

"Oh, Dick," she said, "you'll do it, whether I will or not—and there's things will come of it that you don't think of, and that I don't want to think of; but don't you name me, boy, nor let 'em know about me. Say your mother—I'm just your mother, that's all. And if they come I'll not see 'em, Dick; no, I'm not going away. Don't look scared at me. I haven't it in me now to go away."

"Take care of yourself, mother," he said; "don't watch too long, nor neglect your food. I'll not be long gone; and I'll take care of you, whoever comes; you needn't be afraid."

She shook her head, and followed him with mournful eyes. She did not know what she feared, nor what any one could do to her, but yet in her ignorance she was afraid. And Dick went away, still more ignorant, determined to keep her secret, but feeling in his superior knowledge of the world that it was a secret which no one would care to penetrate. "Gentlemen" seldom try, he knew, to find out a woman thus abandoned, or to burden themselves with her, or any others that might belong to her. He smiled even at the idea. "They"—and Dick did not even know who they were—would think of Val only, he felt sure, and inquire no further. He was still more completely set at rest when he discovered that it was Val's grandmother he was going to see—the old lady who had sent him a present when he was a boy, by Valentine's hands. Dick somehow had no notion that this old lady was in any way connected with himself, even assuming, as he did, that his own divinations were true. She was a stranger, and he went quite calmly into her presence, not doubting anything that might befall him there.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Richard Ross left Lasswade as Dick Brown entered, totally unconscious of him or his errand. They passed each other on the bridge,—the father in the carriage, with his servant on the box, and a hundred delicate comforts about him; the son trudging along the muddy road, somewhat tired from jolting all night in a third-class carriage, but refreshed by the "good wash" which, almost more than his breakfast, had set him up again to encounter strangers. He was well dressed, in something of the same mode as Val, whose coats he had worn when he was a lad, and whom he unconsciously copied; and though there was a something about him which indicated his lower position, or rather an absence of something which externally marks "a gentleman," his open countenance and candid straightforward look gave the merest stranger who looked at him a confidence in Dick, and conferred upon him a distinction of his own. Richard Ross, however, did not so much as notice the young man as he drove to the railway. He was not anxious about Val in the sense in which his mother was anxious; but his mind was strangely disturbed and jumbled—turned upside down, so to speak. All the common conditions of life had changed for him;—his repose of twenty years was broken, and his thoughts sent back upon the early beginning of his career, when he was so different a man. To be driven back at forty-five to the thoughts and feelings of twenty-five, how strange it is!—and stranger to some men than to others. To those who have lived but little in this long stretch of existence the return costs less; but Richard Ross had not changed by

the action of years, only—he was another man; everything in him was altered. And yet he was going back, as it were, to twenty-five, to look at the passion and folly and infatuation of that period of his existence; but with the interval so clearly marked, not only in himself, but in all the others concerned. He was not old, nor did he feel old: in himself he was conscious, not of decay, but of progress. He looked back upon himself at that early age, not with envy, as so many men of the world do, but with a wondering contempt. What a fool he had been! Was it possible that he could ever have been such a fool? Or must it not rather have been some brother, some cousin, some other, not himself, who had been such an idiot?—some visionary man, whose faults somehow had fallen upon *his* shoulders? This was the feeling in his mind, though, of course, he knew very well that it was an absurd feeling. And then, with a curious wonder and bewildering sense of suppressed agitation, he remembered that he was going to see her. Should he know her after three-and-twenty years?—he had recognised her picture, which was strange enough;—and would she know him? And must they meet, and what would they say to each other? There had never been very much to say, for she was incapable of what he called conversation; and, except words of fondness and attempts at instruction, it had been impossible for him, a cultivated and fastidious man, to have any real communication with the wild creature of the woods whom he never even succeeded in taming. What should he find to say to her now, or she to him? The

inquiry thrilled him strangely, giving him that bewildering sense of unreality which mixes so deeply in all human emotion. His brain seemed to turn round when he thought of this possible interview. Was she a real being at all, or was he real who was thinking? Had that past ever been? Was it not an imagination, a dream? Ah! it does not even require such a long interval as twenty years to bring this strange giddiness on the soul. That which we have lost, did we ever have it?—the happiness, the life, the other who made life and happiness? I know some houses now, occupied by strange people, whose very names I can't tell you, where yet I feel my own old life must be in full possession of the familiar place, while this dim ghost of me outside asks, Did it ever exist at all? Richard felt this all the more strongly that he was not an imaginative man by nature. He felt his head swim and the world go round with him, and would not believe that the young fool who had borne his name three-and-twenty years before, was or could have been *him*. But yet he was going to see *her*, the other dream, in whom there was not, nor ever had been, any reality. On the whole, instead of perplexing himself with such thoughts, it is better for a man to read in the railway, if he can manage it, even at the risk of hurting his eyes, which require to be *ménagés* at forty-five; or if that will not do, to close his eyes and doze, which is perhaps, where it is practicable, the best way of all.

He got to Oxford the next day in the afternoon—another pale, somewhat dreary afternoon of March, typical day of a reluctant spring, with dust in the streets, and east wind spreading a universal grey around, ruffling the river into pale lines of livid light and gloomy shade,

and pinching all the green buds spitefully back to winter again. Heavy clouds were rolling over the heavens when he made his way down to the wharf. His old Oxford recollections and Val's indications guided him. He knew the boating wharf of old, though he had never himself been aquatic in his tastes. And there was the little house with its narrow strip of garden towards the river, in which a few sickly primroses were trying to flower. No one had thought of the garden since Val's accident, and already it had a neglected look. "Who lives there?" he asked of a bargeman who was lounging by. "It's Brown's, as is head man at Styles's," was the answer. "Head man at Styles's! I thought a woman lived there," said Richard. Then he suddenly recollected himself. "I had forgotten the boy," he added, under his breath. How strange it was! and this was his son too—his son as well as Val! But, to tell the truth, for the moment he had forgotten the boys, the known and the unknown. He had forgotten that Val was lost, and that he had come here in search of him. He was only conscious, in a strange suppressed haze of excitement, that probably she was within these walls—she—the woman of whom he had said *maladetta*; of whom Val had said that she looked as if she had been a lady. This strange notion made him laugh within himself even now.

It was about five in the afternoon, still good daylight, though the day was a dim one. The maid, who was but a maid-of-all-work, and no better than her kind, had taken advantage of the entire absence of supervision, and was out somewhere, leaving the garden-gate and front-door both open. Richard went up to the door with a certain hesitation, almost diffidence, and knocked softly. He did not want to have any one come, and it was a re-

lief to him when a sufficient interval had elapsed without any response, to justify him, as he thought, in going into the house. Then he stepped across the threshold, casting a glance behind to see if any one outside observed him; and seeing no one, he went in—first to the little parlour, which had been “cleaned up,” fortunately, that morning. It was a strange little room, as I have already said, with tokens in it of instinctive good taste struggling against circumstances. Richard closed the door behind him, and looked round it with a curious irregularity in his heart's beats. He sat down, somehow not feeling equal to anything more, and gazed at those little familiar evidences of the kind of being who had been living here. It was, in reality, Dick who had left his traces all about, but Richard Ross knew nothing about Dick, and had at the present moment very little curiosity as to that unknown and unrealised person. He thought only of *her*: somehow Val's description, at which he had laughed within himself so often, and at which still he tried to laugh feebly, seemed less impossible here. A lady might have lived within these four walls, at the little window which looked out upon the river. The arrangements of the room—its books (which no one read), its pretty carvings and nicknacks (for which Dick alone was responsible)—fitted into the conventional idea of a poor gentleman's tastes, which even Richard, though he ought to have known better, had received into his mind. The embroidered shawl which covered the little table caught his eye as it had caught his mother's—he, too, remembered it; and that undoubted sign of her made his heart beat loudly once more.

He seemed to be all alone in the solitary house—there was not a sound: he had come in and taken

possession, and nobody offered to interfere with him. After a little time, however, he began to realise that the position was rather a strange one; and recovering himself from the curious spell under which he had fallen, he opened the door softly and listened. Then it seemed to him that he heard some faint stir up-stairs. Accordingly he went up the narrow winding staircase, feeling somehow that in this place he could go where he would, that it was not the house of a stranger. He went up, wondering at himself, half bold, half hesitating, and opened the first door he came to. It was the room in which Valentine lay sick—his boy whom he sought. Richard opened the door softly. Everything was very still in it. The patient slept; the watcher, poor soul, in her exhaustion, perhaps was dozing by him, lulled by the profound quiet; or else her brain was confused by the long nursing, and was not easily roused except by the patient, whose lightest movement always awakened her attention. And the light was dim, the blind drawn down, every possibility of disturbance shut out. Richard stood like one spellbound, and looked at them. His heart gave a wild leap, and then, he thought, stood still. He recognised Val in a moment, and so perhaps had some anxiety set at rest; but indeed I doubt whether, in the strange excitement in which he found himself, anxiety for Val told for much. She sat by the bedside in a large old-fashioned chair, high-backed and square-elbowed, which made a frame to her figure. Her eyes were closed, but the intent look in her face, which gave it an interest even to the mere passer-by, was there in a softened form, giving a pure and still gravity, almost noble, to its fine lines; the hair was smoothed off her forehead; the white kerchief, which was her usual head-dress, tied

loosely about her head; her hands, glimmering white in the partial darkness, crossed upon her lap. Richard stood still, not daring to breathe, yet catching his breath and hearing his heart beat in spite of himself, afraid to disturb her, yet wondering what she would say to him, how she would look at him when she was roused, as she must be. He was much and strangely agitated, but the reader must not suppose that it was any wild renewal of old love, any passion, or even the agitation of longing and tenderness, which so moved him. He was curious beyond anything he could say—troubled by the sight of her, strangely eager to know what kind of being this was. She was another from the girl he had known, though the same. She of time past had been a wild thing out of the woods, not much above birds or other woodland creatures. All her humanity, all her development of mind and heart, had come since then; and of this human soul, this developed being, he knew nothing, absolutely nothing; and a thirst came upon him to find out, the intensest curiosity to know, what manner of woman she was.

All at once she opened her eyes and saw him; but did not start or cry, for, waking or sleeping, Valentine was her first object, and she would not have disturbed him had all heaven and earth melted and given way round about her. She opened her eyes, and saw a man looking at her. She raised her head, and knew who it was. The blood rushed back to her heart in a sudden flood, making it beat hard and loud against her side, taking away her breath; but she did nothing more than rise softly to her feet and look at him. Yes, it was he. She knew him, as he had known her, at once. She had expected him. Without any knowledge

where he was, or how he could hear, she had yet felt sure that he must come. And therefore she was scarcely surprised; she had the advantage of him so far. She knew him, though to him she was an unknown creature—knew him ignorantly, not having been able to form any judgment of his character; yet had as much acquaintance with him as her mind was capable of; while he had no acquaintance with her. She rose up to meet him, and stood wistful, humble, yet with something which looked like pride in her erect figure, and that face which had changed so strangely since he knew it. They stood on either side of the bed upon which their son was lying, scrutinising each other in that strange pathetic gaze. Were there things to be repented of, even in her dim soul?—I cannot tell. She did not think of judging herself. What she felt was that he was here, that she was in his power, and all that was hers; that she was not strong enough to resist him, whatever he might do; that the known and actual had come to an end for her, and all the future was dark in his hands. A dim anguish of fear and impotence came over her. He might send her away from the boy; he might change her life all at once as by the waving of a wand. She looked at him piteously, putting her hands together unawares; but while she was thus startled into painful life, plunged into the anxious inquietude of ignorance, roused to fear and uncertainty, not knowing what was to be done with her, she was at the same time incapacitated from any evidence of emotion, silenced, kept still, though her heart beat so; speechless, though the helpless cry of appeal was on her lips—because she would not wake Val who was sleeping, and, whatever she might be capable of otherwise, could not,

would not, disturb the weary rest of the boy.

At length he waved his hand to her impatiently, calling her to follow him out of the room. He did not know what to say to her. Words had gone from him too, though from other reasons; but he could not stand there, however bewildering were his feelings, looking at this woman who was so familiar to him and so unknown. She followed him noiselessly, not resisting, and they stood together on the narrow landing outside, close to each other, her dress almost touching him, her quick breath crossing his. What were they to say to each other? She was not capable of embarrassment in the simplicity of her emotions. But Richard standing by her, man of the world as he was, was totally helpless in this emergency. His gaze faltered; he turned his eyes from her; he trembled, though only he himself was conscious of it. To be so close to her affected him with a hundred complicated feelings. What could he say? Faltering, his lips scarcely able to form the confused words, he asked, faintly, "How long has he been ill? how long has he been here?"

"Ten days," she answered, briefly. She did not hesitate, nor cast down her eyes. She answered with a kind of despairing calm; for to be sure it was certain he would take the boy away, and she had nothing else in her mind. Her own standing in respect to him—the attitude of his mind towards her—her position in the world as it depended on him—all these were nothing to her. She was thinking of the boy, of nothing else.

"He has been very ill; what is it? Have you a doctor for him?" said Richard, getting used to the suppressed sound of his own voice. He was speaking like a man in a

dream, struggling against some necessity which forced him to say this. It was not what he wanted to say. Had he been able to manage himself, to do as he wished, he would have said something to her very different—something kind—something to show her that he was not sorry he had seen her again—that he was not angry, but came to her with friendly feelings. But he could not. The only words he could manage to get out were these bare business-like questions, which he might have put to a nurse—only that if she had been a mere nurse, a stranger who had been kind to his boy, Richard would have been full of gratitude and thanks. He felt all this, but he could not help it; and the more he wished to say, the less he said.

He felt this to the bottom of his heart; but she did not feel it all. She took the questions quite naturally, and answered them with calm simplicity. "The doctor comes twice a-day. He'll be here soon. I cannot keep the name of it in my mind. Sitting up of nights makes me stupid like; but when he comes, you'll hear."

Then there was a pause. She stood before him, with her hands clasped, waiting for what he was going to say. She had no thought of resisting or standing on her rights, for had she not given up the boy long ago?—and waited with keen but secret anguish for the sentence which she believed he must be about to pronounce. The door was open behind her. While she stood waiting for Richard's words, her ear was intent upon Val, ready to hear if he made the slightest movement. Between these two things which absorbed her, she was completely occupied. She had no leisure to think of herself.

But he who was alive to all the strange troubles of the position, at

what a disadvantage he was ! His embarrassment and overwhelming self-consciousness were painful beyond description, while she was free from self altogether, and suffered nothing in comparison. While she stood so steadily, a tremulous quiver ran through his every limb. He was as superior to her as it is possible to conceive, and yet he was helpless and speechless before her. At last he made out, faltering, the confused words, "Do you know who he is ?"

"Yes, I know," she said, with a panting breath. A gleam of light came over her face. "I have known him ever since he was a boy. He's been Dick's friend. No lad had ever a better friend. They took a fancy to each other the first day. I heard his name—it's seven years since—and knew——"

"And you told—Val——"

She gave a slight start, and looked at him reproachfully, appealingly, but made no other reply. This look disturbed Richard more and more. There was in it a higher meaning than any he seemed capable of. He felt that, from some simple eminence of virtue, impossible to him to conceive, she looked down upon him, quietly indignant of, yet half pitying, his suspicions of her. And, in fact, though she was not capable of any sentiments so articulate, these, in a rudimentary confusion, were the feelings in her mind.

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly. "Then he knows nothing ? And the other, the younger—he who is with you——"

How he flustered ! man of the world, and high-bred gentleman as he was ; he did not know how to put the inquiry into words.

"Oh," she said, roused from her stillness of expectation, "don't meddle with Dick ! Oh, sir, leave my boy alone ! You don't know—

no one knows but me—how good he is. He's put up with all my wild ways. He's been willing to give up all he likes best for me ; but God's given me strength, and I've mastered myself. I've stayed quiet, though it went near to kill me," she said, clasping her hands tightly ; "I wouldn't shame him, and take his home from him. Oh, don't meddle with Dick ! He's happy now."

Her entreating look, her appeal to his generosity, her absolute detachment from all emotion except in connection with her children, worked upon Richard in the strongest way. They moved him as he had never thought to be moved. His heart swelled, and filled with a novel emotion. "Is this all you think of ?" he said, with, in his turn, a strange tone of reproach in his voice—"only of the children ! when we meet like this after so many—so many years !"

She raised her eyes to him, wondering. I think she scarcely understood what he could mean. Her mind was so deeply occupied with other thoughts, that the tide of feeling which encountered hers was driven back by the meeting. "I'm not clever," she said, in a very low voice. "I'm ignorant—not fit to talk to you."

"But you know me ?" he said, driven to his wit's end. She looked up at him quickly, with a strange suffusion in her eyes, a momentary dilation. She did not mean it to be reproachful this time. Then she said quickly—"We'll trouble no one, Dick and me. He's well off, and doing well. If you will let the other stay till he's better—who could nurse him as I would ?—and leave Dick alone. I'll trouble nobody, nobody !"

"Myra," said Richard, more moved than he could say. It was not love so much as a strange reluc-

tance to be so powerless—a curious longing to get some sign of feeling from her. He could not bear the composure in her eyes.

She gave a low cry, and made a step backwards, withdrawing from him; and at that moment a faint sound from within the sick-room caught her ear. Her expression, which had changed for the moment, came back again to that of the patient sick-nurse, the anxious watcher. "He's stirring," she said. "He wants me. I mustn't leave him. I've been too long away."

To describe the feelings of Richard Ross when she left him outside the door of the room in which his son lay ill is more than I am able for. Not since she had fled from him at first, three-and-twenty years ago, had there been such a tumult in his mind;—not the sharp tumult of passion and grief, but the strangest maze of embarrassment, pain, defeat, surprise—and yet for the moment relief. Passion was altogether out of his way nowadays—I don't know that he was capable of the feeling; but all the secondary emotions were warm in him. He had been playing with the thought of this woman for a long time, saying *maladetta*, yet scarcely meaning it—wondering, half attracted in spite of himself, and beyond measure curious to know what changes time had wrought in her, and how far Valentine's unconscious judgment was true. During this long succession of thoughts, his semi-hatred of her as the curse of his life had strangely evaporated, he could not have told how. And from the moment when he had received that first sudden shock which was given him by the little photograph, down to the present time when she left him standing outside the door, Richard had been the subject of a mental process of the most complicated and mysterious kind. From

that first simple introduction of the idea of her, not as a past curse, but as a living and known human being, his thoughts had gone through a long dramatic course, picturing her, realising her, following the unknown line of her existence—making acquaintance with her image, so to speak. She had never been quite absent from his mind since Valentine had reintroduced her to it. He had imagined (in spite of himself) how she would look, what she would say and do—had even pictured to himself how she would meet him, perhaps with terror, perhaps with penitence, with a developed sense of the grievous harm she had done him, and capacity at last to understand how much he had sacrificed for her. If she had grown into an intelligent being, with that look Valentine described, "as if she had once been a lady,"—which was so curious, so bewildering a travesty of all fact—this was how she must have learned to feel; and, no doubt, Richard thought her first meeting with him would be trying for both, but most trying for her as the one most certain to betray emotion—the wrong-doer in whose awakened mind all feeling must be more strong. He had opened the very door of the room in which she sat with this expectation—nay certainty—in his mind. Now she had left him, and he stood bewildered, confounded, excited, not knowing what to think, and still less what to do. Was it possible that she had not a thought for him, this woman who had destroyed his life?—no feeling that she had destroyed it?—no desire for his forgiveness, no eagerness to make up, no tremulous impassioned anxiety as to what he would think of her? For all these feelings he had given her credit, and curiously, with an interest which attracted him in spite of himself, had speculated how she would show them. But now!

After a little pause, Richard Ross, Secretary of Legation at Florence, her Majesty's future representative to some crowned head, went quite humbly down the little creaking staircase. He knew how to deal with Prime Ministers, and would not have allowed himself to be put down by Prince Bismarck himself; but he was utterly discomfited by Dick Brown's mother, and stole down-stairs with his heart beating, and the most unexampled commotion in his whole being. When he thought of it, he even laughed at himself feebly, so confounded was he. What was to be done now? He could not steal away as he had come, with no result to his visit. Now that they had met, and looked each other in the face again, they could not part simply with nothing further said. Was it for him to make advances? to propose some ground of meeting? though he was the wronged person, and though she ought in reality to approach him on her knees. When he got down-stairs, he paused again to think what he would do. And it was only then that it occurred to him that his mission here was not to reconcile himself to *her*, but to inquire after Valentine. Strange! He had seen

Valentine lying ill—he had even asked questions about him—and yet his son's state, or his son's existence, had made no impression whatever on his mind. In the curious ferment and tumult of his feelings, it occurred to him to remember the half amusement, half pain, with which he had felt two days ago that his mother hustled him off, scarcely having patience to let him eat and rest, in order that he might see after Val; and here was his wife treating him in the same way—thrusting him aside, postponing him altogether! There was a whimsical aggravation in this double slight which made him laugh even now; and then a sudden heat flamed all over his frame, like a sudden blaze scorching him; his wife! He had used the words unconsciously, unawares—not *mudarella*!—not the woman who had been his curse. In the curious excitement of that thought, he went in once more to the little parlour, and sat down instinctively to get quiet and calm himself; and then, catching at the first straw of reason which blew his way in this strange tempest of feeling, he decided that he must wait there, now that he was there, till the doctor came.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

PART III.—THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

THE cut bridle-path, which has been dignified by the name of "The Great Hindústan and Tibet Road," that leads along the sides of the hills from Simla to the Narkunda Ghaut, and from Narkunda up the valley of the Sutlej to Chini and Pangay, is by no means so exasperating as the native paths of the inner Himáliya. It does not require one to dismount every five minutes; and though it does go down into some terrific gorges, at the bottom of which there is quite a tropical climate in summer, yet, on the whole, it is pretty level, and never compels one (as the other roads too often and too sadly do) to go up a mile of perpendicular height in the morning, only to go down a mile of perpendicular depth in the afternoon. Its wooden bridges can be traversed on horseback; it is not much exposed to falling rocks; it is free from avalanches, either of snow or granite; and it never compels one to endure the almost infuriating misery of having, every now and then, to cross miles of rugged blocks of stone, across which no ragged rascal that ever lived could possibly run. Nevertheless, the cut road, running as it often does without any parapet, or with none to speak of, and only seven or eight feet broad, across the face of enormous precipices and nearly precipitous slopes, is even more dangerous for equestrians than are the rude native paths. Almost every year some fatal accident happens upon it, and the wonder only is that people who set any value upon their lives are so foolhardy as to ride upon it at all. A gentleman of the Forest Department, re-

sident at Nachar, remarked to me that it was strange that, though he had been a cavalry officer, he never mounted a horse in the course of his mountain journeys; but it struck me, though he might not have reasoned out the matter, it was just because he had been a cavalry officer, and knew the nature of horses, that he never rode on such paths as he had to traverse in Kunáwar. No animal is so easily startled as a horse, or so readily becomes restive: it will shy at an oyster-shell, though doing so may dash it to pieces over a precipice; and one can easily guess what danger its rider incurs on a narrow parapetless road above a precipice where there are monkeys and falling rocks to startle it, and where there are obstinate hillmen who will salaam the rider, say what he may, and who take the inner side of the road, in order to prop their burdens against the rock, and to have a good look at him as he passes. One of the saddest of the accidents which have thus happened was that which befell a very young lady, a daughter of the Rev. Mr Rebsch, the missionary at Kotgarh. She was riding across the tremendous Rogi cliffs, and, though a wooden railing has since been put up at the place, there was nothing between her and the precipice, when her pony shied and carried her over to instant death. In another case the victim, a Mr Leith, was on his marriage trip, and his newly married wife was close beside him, and had just exchanged horses with him, when, in trying to cure his steed of a habit it had of rubbing against the rock wall, it backed towards the precipice, and its hind

feet getting over, both horse and rider were dashed to pieces. This happened between Serahan and Taranda, near the spot where the road gave way under Sir Alexander Lawrence, a nephew of Lord Lawrence, the then Governor-General. Sir Alexander was riding a heavy Australian horse, and the part of the road which gave way was wooden planking, supported out from the face of the precipice by iron stanchions. I made my coolies throw over a large log of wood where he went down; and, as it struck the rocks in its fall, it sent out showers of white splinters, so that the solid wood was reduced to half its original size before it reached a resting-place. In the case of the wife of General Brind, that lady was quietly making a sketch on horseback, from the road between Theog and Muttiana, and her syce was holding the horse, when it was startled by some falling stones, and all three went over and were destroyed. Not very long after I went up this lethal road, a Calcutta judge, of one of the subordinate courts, went over it and was killed in the presence of some ladies with whom he was riding, owing simply to his horse becoming restive. An eyewitness of another of these frightful accidents told me that when the horse's hind foot got off the road, it struggled for about half a minute in that position, and the rider had plenty of time to dismount safely, and might easily have done so, but a species of paralysis seemed to come over him; his face turned deadly white, and he sat on the horse without making the least effort to save himself, until they both went over backwards. The sufferer is usually a little too late in attempting to dismount. Theoretically, it may seem easy enough to disengage one's self from a horse

when it is struggling on the brink of a precipice; but let my reader try the experiment, and he will see the mistake. The worst danger on these cut roads is that of the horse backing towards the precipice; and when danger presents itself, there is a curious tendency on the part of the rider to pull his horse's head away from the precipice towards the rock wall, which is about the worst thing he can do. The few seconds (of which I had some experience further on) in which you find yourself fairly going, are particularly interesting, and send an electric thrill through the entire system.

I rode almost every mile of the way, on which it was at all possible to ride, from Chinese Tartary to the Kyber Pass, on anything which turned up—yaks, zo-pos, cows, Spiti ponies, a Khiva horse, and blood-horses. On getting to Kashmir I purchased a horse, but did not do so before, as it is impossible to take any such animal over rope and twig bridges, and the rivers are too rapid and furious to allow of a horse being swum across these latter obstacles. The traveller in the Himaliya, however, ought always to take a saddle with him; for the native saddles, though well adapted for riding down nearly perpendicular slopes, are extremely uncomfortable, and the safety which they might afford is considerably decreased by the fact that their straps are often in a rotten condition, and exceedingly apt to give way just at the critical moment. An English saddle will do perfectly well, if it has a crupper to it, but that is absolutely necessary. Some places are so steep that, when riding down them, I was obliged to have a rope put round my chest and held by two men above, in order to prevent me going over the pony's head, or throwing it off its balance. But on

the Hindústhan and Tibet road I had to be carried in a *dandy*, which is the only kind of conveyance that can be taken over the Himáliya. The dandy is unknown in Europe, and is not very easily described, as there is no other means of conveyance which can afford the faintest idea of it. The nearest approach to travelling in a dandy I can think of, is sitting in a half-reefed topsail in a storm, with the head and shoulders above the yard. It consists of a single bamboo, about 9 or 10 feet long, with two pieces of carpet alung from it—one for the support of the body, and the other for the feet. You rest on these pieces of carpet, not in line with the bamboo, but at right angles to it, with your head and shoulders raised as high above it as possible; and each end of the pole rests on the shoulders of one or of two bearers. The dandy is quite a pleasant conveyance when one gets used to it, when the path is tolerably level and the bearers are up to their work. The only drawbacks then are that, when a rock comes bowling across the road like a cannon-shot, you cannot disengage yourself from the carpets in time to do anything yourself towards getting out of the way; and that, when the road is narrow, and, in consequence, your feet are dangling over a precipice, it is difficult for a candid mind to avoid concluding that the bearers would be quite justified in throwing the whole concern over, and so getting rid of their unwelcome and painful task. But when the path is covered with pieces of rock, as usually happens to be the case, and the coolies are not well up to their work, which they almost never are, the man in the dandy is not allowed much leisure for meditations of any kind, or even for admiring the scenery around; for, unless he confines his

attention pretty closely to the rocks with which he is liable to come into collision, he will soon have all the breath knocked out of his body. On consulting a Continental *sarvan*, who had been in the inner Himáliya, as to whether I could get people there to carry me in a dandy, he said, “Zey vill carry you, no doubt; but zey vill bomp you.” And bump me they did, until they bumped me out of adherence to that mode of travel. Indeed they hated and feared having to carry me so much, that I often wondered at their never adopting the precipice alternative. But in the Himáliyan states the villagers have to furnish the traveller, and especially the English traveller, with the carriage which he requires, and at a certain fixed rate. This is what is called the right of *bigr*, and without the exercise of it, travelling would be almost impossible among the mountains. I also had a special *paricunnah*, which would have entitled me, in case of necessity, to seize what I required; but this I kept in the background.

The stages from Simla to Pangay, along the cut bridle-path, are as follows, according to miles:—

Fagú,	.	.	10 miles
Theog,	.	.	6 "
Muttiana,	.	.	11 "
Narkunda,	.	.	12 "
Kotgarh,	.	.	10 "
Nirli,	.	.	12 "
Ranpúr,	.	.	12 "
Gaura,	.	.	9 "
Serahan,	.	.	13 "
Taranda,	.	.	15 "
Poynda,	.	.	5 "
Nachar,	.	.	7 "
Wangtú,	.	.	10 "
Oorni,	.	.	5 "
Rogi,	.	.	10 "
Chini,	.	.	3 "
Pungay,	.	.	7 "

This road, however, has four great divisions, each with marked characteristics of its own. To Narkunda it winds along the sides of

not very interesting mountains, and about the same level as Simla, till at the Narkunda Ghaut it rises nearly to 9000 feet, and affords a gloomy view into the Sutlej valley, and a splendid view of the snowy ranges beyond. In the second division it descends into the burning Sutlej valley, and follows near to the course of that river, on the left bank, until, after passing Rampur, the capital of the state of Bussahir, it rises on the mountain-sides again up to Gaura. Thirdly, it continues along the mountain-sides, for the most part between 6000 and 7000 feet high, and through the most magnificent forests of deodar, till it descends again to the Sutlej, crosses that river at Wangtú Bridge, and ascends to Oorni. Lastly, it runs from Oorni to Pangay, at a height of nearly 9000 feet, on the right bank of the Sutlej, and sheltered from the Indian monsoon by the 20,000 feet high snowy peaks of the Kailas, which rise abruptly on the opposite side of the river.

The view of the mountains from Narkunda is wonderful indeed, and well there might the spirit

"Take flight ;—inherit
Alps or Andes—they are thine !
With the morning's roseate spirit
Sweep the length of snowy line."

But the view down into the valley of the Sutlej is exceedingly gloomy and oppressive ; and on seeing it, I could not help thinking of "the Valley of the Shadow of Death." The same idea had struck Lieut.-Colonel Moore, the interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, whom I met at Kotgarh, a little lower down, along with Captain De Roelbeck, one of the Governor-General's aides-de-camp. No description could give an adequate idea of the tattered, dilapidated, sunburnt, and woe-begone appearance of these two officers as they rode up to Kotgarh after their

experience of the snows of Spiti. Colonel Moore's appearance, especially, would have made his fortune on the stage. There was nothing woful, however, in his spirit, and he kept me up half the night laughing at his most humorous accounts of Spiti, its animals and its ponies ; but even this genial officer's sense of enjoyment seemed to desert him when he spoke of his experience of the hot Sutlej valley from Gaura to Kotgarh, and he said, emphatically, "It is the Valley of the Shadow of Death." I was struck by this coincidence with my own idea, because it was essential for me to get up into high regions of pure air, and I could not but dread the journey up the Sutlej valley, with its vegetation, its confined atmosphere, its rock-heat, and its gloomy gorges. I had a sort of precognition that some special danger was before me, and was even alarmed by an old man, whose parting benediction to us was, "Take care of the bridges beyond Nachar." This was something like, "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch," and I began to have gloomy doubts about my capacity for getting high enough. Mr Rebsch, the amiable and talented head of the Kotgarh Mission (of which establishment I hope elsewhere to give a fuller notice than could be introduced here), gave me all the encouragement which could be derived from his earnest prayers for my safety among the *hohe Gebirge*. There were two clever German young ladies, too, visiting at Kotgarh, who seemed to think it was quite unnecessary for me to go up into the high mountains ; so that, altogether, I began to wish that I was out of the valley before I had got well into it, and to feel something like a fated pilgrim who was going to some unknown doom.

Eccelsior, however, was my unalterable motto, as I immediately

endeavoured to prove by descending some thousand feet into the hot Sutlej valley, in spite of all the attractions of Kotgarh. I shall say very little about the journey up to Chini, as it is so often undertaken, but may mention two incidents which occurred upon it. Between Nirth and Rampur the heat was so intense, close, and suffocating, that I travelled by night, with torches; and stopping to rest a little, about midnight, I was accosted by a native gentleman, who came out of the darkness, seated himself behind me, and said in English, "Who are you?" I had a suspicion who my friend was, but put a similar question to him; on which he replied, not without a certain dignity, "I am the Rajah of Bussahir." This Bussahir, which includes Kunawar, and extends up the Sutlej valley to Chinese Tibet, is the state in which I was travelling. Its products are opium, grain, and woollen manufactures, and it has a population of 90,000, and a nominal revenue of 50,000 rupees; but the sums drawn from it in one way or another, by Government officers, must considerably exceed that amount. Its rajah was exceedingly affable; and his convivial habits are so well known, and have been so often alluded to, that I hope there is no harm in saying that on this occasion he was not untrue to his character. I found him, however, to be a very agreeable man, and he is extremely well-meaning—so much so, as to be desirous of laying down his sovereignty if only the British Government would be good enough to accept it from him, and give him a pension instead. But there are much worse governed states than Bussahir, notwithstanding the effects on its amiable and intelligent rajah of a partial and ill-adjusted English education, in which

undue importance was assigned to the use of brandy. He caused some alarm among my people by insisting on handling my revolver, which was loaded; but he soon showed that he knew how to use it with extraordinary skill; for, on a lighted candle being put up for him to fire at, about thirty paces off, though he could scarcely stand by this time, yet he managed, somehow or other, to prop himself up against a tree, and snuffed out the candle at the first shot. On the whole, the rajah made a very favourable impression upon me, despite his peculiarity, if such it may be called; and my nocturnal interview with him, under huge trees, in the middle of a dark wet night, remains a very curious and pleasant recollection.

The other incident was of a more serious character, and illustrated a danger which every year carries off a certain number of the hillmen. Standing below the bungalow at Serahan, I noticed some men, who were ascending to their village, racing against each other on the grassy brow of a precipice that rose above the road leading to Gaurn. One of them unfortunately lost his footing, slipped a little on the edge, and then went over the precipice, striking the road below with a tremendous thud, after an almost clear fall of hundreds of feet, and then rebounding from off the road, and falling about a hundred feet into a ravine below. I had to go round a ravine some way in order to reach him, so that when I did so he was not only dead, but nearly cold. The curious thing is, that there was no external bruise about him. The mouth and nostrils were filled with clotted blood, but otherwise there was no indication even of the cause of his death. The rapidity of his descent through the air must have made him so far insensible as to prevent that contraction of the

muscles which is the great cause of bones being broken; and then the tremendous concussion when he struck the road must have knocked every particle of life out of him. This man's brother—his polyandric brother, as it turned out, though polyandry only commences at Serahan, being a Lama and not a Hindú institution, but the two religions are mixed up a little at the points of contact—reached the body about the same time as I did, and threw himself upon it, weeping and lamenting. I wished to try the effect of some very strong ammonia, but the brother objected to this, because, while probably it would have been of no use, it would have defiled the dead, according to his religious ideas. The only other sympathy I could display was the rather coarse one of paying the people of Serahan, who showed no indications of giving assistance, for carrying the corpse up to its village; but the brother, who understood Hindústani, preferred to take the money himself, in order to purchase wood for the funeral pyre. He was a large strong man, whereas the deceased was little and slight, so he wrapped the dead body in his plaid, and slung it over his shoulders. There was something almost comic, as well as exceedingly pathetic, in the way in which he toiled up the mountain with his sad burden, wailing and weeping over it whenever he stopped to rest, and kissing the cold face.

The road up to Chiui is almost trodden ground, and so does not call for special description; but it is picturesque in the highest degree, and presents wonderful combinations of beauty and grandeur. It certainly has sublime heights above, and not less extraordinary depths below. Now we catch a glimpse of a snowy peak 20,000 feet high

rising close above us, and the next minute we look down into a dark precipitous gorge thousands of feet deep. Then we have, below the snowy peaks, Himáliyan hamlets, with their flat roofs, placed on ridges of rock or on green sloping meadows; enormous deodars, clothed with veils of white flowering clematis; grey streaks of water below, from whence comes the thundering sound of the imprisoned Sutlej—the classic Hesudrus; almost precipitous slopes of shingle, and ridges of mountain fragments. Above, there are green alps, with splendid trees traced out against the sky; the intense blue of the sky, and the dark overshadowing precipices. Anon, the path descends into almost tropical shade at the bottom of the great ravines, with ice-cold water falling round the dark roots of the vegetation, and an almost ice-cold air fanning the great leafy branches. The trees which meet us almost at every step in this upper Sutlej valley are worthy of the sublime scenery by which they are surrounded, and are well fitted to remind us, ere we pass into the snowy regions of unsullied truth untouched by organic life, that the struggling and half-developed vegetable world aspires towards heaven, and has not been unworthy of the grand design. Even beneath the deep blue dome, the cloven precipices and the sky-pointing snowy peaks, the gigantic deodars (which cluster most richly about Nachar) may well strike with awe by their wonderful union of grandeur and perfect beauty. In the dog and the elephant we often see a devotion so touching, and the stirring of an intellect so great and earnest as compared with its cruel narrow bounds, that we are drawn towards them as to something almost surpassing human nature in its con-

fiding simplicity and faithful tenderness. No active feeling of this kind can be called forth by the innumerable forms of beauty which rise around us from the vegetable world. They adorn our gardens and clothe our hillsides, giving joy to the simplest maiden, yet directing the winds and rains, and purifying the great expanses of air. So far as humanity, so dependent upon them, is concerned, they are silent; no means of communication exist between us; and silently, unremonstrantly, they answer to our care or indifference for them, by reproducing, in apparently careless abundance, their more beautiful or noxious forms. But we cannot say that they are not sentient, or even conscious, beings. The expanding of flowers to the light, and the contraction of some to the touch, indicate a highly sentient nature; and in the slow, cruel action of carnivorous plants, there is something approaching to the fierce instincts of the brute world. Wordsworth, than whom no poet more profoundly understood the life of nature, touched on this subject when he said—

“Through primrose turfs, in that sweet
bower,

The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.”

If anything of this kind exists, how great and grave must be the sentient feeling of the mighty pines and cedars of the Himaliya! There is a considerable variety of them,—as the *Pinus excelsa*, or the “weeping fir,” which, though beautiful, is hardly deserving of its aspiring name; the *Pinus longifolia*, or Cheel

tree, the most abundant of all; the *Pinus Khutrow*, or *Picea Morinda*, which almost rivals the deodars in height; and the *Pinus Morinda*, or *Abies Pindrow*, the “silver fir,” which attains the greatest height of all. But, excelling all these, is the *Cedrus deodara*, the Deodar or Kedron tree. There was something very grand about these cedars of the Sutlej valley, sometimes forty feet in circumference, and rising almost to two hundred feet, or half the height of St Paul's, on nearly precipitous slopes, and on the scantiest soil, yet losing no line of beauty in their stems and their graceful pendant branches, and with their tapering stems and green arrowy spikes covered by a clinging trellis-work of Virginia creepers and clematis still in white bloom. These silent giants of a world which is not our own, but which we carelessly use as our urgent wants demand, had owed nothing to the cultivating care of man. Fed by the snow-rills, and by the dead lichens and strong grass which once found life on the debris of gneiss and mica-slate, undisturbed by the grubbing of wild animals, and as undesirable in their tough green wood when young as unavailable in their fuller growth for the use of the puny race of mankind which grew up around them, they were free, for countless centuries, to seek air and light and moisture, and to attain the perfect stature which they now present, but which is unlikely to be continued now that they are exposed to the axes of human beings who can turn them “to use.” If, as the Singalese assert, the coconut palm withers away when beyond the reach of the human voice, it is easy to conceive how the majestic deodar must delight in being beyond our babblement. Had Camoens seen this cedar he might have said of it, even more appropriately

than he has done of the cypress,
that it may be a

"Preacher to the wise,
Lessening from earth her spiral honours
rise,
Till, as a spear-point rear'd, the topmost
spray,
Points to the Eden of eternal day."

The view from Chini and Pangay of the Raldung Kailas, one portion of the great Indian Kailas, or Abode of the Gods, is very magnificent; but I shall speak of that when treating generally of the various groups of the higher Himāliya. At Pangay there is a large good bungalow; and the Hindústhan and Tibet road there comes to an end, so far as it is a cut road, or, indeed, a path on which labour of any kind is expended. It is entirely protected by the Kailas from the Indian monsoon; and I found a portion of it occupied by Captain and Mrs Henderson, who wisely preferred a stay there to one in the more exposed and unhealthy hill stations, though it was so far from society, and from most of the comforts of life. The easiest way from Pangay to Lippe is over the Werung Pass, 12,400 feet; but Captain Henderson, on his returning from a shooting excursion, reported so much snow upon it that I determined to go up the valley of the Sutlej, winding along the sides of the steep but still pine-covered mountains on its right bank. So, on the 28th June, after a delay of a few days in order to recruit and prepare, I bade adieu to civilisation, as represented in the persons of the kind occupants of the bungalow at Pangay, and fairly started for tent-life. A very short experience of the "road" was sufficient to stagger one, and to make me cease to wonder at the retreat of two young cavalry officers I met, a few days before, on their way back to Simla, and who had started from Pangay with some

intention of going to Shipki, but gave up the attempt after two miles' experience of the hard road they would have to travel. The great Hindústhan and Tibet affair was bad enough, but what was this I had come to? For a few miles it had once been a cut road, but years and grief had made it worse than the ordinary native paths. At some places it was impassable even for hill ponies, and to be carried in a dandy over a considerable part of it was out of the question. But the aggravation thus caused was more than compensated for by the magnificent view of snowy peaks which soon appeared in front, and which, though they belonged to the Kailas group, were more striking than the Kailas as it appears from Chini or Pangay. Those enormous masses of snow and ice rose into the clouds above us to such a height, and apparently so near, that it seemed as if their fall would overwhelm the whole Sutlej valley in our neighbourhood, and they suggested that I was entering into the wildest and sublimest region of the earth. These peaks had the appearance of being on our side of the Sutlej, but they lie between that river and Chinese Tartary, in the bend which it makes when it turns north at Buspa; they are in the almost habitationless district of Morang, and are all over 20,000 feet high. My coolies called them the Shurang peaks; and it is well worth while for all visitors to Pangay to go up a few miles from that place in order to get a glimpse of the terrific Alpine sublimity which is thus disclosed, and which has all the more effect as it is seen ere vegetation ceases, and through the branches of splendid and beautiful trees.

At Rarang, which made a half day's journey, the extreme violence of the Himāliyan wind, which blows usually throughout the day,

but most fortunately dies away at night, led me to camp in a sheltered and beautiful spot, on a terraced field, under walnut and apricot trees, and with the Kailas rising before my tent on the other side of the Sutlej. Every now and then in the afternoon, and when the morning sun began to warm its snows, avalanches shot down the scarred sides of the Kailas; and when their roar ceased, and the wind died away a little, I could hear the soft sound of the waving cascades of white foam—some of which must have rivalled the Staubbach in height—that diversified its lower surface, but which became silent and unseen as the cold of evening locked up their sources in the glaciers and snow above. Where we were, at the height of about 9000 feet, the thermometer was as high as 70° Fahrenheit at sunset; but at sunrise it was at 57°, and everything was frozen up on the grand mountains opposite. Though deodars and edible pines were still found on the way to Jangi, that road was even worse than its predecessor, and Silas and Chota Khan several times looked at me with hopeless despair. In particular, I made my first experience here of what a granite avalanche means, but should require the pen of Bunyan in order to do justice to its discouraging effects upon the pilgrim. When Alexander Gerard passed along this road fifty-six years before, he found it covered by the remains of a granite avalanche. Whether the same avalanche has remained there ever since, or, as my coolies averred, granite avalanches are in the habit of coming down on that particular piece of road, I cannot say; but either explanation is quite sufficient to account for the result. The whole mountain-side was covered for a long way with huge blocks of gneiss and granite, over which we had to scramble as best we could, inspired

by the conviction that where these came from there might be more in reserve. At one point we had to wind round the corner of a precipice on two long poles which rested on a niche at the corner of the precipice which had to be turned, and which there met two corresponding poles from the opposite side. This could only have been avoided by making a detour of some hours over the granite blocks, so we were all glad to risk it; and the only dangerous part of the operation was getting round the corner and passing from the first two poles to the second two, which were on a lower level. As these two movements had to be performed simultaneously, and could only be accomplished by hugging the rock as closely as possible, the passage there was really ticklish; and even the sure-footed and experienced hillmen had to take our baggage round it in the smallest possible instalments.

At Jangi there was a beautiful camping-place, between some great rocks and under some very fine walnut and *guero* (edible pine) trees. The village close by, though small, had all the marks of moderate affluence, and had a Hindú as well as a Lama temple, the former religion hardly extending any further into the Himáliya, though one or two outlying villages beyond belong to it. Both at Pangay and Rarang I had found the ordinary prayer-wheel used—a brass or bronze cylinder, about six inches long, and two or three in diameter, containing a long scroll of paper, on which were written innumerable reduplications of the Lama prayer—"Om ma ní pad ma houn"—and which is turned from left to right in the monk's hand by means of an axle which passes through its centre. But in the Lama temple at Jangi I found a still more powerful piece of devotional machinery, in the shape of a gigantic prayer-mill

made of bronze, about seven or eight feet in diameter, and which might be turned either by the hand or by a rill of water which could be made to fall upon it when water was in abundance. This prayer contained I am afraid to say how many millions of repetitions of the great Lama prayer; and the pious Ritualists of Jangi were justly proud of it, and of the eternal advantages which it gave them over their carnal and spiritually indifferent neighbours. The neophyte who showed the prayer-mill to me turned it with ease, and allowed me to send up a million prayers. In describing one of the Lama monasteries, to be met farther on in the Tibetan country, I shall give a fuller account of these prayer-wheels and mills. The temple at Jangi, with its Tibetan inscriptions and paintings of Chinesedevils, told me that I was leaving the region of Hinduism. At Lippe, where I stopped next day, all the people appeared to be Tibetan; and beyond that I found only two small isolated communities of Hindú Kunais, the one at Shaso and the other at Namgea. The *gnew* tree, or edible pine (*Pinus Gerardina*), under some of which I camped at Jangi, extends higher up than does the deodar. I saw some specimens of it opposite Pú at about 12,000 feet. The edible portion is the almond-shaped seeds, which are to be found within the cells of the cone, and which contain a sweet whitish pulp that is not unpleasant to the taste. This tree is similar to the Italian *Pinus pinea*; and varieties of it are found in California, and in Japan where it is called the *ginko*.

The road to Lippe, though bad and fatiguing, presented nothing of the dangers of the preceding day, and took us away from the Sutlej valley up the right bank of the Pijar, also called Teti, river. In colder weather, when the streams are

either frozen or very low, the nearest way from Jangi to Shipki is to go all the way up the Sutlej valley to Pú; but in summer that is impossible, from the size and violence of the streams, which are swollen by the melting snows. At this large village a woman was brought to me who had been struck on the head by a falling rock about a year before. It was a very extraordinary case, and showed the good effects of mountain air and diet, because a piece of the skull had been broken off altogether at the top of her head, leaving more than a square inch of the brain exposed, with only a thin membrane over it. The throbbing of the brain was distinctly perceptible under this membrane; and yet the woman was in perfect health, and seemed quite intelligent. I once saw a Chinaman's skull in a similar state, after he had been beaten by some Tartar troops, but he was quite unconscious and never recovered; whereas this young woman was not only well but cheerful, and I recommended her to go to Simla and get a metallic plate put in, as that was the only thing which could be done for her, and her case might be interesting to the surgeons there.

But at Lippe it became clear to me that, while the mountain air had its advantages, the mountain water, or something of the kind, was not always to be relied upon, for I found myself suffering from an attack of acute dysentery of the malignant type. As to the primary origin of this attack I was not without grave suspicions, though far from being sure on the subject. At Pangay one day I congratulated myself on the improved state of my health as I sat down to lunch, which consisted of a stew; and half an hour afterwards I began to suffer severely from symptoms correspondent to those caused by irritant metallic poisoning. I spoke to my

servants about this, and have not the remotest suspicion of Silas; but it struck me that another of them showed a certain amount of shamefacedness when he suggested bad water as the cause; and though Captain and Mrs Henderson had been living for a month at Pangay, they had found nothing to complain of in the water. It is very unpleasant when suspicions of this kind arise, because it is almost impossible to disprove them; and yet one feels that the harbouring of them may be doing cruel injustice to worthy men. But, some time before, I had become convinced, from a variety of circumstances, that drugging, which the people of India have always had a good deal of recourse to among themselves, is now brought to bear occasionally upon Anglo-Indians also, when there is any motive for its use, and *where covering circumstances exist*. It may seem easy to people who have never tried it, and have never had any reason to do so, to determine whether or not poisonous drugs have been administered to them; but they will find that just as difficult as to dismount from a horse when it is going over a precipice. Such is the fact even where the poison is one which can be detected, but that is not always the case; and, in particular, there is a plant which grows in almost every compound in India, a decoction of the seeds of one variety of which will produce delirium and death without leaving any trace of its presence behind. The pounded seeds themselves are sometimes given in curry with similar effect, but these can be detected, and it is a decoction from them which is specially dangerous. Entertaining such views, it appeared to me quite possible that some of the people about me might be disposed not so much to poison me as to arrest my

journey by means of drugs, whether to put an end to what had become to them a trying and hateful journey, or in answer to the bribery of agents of the Lassa Government, whose business it is to prevent Europeans passing the border. I don't suppose any one who started with me from Simla, or saw me start, expected that I should get up very far among the mountains; and, indeed, Major Fenwick politely told me that I should get eaten up. A nice little trip along a cut road, stopping a week at a bungalow here and another bungalow there, was all very well; but this going straight up, heaven knew where, into the face of stupendous snowy mountains, up and down precipices, and among a Tartar people, was more than was ever seriously bargained for.

I could not, then, in the least wonder, or think it unlikely, that when it was found I was going beyond Pangay, some attempt might be made to disable me a little, though without any intention of doing me serious injury. However, I cannot speak with any certainty on that subject. If the illness which I had at Pangay was not the producing cause of the dysentery, it at least prepared the way for it. What was certain at Lippe was, that I had to meet a violent attack of one of the most dangerous and distressing of diseases. Unfortunately, also, I had no medicine suited for it except a little morphia, taken in case of an accident. Somehow, it had never occurred to me that there was any chance of my suffering from true dysentery among the mountains; and all the cases I have been able to hear of there, were those of people who had brought it up with them from the plains. I was determined not to go back—not to turn on my journey, whatever I did; and it occurred

to me that Mr Pagell, the Moravian missionary stationed at Pú, near the Chinese border, and to whom I had a letter of introduction from Mr Chapman, would be likely to have the medicines which were all I required in order to treat myself effectually. But Pú was several days' journey off, more or less, according to the more or less bad road which might be followed; and the difficulty was how to get there alive, so rapidly did the dysentery develop itself, and so essential is complete repose in order to deal with it under even the most favourable circumstances. The morphia did not check it in the least. Chlorodyne I was afraid to touch, owing to its irritant quality; and I notice that Mr Henry Stanley found not the least use from treating himself with it when suffering from dysentery in Africa, though it is often very good for diarrhoea.

The next day's journey, from Lippe to Sígnam, would have been no joke even for an Alpine Clubsman. It is usually made in two days' journey; but by sending forward in advance, and having coolies from Labrang and Kanam ready for us half-way, we managed to accomplish it in one day of twelve hours' almost continuous work. The path went over the Rúhang or Roonang Pass, which is 14,354 feet high; and as Lippe and Sígnam are about 9000 feet high, that would give an ascent and descent of about 5300 feet each. But there are two considerable descents to be made on the way from Lippe to the summit of the pass, and a smaller descent before reaching Sígnam, so that the Rúhang Pass really involves an ascent of over 8000 feet, and a descent of the same number.

Here, for the first time, I saw and made use of the yak or wild ox of Tibet, the *Bos grunniens*, or grunting ox, the *Bos poephagus* and the

poephagus of Arrian. It certainly is a magnificent animal, and one of the finest creatures of the bovine species. In the zoological gardens at Schönbrunn, near Vienna, there are some specimens of yaks from Siberia; but they are small, and are not to be compared with the great yak of the Himáliya, the back of which is more like an elephant's than anything else. The shortness of its legs takes away somewhat from its stature; and so does its thick covering of fine black and white hair, but that adds greatly to its beauty. Indeed it is the shaggy hair and savage eye of the yak which make its appearance so striking, for the head is not large, and the horns are poor. The tail is a splendid feature, and the white tails of yaks are valuable as articles of commerce. The zo-po, on which I often rode, is a hybrid between the yak and the female *Bos indicus*, or common Indian cow. It is considered more docile than the yak, and its appearance is often very beautiful. Curiously enough, when the yak and the zo-po are taken to the plains of India, or even to the Kúlú valley, which is over 3000 feet high, they die of liver-disease; and they can flourish only in cold snowy regions. I was not fortunate enough to see any of the wild yaks which are said to exist on the plains of the upper Sutlej in Chinese Tibet, and in some parts of Ladak. I heard, however, of their being shot, and that the way this was accomplished was by two holes in the ground, communicating with each other beneath, being prepared for the hunter in some place where these animals are likely to pass. If the wild yak is only wounded, it rushes, in its fury, to the hole from whence the shot came, on which the hunter raises his head and gun out of the other hole and fires again. This rather ignoble game may go on for some time, and the yak is

described as being in a frenzy of rage, trampling in the sides of the holes and tearing at them with its horns. Even the yaks of burden, which have been domesticated, or rather half domesticated, for generations, are exceedingly wild, and the only way they can be managed is by a rope attached by a ring through the nose. I had scarcely had time at Lippe to admire the yak which was brought for my use, than, the man in charge having dropped this rope, it made a furious charge at me; and I found afterwards that yaks invariably did this whenever they got a chance. I cannot say whether this was done because I was evidently a stranger, or because they regarded me as the cause of all their woes; but certainly, as we went up that terrible and apparently endless Rúhang Pass, with one man pulling at the yak's nose-ring in front, and another propping it behind with the iron shod of my alpenstock, the *Bos grunniens* had an uncommonly hard time of it, especially when he tried to stop; he did not keep grunting without good reason therefor; and I could not help thinking that my Pöcphagus had been perfectly justified in his attempt to demolish me before starting.

If my reader wants to get an idea of the comfort of riding upon a yak, let him fasten two Prussian spiked helmets close together along the back of a great bull and seat himself between them. That is the nearest idea I can give of a yak's saddle, only it must be understood that the helmets are connected on each side by ribs of particularly hard wood. The sure-footedness and the steady though slow ascent of these animals up the most difficult passes are very remarkable. They never rest upon a leg until they are sure they have got a fair footing for it; and, heavy as they

appear, they will carry burdens up places which even the ponies and mules of the Alps would not attempt. There is a certain sense of safety in being on the back of a yak among these mountains, such as one has in riding on an elephant in a tiger-hunt; you feel that nothing but a very large rock, or the fall of half a mountain, or something of that kind, will make it lose its footing; but it does require some time for the physical man to get accustomed to its saddle, to its broad back, and to its deliberate motion when its rider is upon it and not in a position to be charged at.

So up I went on a yak along a most curious pathway which slanted across the face of an immense slate precipice. From below it appeared impossible for any man or animal to pass along it, and sometimes I had to dismount, and even the saddle had to be taken off my bulky steed, in order that it might find room to pass. From the top of this precipice there was a descent of about 800 feet, and then a tremendous pull up to what I fancied was the top of the pass, but which was far from being anything of the kind. The path then ran along a ridge of slate at an elevation of about 13,000 feet, affording most splendid views both of the Morang Kailas and of the great mountains within the Lassa territory. After a gradual descent we came upon an alp or grassy slope, where we were met by people from Labrang and Kanam, all in their best attire, to conduct us the remainder of the way to Súgnam. These mountaineers, some of whom were rather good-looking women, tendered their assistance rather as an act of hospitality than as a paid service; and the money they were to receive could hardly compensate them for the labour of the journey. There

is a Lama monastery at Kanam, in which the Hungarian Csomo de Körös lived for a long time when he commenced his studies of the Tibetan language and literature. It is well known now that the Maggyars are a Tartar race, and that their language is a Tartar language; but thirty years ago that was only beginning to appear, so Csomo de Körös wandered eastward in search of the congeners of his countrymen. At that time Central Asia was more open to Europeans than it has been of late years; so he came by way of Kaubul, and, on entering the inner Himáliya, found so many affinities between the Tibetan language and that of his countrymen, that he concluded he had discovered the original stem of the Maggyar race. Years were passed by him at Kanam, and at the still more secluded monastery of Ringdom, where I found he was well remembered; and he made himself a master of the Lama religion and of the Tibetan language, besides preparing a number of manuscripts regarding the Tibetan literature. But this did not content him, for he was anxious to penetrate into Chinese Tibet as far as Lassa; and finding all his efforts to do so from Kunáwar were frustrated, he went down into India, and ascended the Himáliya again at Dárjiling, with the intention of penetrating into Tibet from that point in disguise. At Dárjiling, however, he died suddenly—whether from the effects of passing through the Terai, or from poison, or from what cause, no one can say, nor have I been able to learn what became of his manuscripts. I suppose nobody at Dárjiling knew anything about him; and Dr Stoliczka told me he had met some Hungarians who had come to India in search of their lost relative Csomo, and it was only by some accident he was able to tell them

where the Hungarian they sought was buried. Csomo de Körös published at Calcutta a Tibetan Grammar in English, and also a Tibetan-English Dictionary; but he had so far been anticipated by J. J. Schmidt, who issued at Leipsic, in 1841, a 'Tibetisch-Deutsches Wörterbuch, nebst Deutschem Wortregister.' This Schmidt was a merchant in Russia, at Sarepta, near the Volga, where he learned the Mongolian language, and then, from the Mongolian Lamas, acquired the Tibetan, after which the Russian Government called him to St Petersburg, where he published Mongolian and Tibetan Grammars. A small but convenient lithographed Tibetan Grammar in English, and a Tibetan-English Vocabulary, were prepared some years ago by the Rev. Mr Jäschke, of the Moravian Mission at Kaelang, in Lahoul; but the latter of these will ere long be superseded by the elaborate and most valuable Tibetan-German and Tibetan-English Dictionaries, with registers, which this gentleman is now preparing and passing through the press from his present residence at Herrnhut, in Saxony, the original and central settlement of the Moravian Brethren. I had the pleasure of meeting with Herr Jäschke at Herrnhut a short time ago, and found him far advanced with his dictionaries; and may mention that sheets of them, so far as they have been printed, are to be found in the East India Office Library.

But we are not at Herrnhut just now, but on a cold windy plateau 13,000 feet high, with a gradual descent before us to some white granite and mica-slate precipices, which have to be painfully climbed up; while beyond, a steep and terribly long ascent leads up to a great bank of snow, which must be crossed before it is possible to commence the 5500 feet of descent upon Ség-

nam. Feeling myself becoming weaker every hour, I must confess that my heart almost failed me at this prospect; but to have remained at that altitude in the state I was in would have been death; so, after hastily drinking some milk, which the pretty Kanam women had been considerate enough to bring with them, we pushed on. No yaks could go up the white precipice, and there was nothing for it there but climbing with such aid as ropes could give. High as we were, the heat and glare of the sun on these rocks was frightful; but as we got up the long slope beyond and approached the bank of snow, the sky darkened, and an intensely cold and violent wind swept over the summit of the pass from the fields of ice and snow around. There was no difficulty in passing the bank of snow, which turned out to be only patches of snow with a bare path between them; but at that height of 14,354 feet, or nearly as high as the summit of Mont Blanc, with its rarefied air, the effect of the violent icy wind was almost killing, and we could not halt for a moment on the summit of the pass or till we got hundreds of feet below it. Hitherto I had been able to make little use of my dandy, but now I could do little more than stick to it. This was very hard on the bearers, who were totally unused to the work. One poor man, after a little experience of carrying me, actually roared and cried, the tears ploughing through the dirt of ages upon his cheeks (for these people never wash), like mountain torrents down slopes of dried mud. He seemed so much distressed that I allowed him to carry one of the *killas* instead; on which the other men told him that he would have to be content with two annas (three-pence) instead of four, which each bearer was to receive. To this he

replied that they might keep all the four annas to themselves, for not forty times four would reconcile him to the work of carrying the dandy. But the other men bore up most manfully under an infliction which they must have regarded as sent to them by the very devil of devils. They were zemindars, too, or small proprietors, well off in the world, with flocks and herds of their own; and yet, for sixpence, they had to carry me (suspended from a long bamboo, which tortured their unaccustomed shoulders, and knocked them off their footing every now and then) down a height of between 7000 and 8000 feet along a steep corkscrew track over shingle and blocks of granite. How trifling these charges are, though the work is so much more severe, compared with the six francs a-day we have to give to a Swiss *portatina* or *chaise à porteur*, with three francs for back fare, and the six or eight francs for a guide on ordinary excursions. Meanwhile, the individual suspended from the bamboo was in scarcely a happier plight. I could not help remembering a prediction of Lieutenant-Colonel Moore's, that if I ever did reach Kashmir, or *anywhere*, it would be suspended by the heels and neck from a bamboo, with tongue hanging out of my mouth, and eyes starting from their sockets. Things certainly had an unpleasant appearance of coming to that pass, and this reflection enabled me to endure the suffering of the dandy-wallahs with some equanimity. Fortunately, till we got near to Sûgnam, there was no precipice for them to drop me over; and when we at last reached one, and had to pass along the edge of it, I got out and walked as well as I could, for I felt convinced that outraged human nature could not have resisted the temptation; and I also took the pro-

caution of keeping the most valuable-looking man of the party in front of me with my hand resting on his shoulder.

There is a route from Súngnam to Pú, by Lío and Chango, which takes over two 14,000 feet passes, and probably would have been the best for me; but we had had enough of 14,000 feet for the time being, and so I chose another route by Shaso, which was represented as shorter, but hard. It was a very small day's journey from Súngnam (which is a large and very wealthy village, inhabited by Tartars) to Shaso, and the road was not particularly bad, though I had to be carried across precipitous slopes where there was scarcely footing for the dandywallahs. My servants had not recovered the Rúhang Pass, however; and I was so ill that I also was glad to rest the next day at this strange little village in order to prepare for the formidable day's journey to Pú. Shaso consists of only a few houses and narrow terraced fields on the left bank of the Darbúng Láng-pa, with gigantic and almost precipitous mountains shading it on either side of the stream. My tent was pitched on a narrow strip of grass amid large willow-trees, apricot-trees, and vines, which promised to bear a plentiful crop of large purple grapes. It was here I engaged the services of the youth Nurdass, who proved so useful to me on my further journey. A boy, to be generally useful, had been engaged at Kotgarh; and as no one except himself could pronounce his name or anything like it, he was dubbed "the Chokra," or simply boy. Of all things in the world, he offered himself as a *dhobi* or washerman, for certainly his washing did not begin at home; and he disappeared mysteriously the morning after his first attempt in that line, and after we had gone only six

marches. Some clothes were given him to wash at Nachar; and whether it was the contemplation of these clothes after he had washed them—a process which he prolonged far into the night—or that he found the journey and his work too much for him, or, as some one said, he had seen a creditor to whom he owed five rupees,—at all events, when we started in the morning no Chokra was visible, and the only information about him we could get was that he was *udher gya*—"gone there," our informant pointing up to a wilderness of forest, rock, and snow. Nurdass was a very different and much superior sort of youth. His father—or at least his surviving father, for, though inhabited by an outlying colony of Hindú Kunaits, polyandry flourishes in Shaso—was a doctor as well as a small proprietor, and his son had received such education as could be got among the mountains. The youth, or boy as he looked though fifteen years old, spoke Hindústani very well, as also Kunáwari, and yet was never at a loss with any of the Tibetan dialects we came to. He could go up mountains like a wild cat, was not afraid to mount any horse, and though he had never even seen a wheeled carriage until we got to the plains of India, yet amid the bustle and confusion of the railway stations he was cool and collected as possible, and learned immediately what to do there. He was equally at home in a small boat on a rough day in Bombay harbour; and after seeing three steamers, compared them as critically with one another as if he had been brought up to the iron-trade, though there was nothing of the conceited *nil admirari* of the Chinaman about him, and he was full of wonder and admiration. It was really a bold thing for a little mountain youth of this kind to

commit himself to an indefinitely long journey with people whom, with the exception of Phooleyram, he had never seen before. His motive for doing so was a desire to see the world and a hope of bettering his condition in it, for there was no necessity for him to leave Shaso. There was great lamentation when he left; his mother and sisters caressing him, and weeping over him, and beseeching us to take good care of him. The original idea was that Nurdass should return to the Sulej valley along with Phooleyram, when that casteman of his should leave us, whether in Spiti or Kashmir. But in Chinese Tibet Phooleyram pulled the little fellow's ears one night, and, in defence of this, most gratuitously accused him of being tipsy, when, if anybody had been indulging, it was only the Múnshi himself. This made me doubtful about sending him back the long way from Kashmir to the Sulej in company with Phooleyram alone; and on speaking to him on the subject, I found that he was quite frightened at the prospect, and was not only willing but eager to go with me to Bombay,—both because he wished to see a place of which he had heard so much, and because the season was so far advanced he was afraid he might not be able to reach his own home before spring. So Nurdass came on with me to Bombay, where he excited much interest by his intelligence and open disposition; and I might have taken him on farther with me had he been inclined to go; but he said that, though he was not afraid of the *kala pani*, or dark water, yet he would rather not go with me then, because he had made a long enough journey from his own country, and seen enough wonders, for the first time. Several distinguished persons on our way down wished to take him into their

employment; but one day he came to me crying, with his hand upon his heart, saying that there was something there which made him ill, and that he would die unless he got back to his own *pahar*, or mountains. He could not have heard of the *heimweh* of the Swiss, and I was struck by his reference to the mountains in particular. There was evidently no affectation in the feelings he expressed; so, knowing his wonderful cleverness as a traveller, but taking various precautions for his safety, which was likely to be endangered by his confidence in mankind, I sent him back from Bombay alone to the Himáliya, and have been glad to hear of his having reached Kotgarh, without any mishap, where, I am sure, the kind-hearted Mr Rebsch would see that he was safely conveyed to his little village high up among the great mountains.

Thus reinforced by a small but mighty man, we started from Shaso at five in the morning of the 4th July, and I managed to reach P'i at seven that night, more dead than alive. The distance was only fourteen miles, and the two first and the last two were so easy that I was carried over them in my dandy; but the intervening ten were killing to one in my condition, for the dandy was of no use upon them, and I had to trust entirely to my own hands and feet. Those ten miles took me exactly twelve hours, with only half an hour's rest. The fastest of my party took nine hours to the whole distance, so that I must have gone wonderfully fast considering that I had rheumatism besides dysentery, and could take nothing except a very little milk, either before starting or on the way. The track—for it could not be called a path, and even goats could hardly have got along many parts of it—ran across the face of tremendous slate

precipices, which rose up thousands of feet from the foaming and thundering Sutlej. Some rough survey of these *dhung* or cliffs was made, when it was proposed to continue the Hindústan and Tibet road beyond Pangay, a project which has never been carried out; and Mr Cregeen, executive engineer, says of them, in No. CLXVI. of the "Professional Papers on Indian Engineering," "in the fifth march to Spooi,* the road must be taken across the cliffs which here line the right bank of the Sutlej in magnificent wildness. The native track across these cliffs, about 1500 feet above the crossing for the Hindústan and Tibet road, is considered the worst footpath in Bussahir. This march will, I think, be the most expensive on the road; the whole of the cutting will be through hard rock." Any one who has had some experience of the footpaths in Bussahir may conceive what the worst of them is likely to be, but still he may be unable to comprehend how it is possible to get along faces of hard rock, thousands of feet above their base, when there has been no cutting or blasting either. It must be remembered, however, that though the precipices of the Himáliya look almost perpendicular from points where their entire gigantic proportions can be seen, yet, on a closer examination, it turns out that they are not quite perpendicular, and have many ledges which can be taken advantage of by the traveller.

In this case the weather had worn away the softer parts of the slate, leaving the harder ends sticking out; and I declare that these, with the addition of a few ropes of juniper-branches, were the only aids we had along many parts of these

precipices when I crossed them. Where the protruding ends of slate were close together, long slabs of slate were laid across them, forming a sort of footpath such as might suit a chamois-hunter; when they were not sufficiently in line, or were too far distant from each other, to allow of slabs being placed, we worked our way from one protruding end of slate to another as best we could; and where a long interval of twenty or thirty feet did not allow of this latter method of progress, ropes of twisted juniper-branches had been stretched from one protruding end to another, and slabs of slate had been placed on these, with their inner ends resting on any crevices which could be found in the precipice wall, thus forming a "footpath" with great gaps in it, through which we could look down sometimes a long distance, and which bent and shook beneath our feet, allowing the slabs every now and then to drop out and fall towards the Sutlej, till shattered into innumerable fragments. It was useless attempting to rely on a rope at many of these places, for the men who would have had to hold the rope could hardly have found a position from which to stand the least strain. Indeed the worst danger I met with was from a man officiously trying to help me on one of these juniper-bridges, with the result of nearly bringing the whole concern down. And if slabs of slate went out from underneath our feet, not less did slabs of slate come crashing down over and between our heads occasionally; for it seemed to me that the whole of that precipice had got into the habit of detaching itself in fragments into the river beneath. I may add, that having

* Pú is the name of this place, but the natives sometimes call it Pái, the *i* being added merely for the sake of euphony, as the Chinese sometimes change *Shu*, water, into *Shui*. In the Trigonometrical Survey map it has been transformed into Spuch. Where Mr Cregeen found his version of it I cannot conceive.

sent my servants on in front—to set up my tent and make other preparations in case of Mr Pagell being away, of which I had heard a rumour—I was entirely in the hands of the Súgnam *bígarries*, of whose Tebarskad I hardly understood a word; and that the July sun beat upon the slate, so that every breath from the rock was sickening. Beneath there were dark jagged precipices and an almost sunless torrent—so deeply is the Sutlej here sunk in its gorge—foaming along at the rate of about twenty miles an hour; above there were frowning precipices and a cloudless sky, across which some eagle or huge raven-like Himalayan crow occasionally flitted.

I saw this footpath in an exceptionally bad state—for it is only used in winter when the higher roads are impassable from snow; and after all the damage of winter and spring it is not repaired until the beginning of winter. But no repairing, short of blasting out galleries in the face of the rock, could make much improvement in it. It was not, however, the danger of this path which made it frightful to me; that only made it interesting, and served as a stimulus. The mischief was that, in my disabled and weak state, I had to exert myself almost continuously on it for twelve hours in a burning sun. The Súgnam men did all in their power to assist me, and I could not but admire, and be deeply grateful for, their patience and kindness. But the longest day has an end, as Damiens said when he was taken out to be tortured; and we reached Pú at last, my bearers, as they approached it, sending up sounds not unlike the Swiss *jodel*, which were replied to in similar fashion by their companions who had reached the place before them. Pú is a large village, situated about a thousand feet above

the bed of the Sutlej, on the slope of a high, steep mountain. I found that my tent had been pitched on a long terraced field, well shaded with apricot-trees, on the outskirts of the village, and that Mr Pagell, the Moravian missionary, was absent on a long journey he was making in Spiti. Mrs Pagell, it appeared, was living with some native Christians near by, in a house guarded by ferocious dogs; but as she spoke neither English nor Hindústani, only German and Tibetan, Silas had been unable to communicate with her, and the use of Nurdass as an interpreter had not then been discovered. This was serious news for a man in my condition; but I was in too deathlike a state to do anything, and lying down in my tent, did not make any attempt to leave it until the day after next.

Whenever able, I staggered up to Mrs Pagell's residence, and explained the position I was in. She at once gave me access to her husband's store of medicines, where I found all I required to treat myself with—calomel, steel, chalk, Dover's powder, and, above all, pure ipecacuanha, which nauseous medicine was to me like a spring of living water in a dry and thirsty land, for I knew well that it was the only drug to be relied on for dysentery. This good Moravian sister was distressed at having no proper accommodation in her house for me; but, otherwise, she placed all its resources at my disposal, and soon sent off a letter to be forwarded from village to village in search of her husband. Considering that, in ten years, Mrs Pagell had seldom seen a European, it was only to be expected that she should be a little flustered and at a loss what to do; but her kindness was genuine, and I was greatly indebted to her.

I had hoped, by this time, to be

leaving the Valley of the Shadow of Death, its rock heat and its ever-roaring torrent, but had to remain in it for a month longer, lying on my back. I reached Pú on the 4th July, and Mr Pagell did not arrive until the 25th of the month; so that for three weeks, and during the critical period of the disease, I had to be my own doctor, and almost my own sick-nurse. Only those who have experienced acute dysentery can know how dreadfully trying and harassing it is; and the servants of the heroic Livingstone have told how, in the later stages of it, he could do nothing but groan day and night. Then the ipecacuanha, which I had to take in enormous doses before I could contrive to turn the disease, kept me in a state of the greatest feebleness and sickness. The apricot-trees afforded grateful shade, but they harboured hosts of sand-flies, which tormented me all night, while swarms of the common black fly kept me from sleeping during the day. There were numbers of scorpions under the stones around, both the grey scorpion and the large black scorpion with its deadly sting, of the effects of which Vambéry has given such a painful account. Curiously, too, this was the only place in the Himaíya where I ever heard of there being serpents; but long serpents there were—six feet long—gliding before my open tent at night. This was no dream of delirium, for one was killed quite close to it and brought to me for examination; and a few weeks after, Mr Pagell killed another in his verandah. I was far too ill to examine whether my serpent had poison-fangs or not, and was fain to be content with an assurance that the people of Pú were not afraid of these long snakes; but the Moravian found that the one he killed had fangs, and at all events it was not plea-

sant, even for a half-dead man, either to see them in moonlight, or hear them in darkness, gliding about his tent. One end of the field in front of me touched on a small forest, which ran up a steep valley and was likely to harbour wild beasts. The position was lonely, also, for I had to make my servants camp a little way off, on the side away from the forest, in order not to be disturbed by their talking and disputing, or by their visitors; and so, weak as I was, they were barely within call even when awake. But I was much disturbed by the singing and howling of a number of Chinese Tartars who had come over the border on a pilgrimage to the Lama temple in Pú. These pious persons were silent all day till about two or three in the afternoon, when they commenced their infernal revels, and (with the aid of potent liquor, I was told) kept up their singing and dancing for several nights till morning. In addition to all this, huge savage Tibetan dogs used to come down the mountain-sides from a Lama nunnery above, and prowl round my tent, or poke into it, in search of what they could find; and the letting them loose at all was highly improper conduct on the part of the virtuous sisterhood. One splendid red dog came down regularly, with long leaps, which I could hear distinctly; and I had quite an affection for him, until, one night, I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by finding his mouth fumbling at my throat, in order to see if I was cold enough for his purposes. This was a little too much, so I told Silas to watch for it and pepper it with small shot from a distance; but, either accidentally or by design, he shot it in the side from close quarters, killing it on the spot, its life issuing out of it in one grand, hoarse, indignant roar. Possibly it occurred

to my servant that the small shot from a distance might be a rather unsafe proceeding. As if these things were not enough, I had a visitor of another kind, one night, who puzzled me not a little at first. I was lying awake, exhausted by one of the paroxysms of my illness, when a large strange-looking figure stepped into the moonlight just before my tent, and moved about there with the unsteady swaying motion of a drunken man, and with its back towards me. My first idea was that this was one of the Chinese Tartars encamped beside the temple, who had come in his sheepskin coat to treat me to a war-dance, or to see what he could pick up ; and so I let my hand fall noiselessly over the side of the couch, upon the box which held my revolver. It was only natural that I should think so, because it is very rarely that any animal, except *homo sapiens*, moves erect upon its hind legs, or, I may add, gets drunk. But still there was something not human in the movements of this creature, and when it began slowly to climb up one of the apricot-trees in a curious fashion, I could not help exclaiming aloud, "Good heavens ! what have we got now?" On this it turned round its long head and gave a ferocious growl, enabling me both to see and hear that it was one of the great snow-bears which infest the high mountains, but enter seldom and only by stealth the villages. I thought it prudent to make no more remarks ; and after another warning growl, evidently intended to intimate that it was not going to be balked of its supper, the bear continued up the tree, and commenced feasting on the apricots. As may be supposed, I watched somewhat anxiously for its descent ; and as it came down the trunk, the thought seemed to strike it that a base advantage might

be taken of its position, for it halted for an instant, and gave another warning growl. It repeated this manœuvre as it passed my tent, on its four legs this time, but otherwise took no notice of me ; and there was a curious sense of perilous wrongdoing about the creature, as if it were conscious that the temptation of the apricots had led it into a place where it ought not to have been. I did not mention this circumstance to Silas, for he was extremely anxious to have a shot at a bear, and I was just as anxious that he should not, because he had no sufficient qualification for such dangerous sport, and to have wounded a bear would only have resulted in its killing him, and perhaps some more of us. After that, however, though never troubled with another visit of the kind, I had a sort of barricade made at night with my table and other articles in front of the tent, so that I might not be taken unawares ; for my visitor was not a little Indian black bear, or even an ordinary Tibetan bear, but a formidable specimen of the yellow or snow bear (*Ursus isabellinus*), which usually keeps above the snow-line, is highly carnivorous in its habits, and often kills the yaks of Pú, and of other villages, when they are sent to graze in summer upon the high alp. Shortly after this I discovered that the way to deal with the horrible irritation of the sand-flies was to have my tent closed at night, and to smoke them out of it with burning fagots, which almost entirely freed me from their annoyance, and was an immense relief, though the plan had some disadvantages of its own, because I did not like to strike a light for fear of attracting the sand-flies ; and so the moving of creatures about and inside my tent became doubly unpleasant when there was little or no moon, for,

in the darkness, I could not tell what they might be.

It was in this way that I spent the month of July, when I had hoped to be travelling in Chinese Tibet. Trying as this combination of horrors was, I think it did me good rather than harm, for it made life more desirable than it might otherwise have appeared, and so prevented me succumbing to the disease which had got all but a fatal hold of me. Moreover, the one visitor neutralised the effect of the other: you cease to care about scorpions when you see long snakes moving about you at night, and Tibetan mastiffs are insignificant after the visit of an *Ursus isabellinus*. During this trying period Mrs Pagell paid me a short visit every day or two, and did all in her power to afford medical comforts. My servants also were anxious to do all they could, but they did not know what to do; and I was scarcely able to direct them to do more than weigh out medicines and to leave me as undisturbed as possible, complete repose being almost essential to recovery. I could only lie there, remembering the lines—

"So he bent not a muscle, but hung there,
As, caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent
All heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine,
Till deliverance come."

After I had recovered, and we were away from Pú, Mr Pagell told me, with a slightly humorous twinkle in his eye, and being guilty of a little conjugal infidelity, that one great cause of his wife's anxiety on my account was that she did not know where I was to be buried, or how a coffin was to be made for me. About the 10th and 12th of July it looked very like as if the time had come for arrangements of that kind being made; and poor Mrs Pagell was, naturally enough, greatly at a loss what to do

in the absence of her husband. Ground is very valuable at Pú, and difficult to be had, being entirely artificial, and terraced up on the mountain-side. For a stranger to occupy any portion of it in perpetuity would have been a serious and expensive matter; and Moravian feeling revolted at the idea of growing vegetables or buckwheat over my grave. Then, as everything should be done decently and in order, the question as to a coffin was very perplexing. Had the practical missionary himself been there, he could at least have supervised the construction of one by the Pú carpenters; but his wife felt quite unequal to that, and was much distressed in consequence. Had I known of this anxiety, I could have put her mind at rest, because it never occurred to me that, in the circumstances, the responsibility of making arrangements would fall upon any one except myself. Death never appeared to myself so near as the people beside me believed it to be; and my determination was, if it became inevitable, to make arrangements to have my body carried up, without a coffin, high up the mountains above the snow-line. I had fully considered how this could have been insured, and have always had a fancy, nay, something more than a fancy, to be so disposed of, far away from men and their ways. There are wishes of this kind which, I believe, have a real relationship to the future, though the connection may be too subtle to be clearly traced. There is a twofold idea in death, by virtue of which man still attaches himself to the earth while his spirit may look forward to brighter worlds; and for me it was a real consolation to think of myself resting up there among the high peaks—

"There, watched by silence and by night,
And folded in the strong embrace

Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon my face."

But it had not come to that. By day I watched the sunbeams slanting through the apricot-trees, or looked up longingly to the green slopes and white snows of the "Windy Peak" of Gerard's map. Eve after eve I saw the sunlight receding up the wild precipices and fading on the snowy summits. Night after night the most baleful of the constellations drew its

horrid length across a space of open sky between the trees, and its red star, *Cor Scorpii*, glared down upon my sick-bed like a malignant eye in heaven. And while the crash of falling rocks and the movements of stealthy wild creatures were occasionally heard, night and day there ever rose from beneath the dull thunderous sound of the Sutlej, to remind me, if that were needed, that I was still in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION, 1874.

NOTES OF THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

In the very beginnings of science, the parsons, who managed things then, Being handy with hammer and chisel, made gods in the likeness of men; Till commerce arose, and at length some men of exceptional power Supplanted both demons and gods by the atoms, which last to this hour. Yet they did not abolish the gods, but they sent them well out of the way,

With the rarest of nectar to drink, and blue fields of nothing to sway.
From nothing comes nothing, they told us, nought happens by chance, but by fate;

There is nothing but atoms and void, all else is mere whims out of date!
Then why should a man curry favour with beings who cannot exist,
To compass some petty promotion in nebulous kingdoms of mist?
But not by the rays of the sun, nor the glittering shafts of the day,
Must the fear of the gods be dispelled, but by words, and their wonderful play.

So treading a path all untrod, the poet-philosopher sings
Of the seeds of the mighty world—the first-beginnings of things;
How freely he scatters his atoms before the beginning of years;
How he clothes them with force as a garment, those small incompressible spheres!

Nor yet does he leave them hard-hearted—he dowers them with love and with hate,

Like spherical small British Asses in infinitesimal state;
Till just as that living Plato, whom foreigners nickname Plateau,*
Drops oil in his whisky-and-water (for foreigners sweeten it so),

* *Statique Experimentale et Théorique des Liquides soumis aux seules Forces Moléculaires.* Par J. Plateau, Professeur à l'Université de Gand.

Each drop keeps apart from the other, enclosed in a flexible skin,
Till touched by the gentle emotion evolved by the prick of a pin :
Thus in atoms a simple collision excites a sensational thrill,
Evolved through all sorts of emotion, as sense, understanding, and will ;
There is nobody here, I should say, has felt true indignation at all,
Till an indignation meeting is held in the Ulster Hall ;
Then gathers the wave of emotion, then noble feelings arise,
Till you all pass a resolution which takes every man by surprise.
Thus the pure elementary atom, the unit of mass and of thought,
By force of mere juxtaposition to life and sensation is brought ;
So, down through untold generations, transmission of structureless germs
Enables our race to inherit the thoughts of beasts, fishes, and worms.
We honour our fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers too ;
But how shall we honour the vista of ancestors now in our view ?
First, then, let us honour the atom, so lively, so wise, and so small ;
The atomists next let us praise, Epicurus, Lucretius, and all ;
Let us damn with faint praise Bishop Butler, in whom many atoms
combined

To form that remarkable structure which it pleased him to call—his mind.
Last, praise we the noble body to which, for the time, we belong,
Ere yet the swift whirl of the atoms has hurried us, ruthless, along,
The British Association—like Leviathan worshipped by Hobbes,
The incarnation of wisdom, built up of our witless nobles,
Which will carry on endless discussions, when I, and probably you,
Have melted in infinite azure—and, in short, till all is blue.

PRUSSIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY KNOLLYS, ROYAL ARTILLERY.

"DEPEND upon it, we commit just as many tactical errors in our manœuvres in Prussia as you do in England. I have carefully watched the course of your operations, and I have undoubtedly observed many faults and some absurdities, but they are by no means in excess of those which habitually occur in our own country. Year after year they are repeated, but the object of these exercises is to prevent the errors from getting too much ahead."

Such were the words, in private conversation, of that eminent tactician General Blumenthal, when, in 1871, as one of our foreign guests, he was a spectator of our Aldershot Autumn Manœuvres, first initiated and carried out under the superintendence of Sir Hope Grant. It is only reasonable to assume that, inasmuch as we have since laboured with unwearied assiduity to render these military lessons more instructive, many of our shortcomings have become modified, or have disappeared. And yet there is a semi-expressed feeling of discontent that we fall painfully short of the model which in that first instance we undoubtedly set up for ourselves—the Prussian army. Some of our experienced officers are wont to declare that "we don't set to work with our manœuvres in the right way, like the Prussians;" while the more heedless re-echo the opinion in the homely but forcible expression, that our labours are "all bosh"—a cry which, if persisted in, must tend to bring about mistrust, the apathy of discouragement, want of zeal, in fact those very evils which are so much deprecated, but

which, I submit, are now chiefly imaginary. After all, is our army of so thoroughly inferior a description in all its branches? Are our battalions so poorly handled by their commanders, and are our tactics of such a nature that they must provoke ridicule in time of peace, and entail disaster in time of war? Ere we reply, let us compare ourselves fairly and honestly with the most successful military nation of modern days; and for this purpose I propose laying before my readers an account of the manœuvres recently carried out in the vicinity of Berlin and Hanover, and at which I had the good fortune to be present.

As a parade display, their could scarcely be a more favourable opportunity for judging the Prussian army than on the 2d September, when the Emperor reviewed at Berlin the whole of his Guard Corps, a mixed force, 19,056 men strong, with 72 guns and 5147 horses. On this occasion the troops, proudly remembering that they were celebrating the Sedan Fest, as they name the anniversary, and animated by the consciousness that they would be the object of the careful scrutiny of an enthusiastic multitude, strained every nerve to present themselves under their very best aspect; and they certainly succeeded admirably,—aided doubtless by their special advantages of costume, a happy combination of the serviceable, the ornamental, and the soldier-like. Of their infantry, considered as individual battalions, it is impossible to speak in terms other than those of warm admiration. The *physique* of the men,

their smart soldier-like appearance, their steadiness in the ranks, and the accuracy of their movements, lead to the conclusion that they are little inferior to our best English regiments. The march past of their deep massive columns was splendid, though their extraordinary strutting step, reserved, it must be admitted, entirely for parade occasions, showed "a tendency to cling to time-honoured absurdities." Their cavalry was a fine body of men, who, notwithstanding the cramped, awkward shape of their saddles, and the excessive length of their stirrups, rode well, were capitally mounted, and marched past at a walk and trot with precision, though not with the extreme accuracy which characterises our best cavalry regiments. Perhaps their well bred hussar horses were a little too light, and their heavy dragoons a trifle clumsy. Their horse appointments, however, were dirty in the extreme, notwithstanding that, for the special occasion of the Review, new equipment had apparently been issued. This remark applies with still greater force to the artillery, by far the least showy of the three arms. Their ill-fitting, ill-cared-for, and slenderly-constructed harness and accessories, were huddled on in a slovenly manner; and there was a general absence of soldier-like pride and dash. Their horses were sorry specimens. Each battery, reduced in peace-time to an incomplete skeleton, consisted merely of 4 guns with weak detachments, and without a single ammunition-waggon or pair of spare horses. From their artillery, indeed, as they appear on parade, we have nothing whatever to learn. Nay, more, I do not hesitate to declare, that were the very slackest of our batteries to venture to present themselves in public, turned out in the style of

crack Prussian batteries, their condition would be pronounced eminently discreditable. In confirmation of the above, I will quote the remarks of a not inexperienced Prussian officer. In reply to his inquiries I had expressed my admiration for their infantry and cavalry, but plainly stated that I did not consider their artillery quite up to the mark; whereat he was somewhat ruffled—the usual consequence, I have noticed in Germany, of the most delicate hint that there is ever so small an imperfection in any portion of their army. When, however, a bystander asked, "Then is the English artillery really so very good?" his sense of justice prevailed, and after an evident mental struggle he replied: "Yes, I must confess that it is most excellent. Men, horses, and equipment, are turned out in a condition of perfection. Not a single article is out of its place or is ill-fitting. The guns and the harness are a marvel of cleanliness, while the ironwork on the latter is made to glitter like silver. In fact, to properly appreciate a battery of English artillery, you must yourself have seen it. Their working in the field is equally good."

As I have already said, the array presented on the 2d September was splendid. Nevertheless, though the men individually were perhaps of a better *physique* than the last batches of recruits attracted by our new system of enlistment into our service, were more intelligent through superior education, and were exulting in the renown they have acquired, few I think will dispute that we should have no difficulty in mustering one or even two corps fully equal, if not superior, to the Guard Corps. Beyond this I fear the parallel must break down. The Prussians declared that their Guard Corps, though a trifle superior to the

rest of their troops, was not isolated in its excellence, and subsequent experience has convinced me of the truth of the assertion. Supposing, then, that by the fortunes of war, these two compared armies were suddenly exterminated, with what forces could we confront the well-drilled hosts which our opponents could still bring up? With our army reserve, whose existence is little more than a shadow? With our militia, excellent only regarded as raw material? With our enthusiastic and patriotic but unruly volunteers? The mere hypothesis is an insult to common-sense.

I should add that the general behaviour of the troops in the towns which I visited outwardly left nothing to be desired. On one occasion only did I encounter intoxicated soldiers. "What is the chief source of crime in your army?" I inquired of a Prussian officer—"drunkenness?" "Oh no," was the surprised reply; "our principal offences consist in insubordination."

Let us now turn to the practical working of the troops in the field, beginning with the exercises carried out by the smaller bodies of men. For about three weeks before the beginning of the actual manœuvres, the Prussians, like ourselves, cause their men to be instructed in the minor details of war by battalions, regiments, brigades, &c. On the 7th and 8th September, the 1st Division of the Guard Corps, commanded by General von Pape, was divided into two little armies, each about 5000 strong, and complete in its different arms, and was manœuvred over an area of country situated between Oranienberg and Teschendorf, 27 English miles north of Berlin. The "general idea," disencumbered of the suppositions and details to which the Prussians are so greatly addicted, amounted to instructions

to General Dresliski, commanding the southern army, to attack General Dregalski, commanding the northern army, posted at Teschendorf, and to save Berlin from the danger with which it was threatened by his advance. It was further assumed, that each force respectively formed the advanced-guard of main armies—the one an invader advancing from Stettin, and the other the defender, marching from Magdeburg with a view to cut off the retreat of its opponent. It may be mentioned that General Dresliski is an artillery officer; and without entering into the delicate and of late much-mooted question concerning the employment of officers of this branch of the service in mixed commands, it is a noteworthy fact that the Prussians consider that from the varied and thorough nature of their training they are specially qualified for such appointments—that they have largely drawn upon the gunners for this purpose, and that these selections have generally been attended with the best results.

The attack began; and really the general nature of the operations so strongly resembled those with which Aldershot has made us familiar, that a very slight stretch of imagination would have enabled us to picture a repetition of General Smith's manœuvre against General Parke at Frensham, or that of Prince Edward against General Smyth at Woolmer. There were the same contests for outlying villages, and the same rush for the possession of important tactical points; the same periods of weary waiting, when everything seems to hang fire, and the same—or rather somewhat worse—inevitable blunders and absurdities. To the credit side of the Prussians must be reckoned the fact that they worked with more concentrated forces—5000 men over a front of about

2000 yards; though even herein the umpire, as we shall afterwards see, considered that they had exceeded due limits. This error is one to which, it has been often noticed, we too are constantly liable, and has been especially dwelt on by the commander of our focus of military instruction, Aldershot. On the other hand, there is on the part of the English a greater manifestation of interest, and a more enthusiastic and energetic co-operation in the work in which they may be engaged. The result of the two days' fighting was summed up in a masterly manner by the umpire-in-chief, General von Pape, an officer of proved abilities during the recent war, and now looked upon as one of the most rising of the Prussian generals. Unlike ourselves, to whom the idea of concealing our faults never occurs, and who always make a point of inviting foreign guests to station themselves at our umpire's elbow, the Prussians like to hold their *critiques* more or less in secret; but on this single occasion the foreign officers, Danish and English, who happened to be present, were allowed to be auditors. From this criticism let it be judged whether we outdo the Prussians either in the number or the gravity of our tactical errors.

General von Pape expressed his general approval of the two days' operations, and especially praised the working of the regiments, apparently intending to convey, in contradistinction, some slight censure to the staff. He was of opinion that the cavalry patrols were of excessive strength, especially for peace operations, where there is no call for any active defence, where it is desirable to leave the main body intact for the application of the lessons which these manœuvres are specially designed to impart, and where two men will answer the

purpose as well as fifty. They were severely censured for the insufficiency of information obtained; and the umpire found fault with cavalry commanders for their constant tendency to disjoin themselves from the rest of the army, and to fight independent actions. The artillery was reproved for having opened fire at impossible ranges; for want of ability in failing to select sheltered positions; and for having, on one occasion, come into action within a few hundred yards of a wood filled with skirmishers. General von Pape commented strongly on the excessive extent of front occupied by both sides. Admitting that on these occasions it is not necessary to adhere to the intervals between brigades and battalions prescribed by the regulations, he added that, nevertheless, there must be a limit to such a latitude, which on these two days had been excessive. The advanced-guard of the attacking army was stated to have been pushed on too far in front of the main body; and when important posts had been gained possession of, they were held with utterly inadequate forces, thus exposing them to the great risk of recapture, and imperilling the line of retreat on Berlin.

Two infantry battalions and two batteries had been brought face to face with each other under such an equality of advantages, that, in mimic warfare, it was impossible to assign the palm to either side; and the General urged upon commanding officers the expediency of avoiding such incidents. Another officer was rebuked for having presumed to initiate a small action upon his own account after the hour prescribed for the cessation of active operations, in his anxiety to obtain possession of a village which he considered necessary for the safety of his outposts. The umpire also

found fault with the frequent disregard manifested on both sides for the destructive effects of their antagonist's fire, and finished by saying that there were numerous errors of detail, the indication of which he would leave to officers commanding regiments. One of the generals was criticised pretty sharply for having utilised his "flag-troops," instead of placing them, according to instructions, in reserve. These flag-troops consist of small bodies of about twenty men with a band-rol, each party representing a battalion, or, if supplied with a single gun, a battery. They furnish most convenient opportunities of instruction, by being added as sudden reinforcements to either side, and thus necessitating constantly fresh combinations. As a rule they are posted with the Reserves, and are as little as possible actively employed.

One remark let fall by General von Pape, though trivial in itself, really deserves special attention. Alluding to his order for "cease firing" at an unexpected period in the first day's fighting, he observed: 'My sole reasons for stopping further movements were, that the day was far advanced, *the troops had reached their bivouac ground*, and were much wearied." Now in England there is no point which is more strongly declaimed against than our alleged folly in deciding beforehand where our men shall encamp, and thus, as a supposed sequence, deciding beforehand which of the two parties shall prove victorious.

Those who have had experience in carrying out the actual details of manœuvres are aware, that this pre-arrangement of locality in no wise interferes with the day's lesson; and that the instruction being in peace time necessarily almost entirely tactical, and scarcely at all strategical, the respective positions of the two sides can be approximately

fixed on without involving a pre-concerted victory for either. Still further, unless we are prepared to denude a chance district of every sort of supplies, which on a sudden must be gathered in with the strong arm of military law, as would be the case on service, it is absolutely essential that the Controllers should be instructed beforehand to what points they are to direct their vast convoys conveying provisions, wood, and forage, which are indispensable even for the most Spartan of armies, otherwise the troops will become half starved, and ultimately wholly broken down by the inevitable delay. Those, on the other hand, who are never weary of urging us to copy the Prussians, may rest assured that their model has found the difficulty as insurmountable as ourselves. General von Pape had undoubtedly previously fixed on the bivouac grounds; and thither, as on every one of the other similar instances which I witnessed, the long lines of commissariat-waggons were seen wending their way with a readiness and regularity which bespoke prior detailed instructions, notwithstanding any assertions to the contrary.

On 9th September the method of exercising troops against an enemy, indicated by the flag-battalions already alluded to, was admirably illustrated by a division of the 3d Corps, with the whole of the Corps Cavalry, at Müncheberg, about 15 miles east of Berlin—the Emperor himself being present. This practice appears to be an excellent one previous to the equal subdivision of forces; the lesson is more steady and systematic, errors can be corrected at leisure, while the necessary preparations are of course next to *nil*. On the present occasion, the traditional and habitual Prussian mode of attack by infantry was carried out with such regularity, that I can

select no better opportunity for describing it in greater detail. The foremost troops consisted of a thick line of skirmishers, with Supports of equal strength from the same battalion about 100 yards in rear, and Reserves another 100 yards in rear of the Supports; at a distance of from 300 to 400 yards from the Reserves, the main body advanced in two checkered lines of battalions in column. The order was given to assail the enemy posted on a certain range of hills. As the skirmishers approached they were continually reinforced, never relieved, until at last they became an almost continuous line, the Supports being absorbed and the Reserves closing up. They showed little disposition to "dodge" so as to obtain cover, but made short quick rushes from dip to dip, with rapid fire during the intervals. The commanders of the troops in rear, on the contrary, displayed considerable skill in sheltering their men, by leading them along folds in the ground. At last the skirmishers reached the base of the hill and paused for a few minutes to regain breath—any unabsorbed Supports, and a portion of the Reserves, were brought up at a double, and halted immediately in rear of them—and then the foremost line, with the Reserve backing up close at hand in case of emergencies, rushed with a hearty cheer up the slope, and the position was won. Meanwhile, the main body had been continuously advancing in column to the measured tap of the drum, or to the strains of their fifes playing the "*Sturm* (Storm) *Marsch*;" and in all this let not the reader suppose there was aught puerile or theatrical. There was no confusion, noise, or swagger. The whole scene was most warlike and exciting; and after all, it is scarcely wise to ignore entirely the adage that "the moral is to the phy-

sical as three to one." The defending troops retired just in time to save themselves from actual collision with their assailants—the exact moment was apparently indicated by an umpire on the spot. Although the day was marked by exceptionally good manœuvring, it was fruitful in the usual number of errors. A body of cavalry charged down a steep incline up to the very bayonets of their adversaries, and under the fire within easy range of three batteries and a strong force of infantry on the opposite height. On pulling up, they remained quiescent for a couple of minutes, and then leisurely retired, apparently at the instance of an umpire. On another occasion, two strong bodies of cavalry in succession charged up to, and quietly rode about between, infantry squares which were strongly supported by artillery-fire.

I have heard it argued that these violations of the rules of tactics are highly advantageous, because the doctrine of daring is thereby inculcated on the men, and that on service their common-sense and a few minutes' experience of the bullets flying about would soon teach them prudence. This reasoning is evidently unsound and illogical. The more closely we can, within certain limits, assimilate our autumn manœuvres to actual warfare, the better we shall have attained our end of causing our men to feel, when they are brought face to face with a real enemy, that they are once more going through an oft-practised lesson.

On the 14th September, in company with other English officers, I betook myself to Hanover, the destined scene of the most extensive operations. On our arrival we were at once taken in hand in our capacity as the Emperor's guests by Major von Arnim and Hauptmann Wobeser, delegated by the military

authorities for that purpose ; and there too we found representatives from almost every European Power—English, French, Russians, Austrians, Danes, Bavarians, Italians, Dutch, Roumanians, Saxons, Swedes, Norwegians, Turks, and Wirtembergers—in all numbering fifty-three. It is difficult to speak too highly of the systematic forethought with which our hosts took care not only to interest us, but also to provide for our comfort and our pleasure. The best hotels in Hanover were engaged ; excellent luncheons and luxurious dinners, with the occasional attendance of a band, were daily provided for us at Rudolph's Hotel ; orderlies, carriages, and riding-horses were told off for our exclusive use ; boxes for the opera or play were every night placed at our disposal, and every thaler of the expenses thus entailed was defrayed by the Prussian authorities. It is satisfactory to reflect that, in 1870, when we entertained a large number of foreign officers at the Salisbury manœuvres, the duties of hospitality were performed in an equally munificent and well-arranged manner.

Monday, 14th September, was devoted to an inspection and march past, when the whole of the 10th Corps, about 20,000 strong, which had been concentrated about Hanover, under the command of Prince Albrecht of Prussia, turned out in first-rate order, presenting an appearance little inferior to that of the Guard Corps on 2d September. As the Emperor, accompanied by the Crown Prince, Von Moltke, Manteuffel, Voigts Rhetz, and other celebrities, rode down the ranks, he uttered in a loud tone of voice the customary "*Morgen*" on arriving opposite each regiment ; and the hearty simultaneous response of "*Morgen, mein Kaiser,*"* from every

man in the ranks, had both a pleasing and a military effect. It is a significant fact that the Emperor was received at Hanover, not only by the troops, but by the entire populace, with an enthusiasm which is somewhat surprising when it is recollected that, little more than eight years ago, this now subjugated province was annexed by right of conquest to the possessions of a foreign potentate, and that in 1869, the inhabitants, so far as they dared, habitually displayed their hatred towards their new masters. Then came the war with France, and a community of interests, victories, and dangers established fresh and more friendly ties, corroded by no humiliating reminiscences. Besides, as they urge, "though we were overwhelmed by numbers in 1866, we fell gloriously, since we gained a splendid victory at Langensalza." Whatever the reason, though there still exists an anti-Prussian party in Hanover, the reception of the Emperor by all classes resembled that of a long-ruled monarch, who had won the hearts of his subjects ; and for a whole week the city was busied in that solemn sort of rejoicing which is characteristic of the Germans.

During the course of the inspection we could not but notice the almost universal absence of medals amongst the rank and file, thus showing that the army which had fought in 1870-71 had been almost entirely reabsorbed in the civil population, and that a fresh army had sprung up in its place. What, however, may have been wanting in the privates, in the way of military decorations, was amply atoned for by the officers. Medals were strung in bunches like beads, on the breasts of young fellows, whose services at the utmost could not have extended further back than the last war ; and who,

"Good morning, my Emperor."

however great their distinction, must have been recompensed at the rate of about one medal for every skirmish. As to the order of the Iron Cross, it was so universal that to the non-possessor one felt bound to attribute, according to probabilities, some special turpitude, or to apply the remark "*comme il a l'air distingué*."

On the 15th the corps was exercised against flag-battalions; the 16th was devoted to repose; and on the 17th, 18th, and 19th September, autumn manœuvres were carried out in the fullest sense, and on the largest scale. The force was divided into two nearly equal armies, each supplied with a due proportion of cavalry, artillery, and engineers. The outlines of the "general idea," of which Von Moltke was reported to be the author, were, that an Eastern army, under General von Voigts Rhetz, which had been concentrated for the defence of Hanover, had fallen back in a south-easterly direction towards Hildesheim, on the approach, from Minden, of a Western army, under General von Strubberg, and which, owing to supposed forces at some distance in rear, was considerably superior in numbers. Voigts Rhetz had then received reinforcements, and his object became that of assuming the offensive, dating from the 17th September; regaining possession of Hanover, to which end he was instructed, if necessary, to fight a general action on the last day; and cutting off his opponent's retreat on Minden. The aim of the West army, on the other hand, was to avoid giving battle in the immediate vicinity of Hanover, to secure its line of retreat, and, by luring on the enemy, to seize on a favourable opportunity for attacking him in flank. On the manner in which this scheme was carried out, the details for which were

issued on each evening preceding the next day's operations, I do not propose to enter, my object being to carry on the comparison between our own and the German system of manœuvres. At the very outset, however, we must remember that the latter start with enormous advantages in the nature of their country. In England, numerous banks, fences, walls, hedges, copses, and straggling hamlets preclude troops being moved in unbroken order; and even, putting these out of consideration, the richly cultivated nature of the soil must needs make the most reckless pause ere he would trample down such a treasure of wealth and prosperity. In Prussia these obstacles are literally unknown. Perhaps none but those who are familiar with this district of North Germany can realise its singular flatness, and the vast open tracks unchecked for miles save by a few small woods, an occasional marsh, a compact village, or a water-jump—not always, by the by, quite easy to negotiate. Then the cultivation of this sandy soil is of the poorest description. The only crops liable to damage by an inroad being potatoes, and the rest of the country being marked by stubble or thinly dotted with patches of root-crops, no wonder that the claims for compensation are small, and that the army may with an easy conscience wander at will over whole provinces. Here, then, was the perfection of ground for cavalry operations, and here the cavalry was constantly manœuvred against each other in masses which led to the conclusion that in practice, at all events, their officers do not endorse the theory that the days for fighting with cavalry in large masses are over. An English officer,* who had been specially deputed by our Government to report on this branch

* Captain J. Hozier, Brigade-Major, Aldershot.

of the service, and whose opinion is entitled to considerable attention, expressed his belief that in working this arm we may gather many useful maxims from the Prussians. Certainly the regiments were moved for miles at a galloping speed—almost recklessly, indeed; their movements were executed with very fair precision, and their men rode gallantly and well. In England we are not wont to consider the Germans good horsemen naturally, and I am disposed to attribute this unexpected proficiency to three causes: 1st, The strength of men and horses being equal in each regiment, the soldier retains the same charger, instead of being shifted about as with us, throughout the whole of his service;—thus a familiarity and a good understanding between the two is quickly established. 2d, The men are better taught to exercise their individual intelligence in dealing with the slight but inevitably numerous difficulties, in weathering obstacles, and in regaining their places after temporary disorder. 3d, Their instruction in riding is conducted upon a better and bolder system than our own. The young horses, without riders, are frequently turned into an enclosed circular space where they have no option but to go ahead at a rapid pace, and to take the leaps prepared for them, thus quickly becoming eager and handy fencers. The privates are exercised in the school in riding without reins, and in this fashion not only galloping at full speed, but taking the bar placed at a very respectable height. And lastly, there is none of that eternal injunction to avoid moving out of a walk on ordinary occasions. Of course all this involves an extra wear and tear of horse-flesh, and so to some extent becomes a matter of £ s. d.

Every cavalry regiment when

manœuvring in the field is preceded by scouts, in number two per squadron, whose duties are to ride about 300 yards in advance, to keep a sharp look-out for the enemy, and to warn the colonel of any obstacles of ground. This precaution, which sounds so admirable in theory, has in practice been condemned by many of our own officers as a useless expenditure of men.

I was much struck with the charge of a hussar regiment about 500 strong, on the 19th September, in the neighbourhood of the village of Wittenberg. They thundered across some light ploughed soil for a considerable distance at full tilt and in beautiful order; and when at last a tolerably-sized ditch intervened, the whole regiment took the jump without drawing rein, and in a most workmanlike manner. True, the ground was instantly strewn with struggling horses and capsized riders, but the disorder was only momentary and the remnant pursued their course and charged up to within a few yards of their enemy. Here the umpires interposed, and the verdict having been given against the assailants, they began their retreat at a rapid pace, and once more cleared the ditch with nearly the same result as before. It was somewhat surprising that the umpires had not interposed a little earlier, when a brigade of cavalry remained stationary and in column, totally unprotected, for fully ten minutes under the sustained fire of three batteries of artillery posted on a slight eminence 984 yards distant (measured on the map), and from whence the most unskilled gunners could scarcely have failed to have swept away every single man and horse.

To pass from the sublime to the ridiculous, I was standing with a group of English officers, watching the above operations, when a staff

officer was seen suddenly to emerge from a throng and to gallop at racing speed towards us, waving in his hand a trophy which, when he pulled up, we ascertained after some investigation to be the dragged brush of a miserable fox cub. This he showed in triumph to the "English milords," as true lovers of sport. On being further questioned, he exultingly explained that the sacred animal had been kicked up out of a ditch, hustled into an adjacent earth, dug out (presumably by the pioneers), and executed with a sabre. "Exactly so," was our only comment, but the Englishmen's faces were a study. The Prussians, by the way, have not the smallest idea of sport in our sense of the word, of which we had an instance at the Hanover steeple-chase. Our hosts, with their usual extreme kindness, marshalled their guests, 53 in number, in 15 carriages, all of the party being in full uniform; and we solemnly proceeded "in a column of route" to the course, which was kept with true military discipline by detachments of dragoons. At least one-half of the spectators were in uniform; the check-takers, race officials, and even the jockeys, officers, were similarly attired, minus only their swords. Cards were distributed on which was engraved a military plan of the course. The jumps were not formidable, but the pace was tremendous, and the riding good. Even in the most closely contested races, not a cheer, not a sound, was heard to indicate that the crowd of meritoriously orderly spectators took the slightest interest in the proceedings. Some of the Englishmen, indeed, suggested the experiment of a public appeal of "Two to one, bar one;" but the idea was negatived lest it might

be considered a liberty, and consequently involve six months' strict imprisonment in the fortress of Spandau.

During the first two days there was apparently a repetition of the same error as that on which General von Pape laid his finger at Teschendorf—the armies were spread over enormous areas, and were strong at no one point. Possibly, however, this description of running fight may have been partly in accordance with the general ideas of the great strategist Von Moltke, who, silent, modest, and retiring, actively rode about, vigilantly scrutinising every portion of the country. The out-post arrangements were of a very elementary nature, and the cavalry patrols were few, probably because owing to the nature of the country the movements of both sides were easily discernible by each commanding general. The method of infantry attack never varied from that already described, but its execution was at times confused and imperfect. The skirmishers, Supports, and Reserves were frequently crowded into a perpendicular distance of 200 yards; while the main body, in column, and scarcely more than 300 or 400 yards in the open in rear, was fully exposed to a destructive artillery-fire. In one instance—south of the village of Ronnenberg—I noticed opposing skirmishers blazing away into each other's faces within an interval of twenty yards. The same system, and, according to our ideas, the same errors were noticeable in their attacks on villages. I never on any single occasion saw a deployment to any extent, and there was a general tendency to work the troops whenever practicable by companies in columns of *Züge*,* each company about 120 strong, and commanded

* A *Zug* consists of one-third of a company.

by a captain, mounted. Shelter-trenches were frequent, and their existence was indicated by a thin scooping away of the earth, the work never being completed. Officers paid great attention to husbanding the ammunition of their men, over whom in this respect they exercised a perfect control, attended, however, by occasional rough gestures dangerously approaching to personal violence. Volleys were seldom had recourse to, except in order to check the onslaughts of cavalry.

Of the working of Prussian artillery in the field it is difficult to speak in terms of commendation. Their equipment, which I have already described as having nothing to boast of, is, moreover, ill calculated to withstand the wear and tear of a campaign, and in ordinary practice breakages are constantly occurring. They have a great hankering after that philosopher's stone of the modern artillerist, a thoroughly reliable time-fuze; and speak in terms of unbounded admiration for their new gun, which, after many unsuccessful efforts, I was at last allowed hastily to examine. I must confess that I was unable to discover anything of peculiar excellence or novelty in its construction; and its breech-closing apparatus appeared to me hardly sufficiently simple. They adhere with unswerving fidelity to the breech-loading principle. Alas for the day when a bare majority of English artillerymen decided to have recourse to the muzzle-loading system! The drivers—that superlatively difficult of all military creations—were by no means proficient in their duties; with their awkward pole-draught it is scarcely to be expected that they should be so; and the gunners are not particularly handy in working their guns. The batteries, both field and horse artillery, when on the move proceed at a

rapid pace, but there is an apparent want of alacrity and intelligence on the part of battery commanders in taking up advantageous positions. This defect is, I imagine, due to their exaggerated theory concerning the importance of concentrating an overpowering fire on decisive points. The value of the principle has by us been fully recognised; and during the course of last July's manœuvres at Aldershot an order was issued by Sir Hope Grant wherein the subject was dwelt on at considerable length, lieutenant-colonels having been warned against over-scattering their batteries to supplement the infantry-fire, or to aid in unimportant or partial combats. But the rule has its exceptions, and may be pushed too far. In the first place, it must be remembered that a convergence of fire does not preclude a divergence of batteries, which thus offer a smaller mark to the enemy; and then it must surely frequently happen that a single battery may be detached with the utmost advantage for outpost purposes, for taking up an advanced important position, with a view to enfilade some particular part of the enemy's line. Now the Prussians maintain that these subsidiary ends will mar the grand object of artillery if once the batteries are allowed to slip away from the immediate grasp of the major commanding a division of three batteries, and corresponding to our lieutenant-colonels. Thus these long lines of artillery, sometimes formed into columns, are advanced and retired simultaneously as though they formed but a single unit, whereby much time is lost—in a close country the delay would be serious—and many brilliant opportunities are neglected. Again, the guns are almost invariably unguarded by any escort whatever. Such a provision they consider a mere waste of troops, the nearest infantry

or cavalry being sufficient to obviate the chance of capture, provided due vigilance be exercised on the part of the major. It is true that upon an emergency the latter is empowered to request the commanding officer of the nearest corps to detach a force as a temporary protection; but this, it is admitted, is seldom had recourse to, and the retention of the escort for the whole day is forbidden. The result is, that through fear of capture there is a constant fidget to limber up and to retire into the background, when by the occupation prolonged even for a few minutes of an advanced position, the guns might inflict the most serious losses on an enemy.

Their expenditure of ammunition was liberal, and the ranges at which they fired excessive, often extending over 3000 yards. One of their majors informed me that, with their new excellent guns, fire was effective at 4000 yards. Apparently they placed no limit to the power of human vision. (On referring my doubts to my most good-natured referee, General von Pape, he replied that the above distance was much exaggerated, and that one of the errors to which their artillery is specially liable is coming into action against an enemy far out of shot. In fine, though the Prussians largely use their artillery, and never for an instant lose sight of the principle of bringing an overpowering fire on decisive points, their general working of their batteries by no means corresponds to the *beau idéal* it has been represented. No candid judge would, I venture to say, assert that English artillerists have much to learn from their German brethren.

Their transport department bore a general resemblance to our own, and, like our own, was organised upon a skeleton footing. At all events, vast numbers of civilian carts and horses were employed on

the occasion. Their labours were much lightened by the total absence of tents. In lieu thereof 10 lb. of straw were issued to each man. The weather was fine, and the two nights' bivouac, I believe, fairly comfortable. "Why do we not do likewise?" murmurs the English malcontent. And yet the plan has its drawbacks. Except on these two occasions, the men were crowded into barracks or unhealthy billets. With us the troops are frequently kept under canvas for two months. The experience of everyday tent-life is not to be despised, and the system is not more luxurious. Moreover, during the actual course of our manœuvres it is by no means uncommon to require a brigade to bivouac for practice.

I observed a fairly numerous sprinkling of umpires and umpire staff throughout the scene of operations, but they seldom interposed to stop the progress of any proceeding contrary to military rule during the engagement. Probably the errors were dwelt on during the criticisms. Of this I am unable to speak, as, with the exception of the solitary instance mentioned, no foreign officers were expected to be present on these occasions. I understood, however, that they were delivered by the Emperor in a masterly manner—as, indeed, might be expected from a man who, from his earliest youth, has devoted himself so unweariedly to the efficiency and well-being of his troops. Not merely the nominal head of his army, he performs the actual duties of Commander-in-Chief to the fullest extent. Questions connected with organisation and the distribution of appointments, with large manœuvres and with the details of drill, with military discipline and with the interior economy of companies, all are investigated and regulated by the Emperor, General von Albedyll acting as

his Military Secretary. These facts, combined with the most conscientious discharge of the duties of his position, and a peculiarly kindly attractive manner, have made him highly popular with his army, who are universally proud of their soldier-king. Not less beloved is the Crown Prince, and it would be difficult to name any character more calculated to arouse the admiration of Englishmen. In the best sense of the word he is an "Edelmann," a noble man (adjective and substantive), a thorough gentleman. Of a magnificent frame of body, Darwin might further quote him as an instance where the amiable expression of features corresponds to the real disposition of heart. Equally gentle, frank, and modest in manner, a stranger would scarcely suppose him to be so skilled a soldier, and one of the most celebrated and successful warriors of modern days; while his evidently innate aversion to bloodshed and cruelty affords the strongest hope that no future wars will be of his socking. He accompanied the Emperor during the whole of the manœuvres, in which he evinced the greatest interest.

It yet remains for us to consider the military aspect of Prussia from its social point of view. With us a gentleman gains little or nothing in his position in society by becoming an officer. In Prussia the profession of arms takes universal precedence—almost, in fact, to the exclusion of all other callings. In ordinary society, ladies, as far as I could judge, are perfectly conversant with all military matters—have the Army List at their fingers' ends—and are ready to discuss *ad infinitum* the merits and performances of any of their numerous officers of note. No Prussian officer would dare to appear for a moment in public otherwise than in uniform—the invariable costume likewise of the Emperor,

princes, marshals, &c. Military rule is evident to the senses, military sights meet the eye, and military conversation strikes the ear at every turn. Who amongst us, even though he were the proudest soldier in the country, could wish for such a condition of society? "A priest-ridden country" has hitherto been synonymous for all that is bigoted and odious; but "an army-ridden country" is a still more hateful burden; and this universal pomp, shop-talk, and thinly-voiled social oppression becomes at last intolerable. As was acutely remarked by a soldier-servant of the Scots Greys: "They every one of them, sir, seem to have a terrible lot of the 1st of September about them." If in England we have less importance as officers, we have a certain set-off in retaining our privileges and our interests as citizens. Nor is this an individual opinion. I ascertained that it was endorsed by the foreign officers, and especially by Swedes and Russians. Speaking of this latter nation, I may mention that though they were treated by their hosts with a special consideration, which was even in excess of the civility extended to all the foreign guests, there is reason to suppose that there is little real hearty goodwill between the two nations. Prussia is grateful to her neighbour for having abstained from interference at the critical period of the last war, and is cumbered with thoughts of future favours in the event of fresh European conflicts. Were the Czar to die, probably the outward relations would not be so plausible.

It would be idle to pretend that we may not learn many a useful lesson from the Prussian system, and in the foremost rank we must place their universal doctrine of "Thorough." For instance, their authorities decide that their army

shall at a certain period be maintained at such and such a strength for the coming year; it was stated that the estimates provided for 400,000 men at a cost of £16,400,000; and we may be quite certain that the required number of sturdy, well-drilled, well-equipped, well-organised troops will be marshalled and ready to take the field at a moment's notice. Can we say the same of ourselves, on a proportionate scale? I have no intention of dealing closely with the question of numbers; but our nominal total strength of 458,000 men, including volunteers, militia, yeomanry, &c., conveys an utterly erroneous impression, because no one will pretend that on a sudden emergency a tenth part of that force would at the moment be available. It may not perhaps be advisable to harass overmuch the 153,000 volunteers; but of our militia would it not be preferable to have but half our present numbers, drilled into a fair condition of efficiency, rather than a large armed mob of raw levies, which on service would be harmless to its foes, and dangerous only to its friends? On similar grounds it is lamentable that the regular army should be compelled to put up with a hopelessly weak and inferior class of recruits, as has lately been the case. It would be manifestly unworthy of our nation to argue that whatever may be the material of our army, good or bad, if ever we came to blows with the Prussians, we could never hope to hold our own with our numerically weak regular army. Though in a rolling open country like North Germany, we can scarcely hope to make head for any length of time against the vast hosts of Continental armies, whose brute force alone would crush us,—in any enclosed country, and especially in such a country as England, our prospects of success would by no

means be hopelessly gloomy. Our infantry and cavalry, so excellent in themselves even when compared with the Prussians, would be more at home than any other troops in the world in this style of fighting; and we have reason to hope that we may develop the innate power of our artillery to an extent never yet dreamed of, if each individual battery, in addition to its present aptitude for rapidly seizing on positions suitable for the offensive and retaining them to the last moment, bears in mind the principle that final decisive results can be most effectually brought about by converging their fire from diverging spots upon the critical point. Assuming, then, that the premises which I have laid before my readers are accurate, what conclusions may we deduce therefrom? We may, I think, demur to the outcry of unfavourable comparison which for the last eight years has been so persistently instituted between the Prussians and ourselves. Granted the excellence of their troops, in what respect are their combatant departments superior to ours? What are the flagrant errors which we habitually commit and which they avoid? Do their officers throw themselves heart and soul into their work, making a careful and painstaking study of their profession? Ours are not less unwearied. Have they acquired great influence over their men? So have we. Is their performance of duty strict and conscientious? So is ours. Are their private soldiers well drilled, amenable to discipline, patient of privation and fatigue, and by nature full of courage? So most surely are ours. Do we, in the course of our exercises, from time to time commit tactical errors? So do they, and to a much greater extent. I can honestly assert—and I believe I

shall not be contradicted by the other English officers who were present—that in this respect we have little to learn from them, and that we have fallen into the habit of underrating the standard of excellence whereunto we have attained. The errors and absurdities which occurred on the occasions referred to, were so frequent and so grave that, had they been committed during our own Autumn Manœuvres, they would have been followed by an instant and public outburst of condemnation. As I have already stated, I constantly saw skirmishers composedly blazing into each other's faces with an interval of only a few yards between them, isolated parties neglect the most favourable opportunities for availing themselves of cover, and vast bodies of infantry advancing in column, for some thousands of yards, over open plains swept by the deadly fire of concentrated artillery. On several occasions I saw cavalry in column remain quietly halted for some length of time while three or more batteries were leisurely pounding into them. Batteries continued with the utmost *sang-froid* in action, while adjacent concealed infantry might be supposed to have picked off every single gunner. The information furnished by patrols was frequently defective, and the lines of communication were often disregarded. These errors were admitted by the Prussian officers, but were never commented on with marked severity, though they had been committed by troops of such famous military renown.

The foreign officers, whose num-

ber and variety was so great that they might to some extent be regarded as the exponents of Continental military opinions, were disposed to ridicule the idea of England ever again undertaking an offensive war; "while, for defensive purposes," said they, "the insuperable obstacle of the intervening ocean, backed up by your fleet, confessedly the best in the world, must render you practically nearly impregnable;" and the Prussians emphatically added, "Why should we seek for fresh territories? Have we not a century's work before us in consolidating our recent acquisitions?" It would surely be suicidal to acquiesce in these doctrines. Granted that henceforth we shall be content to consider that violence and wrong perpetrated elsewhere are no concern of ours—granted that we only wish to keep what is our own—may not our own be so fair as to arouse the utmost enmity of others, and while we have time should we not perfect our measures for its defence? It has been stated that Monsieur Prévost-Paradol, the French Ambassador at Washington, whose lamented death by suicide occurred at the beginning of the last war, ere the fortunes of France were darkened, wrote a prophetic warning, which at this juncture of apparent repose comes home with peculiar force. "In the history of nations," he said, "there has never been an instance where a country which has raised itself to prominent greatness by means of the sword has been at heart willing to lay aside the sword when the emergency which first called for an appeal to it had passed away."

ANCIENT CLASSICS—LATIN LITERATURE.

THE difference between the literature of Greece and that of Rome is of the most marked and striking character. It is not superficial, but fundamental, founded in the mental constitution of either race, and affecting all their productions. These two initial languages of the modern world possess a distinctness of separation which is scarcely to be found among their successors. English literature, for instance, is not so unlike French as Latin is unlike Greek. The modern languages, all more or less following the two great parent tongues of literature, share among themselves the traditions of an older art, and take the path opened by Greek or by Roman indiscriminately as suits individual genius; but the Roman and the Greek formed tradition, and by dint of being each the first in his own way, retain all the sharpness of almost personal difference. It is, no one can doubt, the Greek voice that has the mastery in the great duo. No authentic rule, no established order, no canons of Art stimulated its early utterances. Its first uplifting in song was as spontaneous and untaught as that of the birds or the brooks. It originated Art in originating the first works of art, and was a law to itself in the truest sense of the word; without models, without instruction, it reached the heights of poetry at a bound, and, seated there amid the primeval mists, has ever since given laws to the world. The only literature at all contemporary with the Greek—that of the Hebrews—has somehow, in consequence of its sacred claims, got put aside from consideration as literature; and to many minds it would be a great,

and almost sinful, effort to bring the glorious poems of Job, of David, or of Isaiah from their consecrated places, and to compare them in their equally striking human originality with those of the Greek poets. For our own part, we should like nothing better, were it possible, than to see this done, and to have each great writer of the Old Testament identified and set forth for the benefit of the unlearned, as this series has identified the writers of the other great languages so often slumped together in our general title as 'Classics,' with nothing to indicate that one differs from another as much as the sun differs from the moon. Perhaps it would be going too far to employ so great a metaphor as this, and call Greece the sun, and Rome the moon of ancient literature. The Latin mind is too robust to be a reflection even of the brightness of heavenly lights; but it is the Greek who is the inventor—the creator, in the world of imagination. Whosoever may expound or comment, it is he who has originated. His is all that elementary foundation of story upon which European art is built. An entire mythology, full of variety and life, peoples those shadowy hills of myrtle and laurel, and changes Ida and Olympus, mere blue mountains of a distant archipelago, into visionary haunts of the gods, a common centre to all the world. Greece has thus populated both earth and heaven, creating both, so far as imagination can create, and showing, pathetically enough, the limit which imagination at its highest cannot cross. And she has created not only the splendid personages of that epic, and those

Ancient Classics for English Readers. Edited by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A.
William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

VOL. CXVI.—NO. DCCIX.

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tragedies which hold their ground despite the passage of the ages, but epic and tragedy themselves have been by her invented and called into being. The beauty of her poetry, the divineness of her philosophy, may be shared by others of our primitive teachers. If she possesses any such sublime lyrics as those of the Hebrews, they have remained dead for the unlearned reader, no hand having been found to reproduce them, as the matchless translators of the Bible have reproduced Isaiah. But over even the Hebrews Greece triumphs in this creative power of hers which was first in the field of poetry, and promises to last as long as language lasts. Amid the modern languages, our own, we think, is the one which holds the nearest parallel, since to us also has been given that grace of Invention—first and noblest of all poetic gifts. The imagination of France is not creative any more than that of Rome; and Italian literature is so old, and German literature so new, that neither can by possibility have the wealth and fulness of a language which has never quite gone out of blossom since Chaucer set his pilgrims afoot, peopling the flowery old-world ways with noble knight and gentle squire, and many a humbler soul. This is the great distinction in which Greece stands supreme. She is the first Maker—the earliest and greatest poetic inventor in the world.

This distinction was necessary for the first chapter in the history of letters; the second is of a different description. Probably nothing could have qualified the Roman with his harder head and less plastic imagination to make the first step in founding the noble Art of Speech, the most all-pervading and influential of arts. Yet nothing could more fitly come in as second to make the foundations strong, and to sup-

ply materials more substantial than those of Fancy. The Roman intellect seems to have been almost absolutely devoid of that inventive power which is the crowning glory of the Greek. It has originated no great tale, no drama which can take its place beside those of *Edipus* and *Agamemnon*. The one Latin epic which has come down to us is, if not an imitation, at least an episode adapted from the marvellous tale of *Troy*, worked out of materials furnished by *Homer*. Not a single serious drama of Latin origin has survived the ages; and the comedies which have done so are either copies from Greek originals, or as closely founded upon them as are our coarser English adaptations of the sparkling comedy of France. The total absence of this originating power, this creative impulse, is quite remarkable in Latin letters, perhaps because life itself was so full and eventful, and the Roman monarch of the world, making and recording history, was too busy for the glorious fictions of art; or more likely, because his strong and practical mind had other aims impressed upon it. These indeed are the reasons assigned by *Virgil* himself, when in proud humility he apports to the Roman that lofty rôle which suits his genius best.

"Let softer hands teach the dull brass
to breathe,
Let others wake to life the shapeless
stone,
With greater art conduct a legal cause,
Better describe the heavens, or tell the
stars;—
Grudge it them not. Thine, Roman,
thine to rule
A conquered world, to give just laws
to peace,
To spare the humbled foe, resist the
proud;
These are the only arts I bid thee prize."

But when original inspiration fails, other great gifts come in—the secondary but potent acts of critical comment, of satire, oratory, song—

secondary, but still of enormous power and influence. Invention must come first; but after that primeval effort of genius which created a world within the world, and shaped the unseen into a refuge for all poetic souls, comes the other effort, not much less great, to penetrate and comprehend the actual, to discuss and probe and criticise the visible life, to attack and to defend, to praise and blame, to sing and to love. This is the part which Rome has taken in the double work. To Greece the ideal, to Rome the actual, the one filling out and perfecting the other. Thus there is no rivalry between two things in which there exists so little resemblance. They are each mighty and potent in their way. Greece remains the supreme queen of the world of imagination, which she fills with the noblest figures—figures of which no one ventures to make sure that they did not once live as certainly as ourselves, and who have outlived, as the most ignorant can see, ages and political systems, kingdoms and cycles of conquest, and even the Greek race which produced them—though still the sharpwitted mongrel of the Levant may call himself by that honourable name. Rome, when she took up in her turn the wondrous tale of human existence and endeavour, did it by no such band of visionary heroes, but by means of actual lives and men, setting forth before the world the growth and downfall of her own magnificent empire, great type and emblem, scarcely less instructive than the narrower but intenser type of existence which we have in the Jews. What the Hebrew story is in the spiritual economy, a history, yet a parable, Rome is to the political and public constitution of humanity; and this her Cæsars and her Ciceros reveal to us with more force than a second *Æschylus* could have rendered it.

The national literature of one thus becomes the complement of the other, though they are as different from each other as words can say.

These characteristics of Roman literature make it extremely difficult to set it before those who are unable to read it for themselves. To do justice to the conceptions of a great dramatic poet is not so hard a task. Something may well be done to make him understood without quoting a line of his verse. *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* might perish off the earth, yet *Clytemnestra* on the walls of Argos, and "sad *Electra*," and *Orestes* wildly flying over earth and sea before the dread *Furies* who pursue him, would still remain, figures which, once put within the range of our vision, die no more. But a beautiful piece of rural description, or a thrilling burst of oratory, can only be done justice to by literal rendering, by direct translation, the most hazardous of all literary processes. The first comes before us with the force of a picture, a thing which we can see, and which we need no help of learned bystander to make comprehensible. But in the other we are compelled to accept the critic's word, or to commit ourselves to the tender mercies of a translator who possibly comprehends the language he translates without entering into its subtle beauties, and almost certainly has less mastery over his own tongue than the author whom he makes known to us had over his. Even in our own language it is infinitely easier to explain *Shakespeare* to the masses than it is to explain *Bacon*. The works of the first are independent of him, separate things launched like great ships upon the universal sea, each carrying the freight of its own fortunes; but as for the philosopher, all that we can do for him is to indicate the form and tendencies of his philosophical system; we cannot make even the most easy and popular of his works visible to the public;

we can but say of the 'Essays,' "Read them"—there is nothing further possible. The noble Latins stand therefore at a disadvantage in comparison with the Greeks, which it would be difficult to exaggerate. Except in the case of the one epic of Virgil, and the lyrics of Horace, we are obliged to betake ourselves to biography, to chapters of historic comment or elucidation, before we can convey any idea to the uninstructed Englishman of the great writers of Rome.

The one Latin poem of which the reader may be enabled to form an idea without direct aid of translation is the *Æneid*; and Virgil is the greatest poetical name of Roman literature. Few poets have had such eminent fortune, either during their lifetime or after their death. His own generation fully recognised his pre-eminence, and bestowed lavish rewards and honours upon its favourite poet. In the middle ages, when the classic world had faded into temporary obscurity, Dante, a poet more intense and vigorous than himself, took him as his guide into the unseen world, and has glorified the name of Virgil as much almost as that of Beatrice in his great poem. From that time—or even before that time—he was elevated into an oracle by fanciful superstition; his lines affording a mode of divination which has lasted till recent days. His name has everywhere taken its place among the highest; and in our own day, one of the first of scholars, and most excellent of men, the late Professor Conington, gave a great part of his too short life to the translation and glorification of Virgil. His poetical career has been a fortunate one from beginning to end—though the end is not yet, nor perhaps ever will be; certainly up to this time his star has known no waning. There are some critics who find in the *Georgics* his finest inspiration; feeling no

doubt that in the *Æneid* their poet exposes himself to comparisons which are of dangerous greatness; but the great Epic must take the foremost place in every account of the poet. It stands in direct contrast, in many respects, to the other great epics which it suggests and recalls. It has not the spontaneous origin, the free poetic birthright of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. They sprang, no one knows how, from nature and the poet's instinct, without dramatic plan or elaborate purpose, formed out of nothing, or out of primeval legends, who knows or cares which?—to please the lounging groups at the city-gates, or on the margin of the murmuring sea, or perhaps merely to please the nameless ballad-maker himself, as many a later yet primitive lay of raid and foray, of love and witchcraft, has been made since. But the *Æneid* has no such spontaneous character. It proceeds from the region of conscious Art, and is a poem with a purpose, an elaborate literary work, skilfully framed to glorify the Roman race, and that half-divine potentate who ruled over it. We are in a different world altogether from that through which Homer's harpings rang. The Latin poet chooses his subject, selects his incidents with skill and care, and uses all the expedients of Art to heighten his efforts. A conquering race never weary of its own praises, a royal patron to celebrate, and a splendid court to flatter, are visible in the very structure of the poem. Now and then even, the reader is brought back out of Carthage, or Latium, or even Hades itself, with a sudden leap, by the unexpected intervention of an apostrophe to Cæsar, some pæan over his victories, some lamentation such as that which moved all Rome to tears—the poet's wail over the young Marcellus. Thus we are made to feel not only

the intention of the poem, but even the audience who listen to it, the imperial lady who swoons at the name of her dead son, and the high-seated Augustus, whose glorious descent as the son of Iulus or Ascanius was the inspiration of the whole. In all this there is nothing like the vagabond bard, or bards, who wove the story of the siege of Troy; but neither have we here a mercenary laureate, or court poet, celebrating in magnificent story the half-divine race of his tyrant; for Virgil himself was a Roman, sharing the inordinate, arrogant love of his city and race, which his great poem flattered; and it is but just to suppose that he believed the sway of Augustus, which, no doubt he helped to make palatable to his fellow-citizens—to be the best thing for them after all the tumults and commotions of the Republic.

When we turn, however, to the poem itself and to its hero, we cannot but feel that Art has done less for us than Nature did. *Æneas*, goldless-born, and therefore half-divine, is a splendid ancestor for Augustus; and that he should be brought to the Latin coast, in spite of a thousand obstacles, by direct command and intervention of the gods, to found the supreme city which should rule the world, was flattering and delightful to the Romans, for whose benefit, ages before they were born, all this trouble was taken; but looked at on his own merits he is but a sorry fellow on the whole, and has not the size and grandeur of the Homeric heroes. There is a breadth and vigour even about the wily Ulysses, though we have no particular sympathy with him, which somehow throws a certain greatness into his sometimes very doubtful devices, and keeps us from despising him. *Æneas* is a being of colder blood and smaller mould. The poet's favourite epithet for him

is "the pious;" but the reader is disposed to substitute the "prudent"—a less attractive title. All the critics make violent efforts to impress upon us the fact that as there was no love, properly so-called, in ancient days, nor appreciation of the delicacy and finer soul of that passion, the pious wanderer's treatment of Dido was perfectly in keeping with the temper and morality of his time. And so we presume it was; yet Virgil would not have been a poet had he not known better, and he vindicates himself, at least in some degree, by the grand strain of indignant remonstrance and invective which he puts into Dido's mouth. The reader's sympathy, it is needless to say, is entirely with the tragical forsaken woman, in whose presence the cautious hero cuts a very poor figure. There is no passion in him at any part of the tale. He is weaker and poorer even than the false lover of later romance, who before the moment of his perfidy arrives, has one time or other been kindled by some living warmth. *Æneas* is the most calculating and cold-blooded of adventurers, accepting everything bestowed upon him, whether it be a meal or a heart, with the same commonplace perception of his own advantage, readiness to take all he can get, and prudent determination to give as little as possible in return. Dido's devotion is nothing to him; he is moved by no sympathy for her despair, but pursues his own cool purpose throughout all with sober-minded brutality, not violent, for violence is not congenial to his character, but obstinately pious, holding fast by the commands of the gods, and betraying the impassioned queen as no doubt he would have married her, had *Hermes* and the rest so counselled him for his advantage, in a respectable, cold-blooded way. Dido, on the

other hand, is much below the level of those tragic women with whom we make acquaintance in the Greek drama. Beside Medea she fades into the merest neutral tint; yet how fine is the scorn and indignation of her parting address to the cool visitor who found her glorious and prospering, and left her in the bitterness of ruin and despair! Women in such circumstances are apt, all the world over, to tell some unpleasant truths. Neither of the parties in this tragic encounter reach the level of the earlier epic; but Dido, who is the victim, has, as generally happens, the best of it in the record, and is to us the central figure, the only one in whom any depth of human passion is involved.

Æneas sails away, complacent and calm as ever, when he has detached himself from the desolate queen, feeling a little pang of fear when he sees, across the sea, the glare of the funeral pile on which Dido is perishing, but totally unmoved and unimpressed by the condition in which he has left her. After some further adventures he encounters the mystic Sybil, through whose agency he descends into the Shades, in order to see his father Anchises, and to receive thus at first hand the directions for his future career, which had been dimly signified to him hitherto in dreams. The sixth book of the *Æneid*, which contains an account of this visit to the spiritual world, is to many readers the most interesting of the whole poem—interesting not only in itself, but in consideration of the place it holds between Homer and Dante, between the primeval heathen and the medieval Christian view of that unseen region which imagination has always questioned so eagerly. There is no doubt that Virgil conducts his traveller into those unknown

shadows with true originality and poetic power. He is not able to forget the story of the great poet who went there before him, any more than the mighty Italian who followed is able to forget his own progress through the eternal glooms; and few things could be more interesting than to contrast the three visions of the unseen, proceeding, as they do, from three utterly different standing points. Homer and Dante have both of them a robust, unquestioning faith, such as it is; but he who comes between, the poet of worn out and enfeebled Paganism, to whom the gods of Olympus had grown dim, who was born *sub Julio*, late, yet too soon for better knowledge—to him Hades is dim indeed, not only a land of shadows, but perhaps a shadow itself—a region of which dreams and chimeras haunt the portal as the travellers enter, and dreams take exit by the parting door. Nothing can be more poetical and delicate than the suggestion, conveyed in the dream-tree at one end, and the dream-gates at the other, that Hades itself, and all its shades, are but a dream. Homer's appalling vision of the stream of blood, at which every pale ghost must drink before it can address or even recognise the mortal visitor, and to which the dim spectres crowd with hungry eyes intent upon the dreadful draught—finds no place in the more refined but dimmer shades which Virgil enters with his hero, to hear Anchises tell the glories and the woes of Æneas' royal race. Homer, though he treats the gods so cavalierly, was sure enough—as sure as man can be, of that unseen world; but Virgil has no certainty; it is all dim to him; perhaps only a vision after all. Dante, on the other hand, who had regained more than the certainty of the elder Greek, would have had, we can

imagine, but little objection even to such a tremendous image as that ditch of blood. But his 'Inferno,' though full of punishments infinitely more terrible than exist in the imaginations of his predecessors, is somehow less overwhelmingly sad. To the Greek and Latin alike, the shades of the departed are separated so entirely from humanity, and are so pitifully disembodied and unreal, that even Farinata in his living tomb, even the Pope who waits with burning feet the approach of his successor, is to be envied in comparison. In the depths of Malebolge these Tuscans are men, living, struggling, in a world full of movement, where there is constant action going on of one kind or another, and where a grim humour still exists, and chances of momentary escape from their tormentors—or at least the excitement of pursuit, and the amusement of watching other episodes of flight, capture, torture, and exhaustion—are still within their reach. It may be poor fun to bolt under the boiling pitch, and thus escape the forks of the demons, as did that Navarrese spirit who talked with Dante and his leader; but at least the other trembling wretches in the ditch must have found a certain amusement in watching the trick of their comrade, and snatched a fearful joy in beholding the demons turn their weapons on each other. No such commotion ever disturbs the motionless still air of the heathen Hades. There are no men there, but creatures disembodied; and even the Elysian fields and plains of asphodel are sadder, more depressing and melancholy, than the robust medieval Inferno, where all things are real, both the sufferers and the punishment. Virgil is the most shadowy and vague of the three in his pictures of the unknown.

It is a vision to him—a dim revelation of the night. The door through which *Æneas* quits that mystic region is the ivory gate, polished and fair, through which Pluto sends false dreams "that hurt the hearts of men"—but the only other exit, that of "authentic vision," still leaves to the unreal the universal sway, and rounds up with a dream the shadowy tale. Here is the description of the entrance to that visionary world.

"They went in darkness through the
lonely shade
By Pluto's dread and desolate domains,
As when the moon's uncertain rays
light on
Some traveller through the woods, while
all the sky
Is hid, and nature's varied loveliness
Assumes the blackness of surrounding
night.
First in the very gates of Hell there
sat
Dark Cares and Grief the punishers of
men;
Here fell Diseases crouch, a pallid band,
And sad Decay, and Fear, and Penury
Squalid and foul, and Hunger, counsel-
ling ill;
Shapes terrible to view. And here stands
Death,
And painful Toil, and death's twin-
brother Sleep,
And all the heart's forbidden joys; and
War
Thirsting for blood, lurks in the open
door.
Here too the avenging Furies' iron cells,
Here maddening Discord rages; in her
locks
Dripping with blood the hissing serpents
twine.
Full in the midst a huge and shady elm
Spread out its aged arms, beneath whose
shade
Delusive dreams, so common rumour
says,
Cling in the leaves. Here many mon-
sters dwell
Of various aspects; nearest to the gate
The Centaurs' stalls arise, the Scyllas
twain
Are next, then with his hundred arms
upraised
The giant Briareus. Here, while re-
sounds
The dreadful hiss of the Lernean snake,

Chimæra breathes forth flame; the Gorgons here
 And monster Harpies rage, and dark
 appears
 Geryon's triple shade."

We need not follow the pious and prudent Æneas through his fruitless fights and difficulties, though they are many. His commission from the gods to found the holy city is as necessary to excuse his utterly unjustifiable invasion of Latium as was the divine command which authorised the Hebrews to enter Canaan; though the wandering tribes had various quarrels on their hands with the kings of the plains independent of their higher authority. Æneas, however, had no natural plea whatever to excuse him, being on the contrary received with kindness and hospitality: and once more fails completely in securing our sympathy, which is all enlisted on behalf of the young patriot chief, fighting for his home and his love, from whom this middle-aged adventurer takes at once his fatherland and his Lavinia. The poem ends with the victory of the stranger, the death of the gallant Turnus, and the winning of the reluctant bride—an end totally abhorrent to modern art, which, had the worst come to the worst, and the invaders' success been irremediable, would have made out some escape by death, if no other way, for the unfortunate princess, at least; but these delicacies were not thought necessary, even *sub Julio*, or in the cultivated and refined Augustan age. Thus the poet carries out his patriotic and courtly intention, and shows by what triumph of bravery and of good fortune, and by what favour of the gods, the pious Æneas was brought from distant Troy across the seas, to establish the world-famed and world-commanding Rome, and to give a glorious origin to the family of Julius, the Cæsar

just verged into Emperor, for whom he sang. For this purpose Virgil sought his hero in the glooms of falling Ilium, and shaped his course among the dangers of the seas, and humiliated Carthage in his person, and wedded the Latin race to the traditionary splendour of Troy. No wonder that the Romans received the tale with plaudits, and the Emperor with rewards. It is, we suppose, the greatest tribute that ever poet paid to a sovereign, or citizen to a State.

Mr Collins' volume, without entering more minutely into the state of Roman affairs than is needful, will give the reader a very just idea of Virgil's position and life, as well as of his poetry; and the only criticism on which we will venture is addressed rather to the translation of which he chiefly makes use, than to the little book itself, in which all is done that space and possibility allow, to make the English reader acquainted with Virgil. The latest version of the Æneid, however, from which he quotes largely, and which seems likely to supersede all others, that of Mr Conington, is one to which, with all our respect for the learning and genius of that much lamented scholar, we cannot reconcile ourselves. Scott's measure has its defects and its advantages; it is admirably adapted to the stirring and rugged tales for which he employed it; but we cannot feel that the flowing, sometimes even jingling metre, which is entirely appropriate to Gothic minstrelsy, which chimes in so well with the Highland breezes, the discords of the pibroch, the tinkle of the mountain burn, and all the picturesque, irregular, fantastic lore of the North, has anything in it congenial with the stately classic strain, dignified not only by its own elaborate construction, but by its antiquity, its lofty

pretensions, its heroic subject. The sentiment of Virgil and that of Scott are so essentially different, that to link the one poet to the other involves an incongruity which is almost absurd. It is something like dressing a Roman senator in kilt and philabeg. Perhaps—it is like enough—Agamemnon, himself the king of men, may have worn some primitive garment not unlike the petticoat of an Albanian, which, in its turn, is sufficiently like the Highlander's kilt; but this possible backing-up of fact would not make the appearance of the Greek less grotesque if he appeared in the garment of Roderick Dhu. Grave Virgil, out of the eternal shadows, he from whose *paroleornate* the great Tuscan drew his inspiration, he who moves with majestic solemnity through the dim circles of the Inferno, what natural inducement could lead him to break voluntarily into the easy canter of the Border Minstrel, and to go tripping over hill and dale, or skimming along the coast with a light-minded modern breeze in his sails? The idea strikes us as almost comic, and this notwithstanding the wonderful truth and fidelity of the translation, which makes it still more to be regretted that its form should be subject to so obvious an objection. Dryden's more heroic strain may be less faithful, but it is certainly more appropriate.

The other greatest name in Latin literature belongs to the same brilliant period—the Augustan age. Curiously enough, the decay of civic freedom and the rise of a despotism does not by any means involve that deadness of art which we would gladly believe attended the downfall of national principle. What we fondly call the Augustan age in England was indeed destitute of any deep-laid scheme against our national liberties, and good sleepy

Queen Anne was as unlike a subtly encroaching despot as it is possible to imagine. But still, enlightened tyranny is as likely to foster the arts as any better system, though few despots have had such divine slaves to do their bidding as Virgil and Horace. Horace is the songster, moralist, and satirist of that brilliant age, as Virgil is its serious poet. The two men were friends—the one bringing the other under the notice of that Mæcenas whose name has become the synonym of an enlightened patron, and whose villa on that lovely hill at Tivoli was once as full of the overflowings of genius as its grey walls are now of the sparkling *cascatelle*, which—a softer revenge than Nature often takes upon those who cheat her laws and escape her doom of inevitable decay—leap shining from the windows, through which Virgil and Horace together may have watched the sun setting over the Campagna. Horace, however, is less easily capable of introduction to the unlearned reader than his friend and contemporary. No one knows him better, or is more thoroughly qualified to expound his tuneful verse and pleasant, but not very poetical, existence, than Mr Theodore Martin, with whose translations the world is already well acquainted. He has made one of the pleasantest volumes of this series out of the poet whom he has studied so closely and rendered so well. Horace was of the lower level of society, the son of a slave, while Virgil was “born a gentleman,”—one of the many instances of the absolute impartiality of nature in conferring her highest endowments. The slave father, however, was rich enough to give him the best education procurable, and wise enough to accompany it with his personal supervision and precepts. His first appearance before the public seems to have been as a satirist—an easy way to secure

the popular ear in such a community as Rome, and one which youth generally feels very congenial to its own deep-seated sense of superiority. It was only, however, when he attracted the notice of Mæcenas that Horace came into the way of becoming great. Mæcenas, it is said, took nearly a year to decide whether he should admit the young poet into his poetical and political coterie or not. For all this time, Horace, after their first interview, heard nothing of the all-powerful patron who could make any man's fortune; but, at the end of the long interval, he was sent for and bidden to consider himself enrolled for the future among the friends of Mæcenas. After this, his career was smooth enough, and in the course of a few years, his noble patron bestowed upon him the Sabine farm which figures so largely in all he says and sings. It was worth while being a poet in days when such gifts were natural. The Sabine farm seems to have done more than secure for Horace the competence which is so dear to all ease-loving people; it gave him an unfailling refuge from all the troubles of the world. He flew to it when he was weary or out of temper, when a passing fit of spleen or indignation brought that disgust which comes and goes so easily with real lovers of the world. It answered all the purpose of family and children to him—he could always fall back upon it whatever happened. The character which Mr Martin presents to the reader is very charming, friendly, and attractive, if not perhaps very elevated. Horace is of the world, worldly; he does not even strike the highest note of Epicurean philosophy. His "vanity of vanities," though he twitters it lightly enough in many a refrain, has nothing of the tragic disappointment of the Hebrew. Even in enjoy-

ment he is no optimist, demanding the impossible; but asks only, in his cheerful way, to get along comfortably, and amuse himself and please himself, without harming others. His moralities are of a comfortable worldly sort; his immoralities are perfectly easy and good-humoured. His loves (save the mark!) and his hatreds are alike moderate, and bring no particular harm to any one. And his poetry is full of himself, and of these easy and pleasant characteristics. His farm, his fields, his vines, the log that is laid upon that hearth which we all know so well, the old wine that is brought out, the old friend who is hailed with genial hospitality, when Soracte is white with snow, and the stormy winds tear the chestnut glades; his Bandusian fount by which he finds a cool refuge when summer blazes upon the plain,—even the reader who knows little of Horace has already heard of those familiar parts of him. He is the shrewdest, most clearheaded of easy men, keen and humorous in his native lightness of soul, aware of his own little self-deceptions, and laughing in his sleeve at his own babble of green fields—yet, notwithstanding the laugh, knowing that the babble is true when the fields are his own. Altogether, though he is far from a lofty personage, he is never unlikeable, even lovable when he pleases. He is perfectly friendly, though he would not make the slightest sacrifice for your sake; but neither would he ask any from you. He takes everything in an easy tone, confident that nothing can last, not love itself, as he expounds to his beauties. Mr Martin gives many examples of his poetic style, and for these we refer the reader to the charming volume itself. No one has succeeded better in catching the airy grace, the lightness of the treatment, the music of

the verse. Here is a charming description of his own mode of life, simple, yet embodying that luxury of simplicity, the enjoyment of everything the writer loves best. The ordinary occupations and pleasures of his day are thus set forth in contrast with the splendid troubles of public life :—

"I walk alone, by mine own fancy led,
Inquire the price of potherbs and of bread,

The circus cross, to see its tricks and fun;
The forum, too, at times, near set of sun;
With other fools there do I stand and gape

Round fortune-tellers' stalls, thence home escape

To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse, and pease;

Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.

Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
A goblet and two beakers; near at hand,
A common ewer, patera, and bowl;
Campania's potteries produced the whole.
To sleep then I.

I keep my couch till ten, then walk awhile,

Or having read or writ what may beguile
A quiet after-hour, anoint my limbs
With oil, not such as filthy Natta skims
From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.

And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,

Warn me to quit the field, and hand-ball play,

The bath takes all my weariness away.

Then, having lightly dined, just to appease

The sense of emptiness, I take mine ease,
Enjoying all home's simple luxury.

This is the life of bard unclogged, like me,
By stern ambition's miserable weight.

So placed, I own with gratitude, my state
Is sweeter, ay, than though a quæstor's power

From sire and grandsire's sires had been my dower."

This is perhaps the most gentle and irreproachable form of self-indulgence, and sounds charmingly on paper. The deeper note involved in this delightful comfort and unassuming luxury, the future which it wisely, in accordance with its code, inquires into but little, accepting the inevitable, however, with

sense and courage, is expressed in the following well-known verses :—

"Ask not—such lore's forbidden—

What destined term may be
Within the future hidden

For us, Leuconœ.

Both thou and I

Must quickly die!

Content thee, then, nor madly hope
To wrest a false assurance from Chaldean
horoscope.

Far nobler, better were it,
Whate'er may be in store.

With soul serene to bear it,

If winters many more

Jove spare for thee,

Or this shall be

The last, that now with sullen roar
Scatters the Tuscan surge in foam upon
the rock-bound shore.

Be wise, your spirit firing
With cups of tempered wine,

And hopes afar aspiring

In compass brief confine,

'Tse all life's powers;

The envious hours

Fly as we talk; then live to-day.

Nor fondly to to-morrow trust more than
you must or may."

Oddly enough, these verses are quoted in the eccentric and somewhat foolish novel of a clever writer lately published, as an example of the means by which his heroine was trained into the most perfect of women! We doubt whether the little poem would generally commend itself as adapted for this purpose; but the sentiment is fine of its kind, and affords a fit crown and conclusion to the easy, genial, highly-cultured, and all-enjoying life of the old Roman. He reaches a high note, and shows a spirit touched to a finer issue, in one of the odes to Mæcenas. His patron lacked what Horace so fully possessed—a tranquil and contented spirit—and it was evidently to soothe some despondent mood that the poet gave vent to this expression of devoted friendship :—

"Why wilt thou kill me with thy bod-
ing fears?

Why, oh Mæcenas, why!

Before thee lies a train of happy years :
 Yes, nor the gods nor I
 Could brook that thou shouldst first be
 laid in dust,
 Who art my stay, my glory, and my
 trust !

Ah, if untimely Fate should snatch
 thee hence,

Thee, of my soul a part,
 Why should I linger on, with deadened
 sense,

And ever-aching heart,
 A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine ?
 No, no, one day shall see thy death
 and mine !

Think not that I have sworn a bootless
 oath ;

Yes, we shall go, shall go,
 Hand link'd in hand, whene'er thou
 leadest, both

The last sad road below !
 Me neither the Chimæra's fiery breath,
 Nor Gyges, even could Gyges rise from
 death,

With all his hundred hands from thee
 shall sever ;

For in such sort it hath
 Pleas'd the dread Fates, and Justice
 potent ever,

To interweave our path,
 Beneath whatever aspect thou wert
 born,

Libra, or Scorpion fierce, or Capri-
 corn."

The promise to go "hand in hand" with his friend, when the summons came, on the sad road that led below, might have been a rash one ; but it was singularly and touchingly verified. Mæcenas died in summer, and Horace in the November of the same year, at the age of fifty-seven—so it might well have been that something of the languor of soul that creeps over the lonely man when his friends disappear from his side had undermined the life of the poet. His death is, as so often happens, the most touching event in his life.

The other poets a little earlier or a little later than Virgil or Horace, who still may be classed as their contemporaries, find no place in Mr Collins's series. Ovid, Tibullus,

Propertius, Catullus, are passed over without a word—for what reason we can scarcely divine, unless from the difficulty, to which we have repeatedly referred, of giving any fit idea, by any means but those of direct translation, of non-dramatic poetry. The reason is quite valid, and worthy of full consideration ; yet we think that some briefer notice might have been given with advantage of these tuneful brethren—enough at least to distinguish and identify them to unlearned readers. They are better known, more important, and more poetical, we cannot but think, than Plautus and Terence, who make up a volume with their comedies—adaptations from Greek originals—and whose sole title to preference is, that their stories are more easy to tell. There is little upon which we can dwell in these two writers ; fine speeches and striking lines, like the famous "*Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto*," are no doubt to be found in them ; but our leisure does not permit us to dig for them through a mass of indifferent plots confessedly not original. Passing over these minor dramatists, we come to two great men of action sufficiently linked with literature to entitle them to a place among classic authors, and giving in their princely persons a more splendid demonstration of Roman life than any merely literary productions could do. These men are Cæsar and Cicero. Mr Anthony Trollope has told the story of the great Julius with much ease and spirit ; almost too clearly, brightly, and well for a subject which we associate with mighty tomes and heavy periods. The reader feels as if he owed to the great Cæsar something more solemn than the pleasure with which he reads a narrative in which there is no tedium. It is seldom that an artist so distinguished in one branch

of literature, takes the trouble of entering upon another : and the skill of the practised narrator conveys an unusual charm to the history. Mr Trollope carries out the principle of the series with conscientiousness. He tells the story of the *Commentaries* in his own words, which are of themselves most characteristic and pleasant. A more splendid life has never been in the world, and there are abundant means of studying it. The man who as nearly conquered the world as any one man could do ; who conquered the might of old Rome, its factions and traditions ; —who, struggling through a hundred vicissitudes, made himself the foremost figure of his day, a kind of king of the universe, so to speak—he who was first in Rome being first in the world—and who, not content with all these achievements, wrote the story of them better than any one else could have written it, —requires little additional labour on the part of his biographer to prove his greatness. He is the most heroic, as he is the most powerful, of Romans, in himself an admirable type of Rome, all-conquering, invincible, proudest and greatest of empires ; but his place is more in the imperial line of kings and statesmen than with the humbler, if not less proud, order of poets and writers. The blaze of splendour about him dazzles our eyes. We are more at home at the Sabine farm, listening to the trickling of the summer fountain, or warm indoors in wintry weather over the chestnuts and the wine.

Cicero, however, less fortunate, less splendid, and less great, succeeds better than Cæsar does in combining the glow and shine of public eminence with that milder glory which is more dear to our heart. His public career was splendid, but, unlike that of Cæsar, it was checkered by great downfall

and misfortune, as well as by the greatest honours and promotions. He gained the highest distinctions Rome could give, earning the titles of *Pater Patriæ* and of Saviour of Rome, and then was driven out ignominiously, an outlaw and excommunicated person ; but only to be brought back eighteen months later in triumph—"carried back to Rome on the shoulders of Italy," as he himself says. Later, he joined in the conspiracy of Brutus and Cassius against Cæsar ; and when that failed in any results except murder, found in Antony, against whom in the mean time he had launched his tremendous *Philippics*, an enemy still more dangerous and powerful than the two former, Catiline and Clodius, who had brought about his previous misfortunes. It is a kind of happiness in its way to have had for enemies men whose very names are hateful in history, and whom no good man would care to call friend. Cicero died sadly enough while in the act of escaping. He was being carried in his litter by his slaves through the woods which adjoined his villa, to the coast, that he might get off by sea. He had been urged unwillingly to this flight by his faithful servants, and lay in his litter, moving slowly through the dewy trees, reading his favourite Euripides when the pursuers overtook him. The leader of the band was one whom Cicero's eloquence had saved for that moment ; and there the Roman warriors killed the old man, the *Pater Patriæ*, the Saviour of their city. If we had space to enter into his life, there are specks in it evident enough ; but he was both noble and unfortunate ; and the vanity of which he is accused, and inability to bear misfortune like a man, are, no doubt, fully attributable to the keen, nervous sensibility of his organisation, and partly to the habit of his time, which was not fashioned

(a thing we find it so hard to understand) upon our English nineteenth-century rules of what is dignified or not. His first great claim upon the recollection of posterity as a classic writer is (if we may be permitted a bull) not through his writings at all, but his speeches—splendid pieces of oratory in which great public speakers of all subsequent ages have found their models. It is scarcely less easy to render them into quiet English than to transfer into our mother tongue the poetic strains of fervent Italy. We feel that not only are the words wanting, but the speaker, to enable us to feel the full force of the oration. Mr Collins quotes a great many of these speeches, and from them the reader will learn as much as it is possible to learn of Cicero's power in this way. We will give only one example, one which shows the superior skill of the pleader, and his power of comprehending all the possibilities of a situation. He had been called upon to defend Ligarius, who was impeached of treason against the state, in the person of Cæsar, as having borne arms against him in his African campaign. Cicero himself had been on the side of those against whom Cæsar fought—and Cæsar was the judge. It would be difficult to imagine a position more difficult or more embarrassing. The advocate began by "making out what case he could for his client." Clearly there was little enough to be said. Then with that unerring instinctive perception of what is best, which is sometimes the result of consummate skill and dexterity, and sometimes the merest dictate of nature, he suddenly threw down his argument and spoke direct to the judge on the bench, who was at the same time the offended person :—

"I have pleaded many causes, Cæsar, . . . but I never yet used language

of this sort—'Pardon him, sirs, he has offended; he has made a false step; he did not think to do it; he never will again.' This is language we use to a father. To the court it must be—'He did not do it; he never contemplated it; the evidence is false; the charge is fabricated.' If you tell me you sit but as the judge of the fact in this case, Cæsar—if you ask me when and where he served against you—I am silent. I will not now dwell upon the extenuating circumstances which even before a judicial tribunal might have their weight. We take this course before a judge, but I am here pleading to a father. I have erred, I have done wrong, I am sorry; I take refuge in your clemency; I ask forgiveness for my fault. I pray you, pardon me. . . . There is nothing so popular, believe me, sir, as kindness,—of all your many virtues, none wins men's admiration and their love like mercy. In nothing do men reach so near the gods, as when they can give life and safety to mankind. Fortune has given you nothing more glorious than the power—your own nature can supply nothing more noble than the will—to spare and pardon whenever you can. The case, perhaps, demands a longer advocacy—your gracious disposition feels it too long already. So I make an end, preferring for my cause that you should argue with your own heart, than that I or any other should argue with you. I will urge nothing more than this—the grace which you shall extend to my client in his absence, will be felt as a boon by all here present."

In these few noble lines are compressed much that Shakespeare has repeated on various occasions. That quality of mercy which blesseth him that gives and him that takes, has never been more beautifully claimed. Not Isabella when she catches the cold Angelo's ear with, "Hark, I will bribe you!"—not Portia's fine appeal,—are more direct than this which was addressed by the greatest orator in Rome to the greatest conqueror; and though these old Romans were little affected by sentiment, and

quite unused to decide any practical questions by such a plea, yet the appeal was successful, and Ligarius was pardoned.

The other works of Cicero are all on ethical and philosophical subjects. His famous essay on Old Age, and that on Friendship, are of a less profound character than the philosophical discussions on the True Ends of Life ('*De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*'), the disputations upon the nature of God, upon death, upon immortality, and upon the connection between virtue and happiness, of which the reader will here find an excellent summary. Some of these thoughts are very remarkable in their elevation and purity. They are full of that profound uncertainty which belonged to their age, and which indeed hangs over all ages, ever ready to reappear when men question deeply that silence which gives so little reply. So noble and spiritual, however, are many of the sentiments uttered by the old Roman, to whom the ancient gods of Greece were fables, and who was too early for Christianity, even had it been likely that his pride would have stooped to a faith so humbly introduced, that we can only wonder and admire the elevation of soul and wistful intuition which formed a religious atmosphere about those great spirits groping towards the God they divined, with a devotion more disinterested, more genuine than our own. Erasmus speaks of Cicero as fit to be a canonised saint. Petrarch says of him that "you would fancy sometimes it was not a Pagan philosopher, but a Christian apostle who was speaking;" and the beautiful passages translated—and very well translated—by Mr Collins, may persuade the reader that these high testimonies scarcely go too far. There is something extremely touching even in the origin

of these works. Some of them were written to distract his mind under the great grief of his life—the death of his daughter Tullia; the others to solace him in his scarcely less grief for Rome, when he saw great Caesar's great despotism, which he had risked his soul to cut short, transferred into the inferior hands of Antony. It gives a deeper interest to the philosopher's searching demand, What is death? when we remember that this piteous question—to which Christianity itself gives but a broad general answer, and none of those details for which the soul yearns—was that of a father whose child had gone away from him into the unknown. "To me," he says, "when I consider the nature of the soul, there is far more difficulty and obscurity in forming a conception of what the soul is while in the body—in a dwelling where it seems so little at home—than of what it will be when it has escaped into the free atmosphere of heaven, which seems its natural abode." What taught him so elevated and spiritual a conception? Somehow or other, Cicero had found out that this Soul was the thing most worth attention of anything in the world. Poor soul! in this advanced age it has fallen into disrepute, like many other things, and is less interesting or important than the lobe of the ear, and the ball of the thumb—of all the changes between our time and Cicero's, one of the most wonderful, surely.

We will give but one other passage from the essay on Old Age—a very famous one, for which again we are indebted to Mr Collins:—

"It likes me not to mourn over departing life as many men, and men of learning, have done. Nor can I regret that I have lived, since I have so lived as that I may trust I was not born in vain; and I depart out of life as out of a temporary lodging, not as out of

my home. For Nature has given it to us as an inn to tarry at by the way, not as a place to abide in. Oh glorious day! when I shall set out to join that blessed company and assembly of disembodied spirits, and quit this crowd and rabble of life! For I shall go my way, not only to those great men of whom I spoke, but to my own son Cato, than whom was never better man born, nor more full of dutiful affection; whose body I laid on the funeral pile—an office he should rather have done for me. But his spirit has never left me; it still looks fondly back upon me, though it has gone assuredly into those abodes where he knew that I myself shall follow. And this, my great loss, I seemed to bear with calmness; not that I bore it undisturbed, but that I still consoled myself with the thought that the separation between us could not be for long. And if I err in this, in that I believe the spirits of men to be immortal, I err willingly; nor would I have this mistaken opinion of mine uprooted so long as I live. But if, after I am dead, I shall have no consciousness, as some curious philosophers assert, then I am not afraid of dead philosophers laughing at my mistake."

We are transported into another century and a changed atmosphere by the next group of Roman writers to whom we are introduced. From the last struggles of the falling Republic, dying hard under the desperate championship of such men as Pompey, Cicero, and the band of tragic but ineffectual conspirators who killed great Cæsar; and the subdued tranquillity, as of a sea stilled after a storm, of the age of Augustus, full of all the softer pipings of peace and lays of poets,—we plunge at once into the misery and degradation that followed under such rulers as Nero and Domitian. To illustrate this period, we have Tacitus the historian, Pliny, whom we may call the familiar commentator and social critic, and Juvenal the satirist; so that by means of so many different expositors, each help-

ing out the picture made by the other, we ought to have it in our power to form a sufficiently just idea of the condition of Rome. The works of Tacitus, with one exception, are historical. His '*Agricola*' gives us the life of a good general and brave man, with something in him of the old heroic Roman strain, whose success in pushing the Roman legions along the rugged northern coasts of our own island, gives him a special interest to ourselves, if, indeed, any interest can be strong which lies so far in the dim past, and concerns ancestors so unrecognisable as the Scots or Picts, who gave the Roman general enough to do even in our dear humdrum and placid Kingdom of Fife. The subject of the '*Germany*' is sufficiently indicated by its title; it is an account of that great midland continental country, out of the glooms of which there came now and then fierce and rude invaders, and in which revolts against Roman sway were perpetual. It is full of curious descriptions, such as a man examining those glooms out of the heart of civilisation would be likely to make, and which are interesting both in their mistakes and in their affirmations. "All have fierce blue eyes, red hair, huge frames," he says—the common description, by the way, of the half-savage warrior, whom civilisation half dreads and is half contemptuous of. Not much more than a century ago, the same description might have been given in England of those "wild Scotch" who followed Prince Charlie. The still broader generalisation which describes the Teutons as "a race without either natural or acquired cunning," is amusing enough. The '*Annals*' and '*History*,' one closely following on the other, are, however, the greatest works of Tacitus. The first embraces the first half of the

century in which he himself lived—the age just before his own, which he had most abundant opportunity of fathoming and comprehending; the second is the story of the reigns under which he himself lived. The many mutilations to which they have been subject impair the perfection of these records; but the English reader will find even in Mr Bodham Donne's summary a very comprehensive view of the history of the time, its extraordinary convulsions, its succession of one tyrant after another, the frightful episode of military domination which gave to the paralysed city such rulers as Otho and Vitellius, and all the vicissitudes of Ciesarism—occasionally fortunate, as when Vespasian and Titus ruled, but always stupefying and deadening the national life, and working downwards to certain ruin. The strong bias against the system of despotism which is evident, gives pungency to the record, such as a history of the Napoleons by such a bitter yet honourable critic as Montalembert might have shown. There is little space in the small volumes of this series for giving, besides the necessary narrative and summary, much insight into the style and eloquence of such a writer—a thing itself extremely difficult, almost impossible; but any good account of the most authentic story of the first century must be interesting to the English reader.

Pliny, the friend of Tacitus, lends his brighter social sketches to fill out the statelier narrative, and furnishes an extremely pleasant volume, more easy and likeable, if less important, than the historian's weighty narrative. These sketches, as the reader is aware, are in the form of letters, and as such convey some curious information to us, both of historical

scenes and of the daily life of Rome. There are few books of the series more attractive than Messrs Church and Brodribb's agreeable account of this genial and kindly Roman. We enter with him into all the details of existence, and are amused by all the peculiarities which mark the long distance and difference between us, without losing sight of those more lasting conditions of humanity which are the same now as they were in Rome in the first century, a mingled likeness and contrast which gives the chief charm to social history. The most famous, perhaps, of Pliny's letters is that which gives an account of the great eruption of Vesuvius, by which Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed, and which the reader will find in this volume, though it seems unnecessary to quote it here. It is interesting, however, to note in this narrative, and in the equally well-known account of the Jews given by Tacitus, what is pointed out by the authors of both volumes—the curious absence of that critical faculty and sense of the necessity of accuracy, which we in these latter days pride ourselves on possessing. Pliny's story of the eruption is extremely picturesque, but it is wanting in the most obvious details of trustworthy evidence, and tells us neither when the extraordinary appearances which he describes began, nor how long they lasted, nor where the terror-stricken crowd which pressed so upon him as to drive him onward, escaped to in their flight, nor even the direction they took. The notes of Tacitus on the Jews are still more deficient in all that constitutes evidence, and show a readiness to accept the merest hearsay, which is very unworthy a historian, and is by no means, one would have said, characteristic of

the man. It gives the most grotesque outsider's version of the facts so well known to us from other sources; although even in this strange travesty there is much which the author evidently feels to show a higher tone of morality than that of his own superior and enlightened race.

To return, however, to Pliny: there are innumerable bits of Roman life in his letters much less known than his description of the famous and terrible catastrophe of Pompeii. The reader will be amused by the following curious sketch of an institution well known among us as the *claque*, which seems to have been used in Pliny's days, under much less justifiable circumstances than those which have attended its modern existence. It is here introduced as a common feature in the courts of justice. Pliny himself practised at the bar like so many other distinguished Romans. He is describing the "Court of the Hundred," in which he says there are few interesting cases, and the greater part of the practice is in the hands of young and unknown men:—

"They have an audience like themselves, regularly hired for the occasion; a speculator contracts to supply them; presents are passed to them quite openly in court, and they go for the same hire from court to court. Yesterday two young slaves of mine were dragged off to applaud somebody at half-a-crown apiece. Such is the price of the highest eloquence—for this you may fill a number of benches, collect a crowd, and have a burst of cheering as soon as ever the leader of the chorus has given the word."

Another habit of a more refined kind—but one which, it will easily be seen, might very well grow into an intolerable nuisance to all plain people having friends of the literary class—was the system of

public readings. It is a hard case enough when you are liable to be presented, without a moment's notice, with a volume of your friend's poetry, and still harder when your opinion is asked as to the expediency of publication; but what would become of us if all the writers of our acquaintance had the privilege of inviting us to hear them read their productions—an invitation scarcely to be refused at less cost than a quarrel? We remember ruefully an accident that once happened to ourselves (and it was at Rome) when a friend, whose entreaties to read his MS. we had skilfully dodged up to the last moment, instead of saying farewell like a Christian, jumped after us into the railway carriage which was about to convey us to Civita Vecchia, and produced upon us, helpless, the dreaded MS. It would appear that Pliny was more charitable than we are; for he speaks of this terrible practice—which Juvenal, more impatient, denounces as one of "the horrors of this hateful town"—with an amiable complaisance:—

"I must beg you to excuse me to-day," he says; "Titinius Capito means to give a reading, and I cannot say whether I am more bound or more desirous to hear him. . . . He lends his house to readers; and whether the reading be at his own house or elsewhere, he shows a remarkable kindness in making himself one of the audience; me certainly he has never failed whenever he has happened to be in town." "This year," he says on another occasion, "has brought us a great crop of poets. During the whole month of April there was scarcely a day on which some one did not give a reading. I am delighted to see that literature flourishes, that the powers of our writers have the opportunity of displaying themselves; yet audiences come but slowly to listen. Many persons sit in the lounging places and waste in gossip the time that they

should spend in listening. They even have news brought to them whether the reader has entered, whether he has spoken his preface, whether he has got through a considerable part of his manuscript. Then at last they come, but come slowly and reluctantly. . . . Good heavens! our fathers can remember how the Emperor Claudius, walking one day in the palace, hearing a great shouting, inquired the cause. They told him that Nonianus was reading: whereupon he entered the room wholly unexpected by the reader. Now, the idlest of men, after having been invited long before to attend, and reminded over and over again of the engagement, either do not come at all, or if they come complain of having 'lost a day!'

This reference to the good old times (not very far off in this case) shows that Pliny did not share his friend Tacitus's hatred for the Cæsars. The historian, no doubt, would have thrown back the blissful moment when the readings of all poets were attended with eagerness and interest, to the golden age of the Republic. "I, however," adds Pliny, with conscious virtue, "have failed scarcely a single reader."

We shall quote but one other sketch, the portrait of the elder Pliny, to show what ancient Roman virtue was in the learned naturalist. We fear that irreverent youth in our own day would have stigmatised the venerable philosopher as something of a prig. It is to prove among other things the "marvellous industry" of his relative, that Pliny the younger thus writes:—

"From the 23d of August he began to study at midnight, and through the winter he continued to rise at one, or, at the latest, at two in the morning, often at twelve. . . . Before daybreak he would go to the Emperor Vespasian, who also worked at night, and thence to his official duties. On returning home, he gave what time remained to

study. After taking a light meal, as our forefathers used to do, he would often, in summer, if he had leisure, recline in the sun and have a book read to him—on which he wrote notes, or from which he made extracts. He read nothing without making extracts; for he used to say that you could get something good from the worst book. After reading in the sun, he had generally a cold bath, then a light meal, and a very short nap; after which, as if he were beginning another day, he would study till dinner. During dinner a book was read to him, and he made notes upon it as it went on. I remember one of his friends once stopping the reader, who had pronounced a word incorrectly, and making him repeat it. My uncle said to him, 'Did you not understand the word?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'Why, then, did you stop him? we have lost more than ten lines by this interruption.' So parsimonious was he of his time. . . . In the country he exempted only his bathing time from study—I mean the actual time of his immersion in the water; for while he was being rubbed or dried he would have something read, or dictate something. While travelling he threw aside every other care, and gave himself up to study. He always had a scribe by his side, with a book and a writing-table, whose hands in winter were protected by gloves, so that the cold weather might not rob him of a single moment. Even at Rome he used to be carried in a litter with this view. I remember him rebuking me for taking a walk. 'You might have managed,' he said 'not to lose these hours.' In fact, he thought all time lost that was not given to study."

It is curious to recollect that this tremendous student was at the time of his death, which took place on the night of the great eruption of Vesuvius, probably from the suffocating atmosphere at the foot of the volcano—admiral in command of the fleet in the Bay of Naples. It was in his attempt to save the terrified people on the coast, whose houses were destroyed, and who were, as was natural, frightened to

death by this appalling and unprecedented catastrophe, that he lost his life.

We add one brief epistle more, which is not included in the selection of quotations made by Messrs Church and Brodribb. It is very charming and touching in itself, and still more curious from its resemblance to a yet more famous letter—the Epistle of Paul to Philemon. If it wants something of the dignified and pathetic tenderness of that most beautiful letter, it is still very striking in its similarity of sentiment. It is written with the same purpose—to recommend an erring but repentant servant to the forgiveness of his master.

“Your freedman, with whom you said that you were angry, has come to me, and, falling at my feet, has, as it were, clung to yours. He has wept much—he has entreated much—of much he has been silent; in a word, he has made full proof of penitence. I indeed believe him reformed, because he knows and feels his faults. That you are angry with him I know, and that you are justly angry I know also; but then has mercy its highest praise when cause for anger is most just. You have loved the man, and I trust will again love him. Meanwhile, it is enough that you suffer yourself to be entreated. Should he deserve it, you may again be angry, and, having yielded to entreaty, you will have the more excuse. Put down something to his youth—something to his tears—something to your own kindness. Torture him not, lest torturing him you torture also yourself. For anger to a nature so gentle as yours is really torture. I am fearful lest I should seem to exact rather than to entreat, should I join my prayers to his. And yet I will join them, and that as fully and as earnestly as I have sharply and severely reproved him, threatening him plainly that I will never entreat for him again. This I said to him, whom there was need to frighten. To you I say not so. For most likely I should again entreat, and again obtain my prayer, if only it be

such as is fitting for me to ask, and for you to grant. Farewell.”

It is difficult to do full justice to the claims of such a poet as Juvenal in such a series as the present, designed for domestic reading, and specially intended for the innocent hands of those whom English literature, more than any other, has the merit of avoiding to offend. The writer is compelled to make perpetual breaks in his quotations, and leave the darker part of the story untold. But even with this necessary elimination, enough is left to show the lofty indignation against evil, the manly love of virtue, which inspire the verse of this most earnest of satirists. The reader will perceive at a glance that there is no levity in this censor of public morals, no sneaking regard for the vice he chastises, or covert sympathy with those who practise it. He is not easy and good-natured, but impetuous, breathless, in his denunciations—carried far beyond the point at which an observer can laugh at the habit he stigmatises. His indignation is as a fire within him—sharp and hot and intolerant. Curiously enough, some of the indignant youthful verses of Savonarola—in a kindred age of despotism and moral depravity, while he was still only grieving over the vice of his time, and had not seen his way to his after vehement crusade against it—sound almost like paraphrases of the fiery lines of Juvenal.

“Wouldst thou to honour and preferment climb?

Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime.

On guilt's broad base thy towering fortress raise,

For virtue starves on universal praise.”

This is the burden of the high heart and soul impatient of evil at once under the reign of Domitian and that of Lorenzo di Medici; and Savonarola himself could scarcely

have set forth more fully the right of right, for itself and by itself, the inherent good of goodness, than does the noble heathen. Hear the ring in his fine verses, even through the muffling of translation—though we must add that the translations given by Mr Walford, and which, we presume, as no other authorship is claimed for most of them, are from his own pen—are full of spirit and energy.

“Be brave, be just; and when your country’s laws
Call you to witness in a dubious cause,
Though Phalaris plant his bull before your eye,
And frowning dictate to your lips the lie,
Think it a crime no tears can e’er efface
To purchase safety with compliance base:
At honour’s cost a feverish span extend
And sacrifice for life life’s only end.
Life! ’tis not life; who merits death is dead.”

A tone of still wilder energy is in the denunciations of evil which fill so large a part of the Satires. Juvenal was one of the greatest poets of the age in which and of which Tacitus wrote, and which kindly Pliny babbled about in friendliest gossip. It does not well seem possible to have exaggerated its corruptions. That which naturally an alarmed and indignant patriot would be likely to exaggerate, its superiority in guilt to all previous ages, may be doubtful, for Rome at all times seems to have afforded abundant material for moral invective; but the grave historian and the more than grave, the despairing poet, are at one in the force of the picture they draw. And we do not need to go back as far as the time of the Roman emperors to be aware that tyranny and anarchy are sworn brothers, and go hand in hand. Utter social corruption—extending to judges, tribunals, law, the highest authorities and the lowest officials alike—is what the

indignant satirist, fierce tears in his eyes, and fiery hatred of the evil in his heart, invokes heaven and earth to witness. “Ye gods!” he cries—

“Ye gods! what rage, what frenzy fires my brain

When that false guardian, with his splendid train,
Crowds the long street and leaves his orphan charge

To prostitution and the world at large;
When, by a juggling sentence damned in vain,

(For who that holds the plunder heeds the pain?)

Mauris to wine devotes his morning hours,

And laughs in exile at the offended powers;

While sighing o’er the victory she has won,

The Province finds herself but more undone!

And shall I feel that strains like these require

The avenging strains of the Venusian lyre,

And not pursue them? Shall I still repeat

The legendary tales of Troy and Crete,
The toils of Hercules, the horses fed

On human flesh by savage Diomed,
The lowng labyrinth, the builder’s flight,

And the rash boy, hurled from his airy height?

When what the law forbids the wife to heir
The adulterer’s will may to the wittol bear,

Who gave, with wand’ring eye and vacant face,

A tacit sanction to his own disgrace!

Who would not, reckless of the swarms he meets,

Fill his wide tablets in the public streets
With angry verse, when, through the mid-day glare,

Borne by six slaves, and in an open chair,
The forger comes who owns this blaze of state

To a wet seal and a fictitious date,
Comes like the soft Mæcenus lolling by,

And impudently braves the public eye;
Or the rich dame who stanch’d her husband’s thirst

With generous wine—but drugged it deeply first,

And now more dext’rous than Locusta shows

Her country friends the beverage to com-
pose,

And 'midst the curses of the indignant
throng
Bears in broad day the spotted corpse
along!"

We have thus attempted to give the English reader from his own point of view a summary of the valuable addition which he will find in the volumes of this series to his best stores of information and intellectual interest. Every new chapter of literature which is opened to us widens our horizon; and much more is this the case when the new literature which is unfolded is the oldest of all, and the foundation of letters everywhere. But while the reader to whom his own tongue is the most comfortable or only medium of instruction must prize highly all such attempts to bring distant genius within his reach, he will derive a satisfaction of another kind from the comparison he is hereby enabled to make between the greatest masterpieces of ancient literature, and those familiar idols which have been known and dear to him all his life. And we think he may fairly give himself the gratification of believing that the Greek is quite as much to be pitied who

never could have known Shakespeare, as is the Englishman who does not know *Æschylus*. Lear is to the full as great as *Œdipus*, and even the fondest and most admiring classicist will scarcely find within the circle of Greek tragedy any figure worthy to take a place by the side of *Hamlet*. After this little flourish of our national trumpet, which we make with much relish on behalf of our particular client the English reader, and in defiance of all classic fanatics, we commend these stout old Romans, and still more their greater predecessors of Greece, to the audience they claim. The series was admirably planned, and it has been thoroughly well carried out. To Mr Collins, who has conducted it, we all owe our best thanks; and any one who reads the volumes which he has himself contributed, will feel that the editorship could not possibly have been in better hands. We are glad to understand that, in acquiescence with many requests, from the press and the public, it is intended to supply the omissions we have indicated—and we trust some others—by a short supplemental series.

NO HIGHLANDS THIS YEAR.

A PARSON'S APOLOGY.

September 1874.

UNTOUCHED by me, on moor and tree
The blackcock may abide ;
Not mine the hand to guide to land
The giant silverside.
The partridge still may feed at will
O'er Caledonian heather ;
The woodcock's bill may suck its fill,—
We may not be together !

II.

Let others hail that lovely vale,
While Donald—rarely sober—
Conveys them out to fish for trout
In golden-leaved October.
Others may kill, on Stenton's hill,
Victims of "fur and feather ;"
But not for me such joys may be,—
We may not be together !

III.

For evermore that horrid bore
We can't get rid of—Duty—
Keeps me away from Braan and Tay,
From you, and Highland beauty.
Parochial work I may not shirk
Still keeps me to my tether ;
I yearn in vain to snap the chain,—
We may not be together !

IV.

Yet, Henry, when, at half-past ten—
My day's work haply finished—
By pleasing fire I light the *briar*,
My sorrows seem diminished ;
That magic "bowl" warms up my soul
From "winter and cold weather,"
And leaves it bright in Fancy's light
Where we are still together !

T. D. C.

LORD DALLING'S LIFE OF LORD PALMERSTON.

THE third volume of Lord Dalling's 'Life of Lord Palmerston' is just published, bringing the biography down to 1847, thereby completing the account of two-thirds of an eminent public career. Hardly any public man of this century offers a more promising subject for a skilful biographer than the accomplished statesman and man of the world whose career in the House of Commons extended over nearly sixty years, and comprised one-tenth of the whole existence of that famous assembly. During a large portion of that time Lord Palmerston filled an ample space in the eyes not merely of his fellow-countrymen, but of all Europe, which was due not more to his energy and achievements than to his personal qualities, the fulness and heartiness of his physical nature, the fund of animal spirits and buoyant and genial humour which delighted the public in his demeanour in Parliament, and in all his public displays, whether with deputations, before his constituents, or at more festive gatherings. He lived much in public, and every one was acquainted with his ardent spirit and resolute purpose, and at the same time with the irrepressible gaiety of disposition which was always ready with a joke and a repartee, which hardly knew what either anxiety or despondency meant, which all bore witness to a joyous energy of life and spirits, a character which would be sure to work out a career full of incident and full of interest both in private and in public. The promised sketch of such a life necessarily raised one's hopes of interest and amusement, and on all points

except of high principles of statesmanship, or far-reaching theories of political science, of instruction also.

The very name of his biographer, too, increased such hopes. Lord Dalling was for years a diplomatist of no ordinary reputation, and was associated with Lord Palmerston in several important passages in his celebrated conduct of foreign affairs. He was, moreover, a personal friend, and had been for some time on terms of intimacy with the subject of his memoir. In his own words, he had "undertaken to write the biography of a great statesman under whom I long served, and for whom I had a sincere and respectful affection." Further than that, Lord Dalling had previously given to the world several biographical sketches which showed him to be a master of that portion of literary art. Few will dispute his literary capacity who are acquainted with his admirable portraits of Talleyrand, Mackintosh, Cobbett, and Canning. The reader's interest in those careers never flags, the hero in each case is brought prominently and vigorously into notice, and is described with clearness and impartiality. Whether or not it is that our expectations were under the circumstances unduly raised, we can only confess to the entire disappointment with which we have risen from the perusal of these volumes.

A book, in our humble judgment, should result from the application of mind to matter; and violates the first principles and object and usefulness of art if it does not accom-

plish its purpose within a reasonable compass. The notion seems to be spreading that the way to write a man's life is to publish all his private letters, which he never intended for the public eye, and which, for the most part, contain private gossip. Quite recently Buckle's memoranda, mere scraps of paper filled with notes to assist his memory, were given to an admiring public, much on the same principle as a gaping crowd is once said to have acted in collecting cherry-stones as they quitted the mouth of a royal prince. Confidential letters of a divine to an anxious inquirer were, according to some recent complaints in the 'Times' newspaper, published a short time ago; and though the names were suppressed, the internal evidence fixed their recipient amongst his friends, much to his regret and annoyance. And other examples might be noted where masses of private correspondence have been offered for the digestion of a reader, who wishes at a moderate cost of time and money to learn the history of a particular life. If for no other reason, a regard for brevity should set some limits to this growing evil. If the remainder of Lord Palmerston's life, which comprises by far the most interesting portion of it, is to be written at a length proportioned to the first part of it, the whole work will fill eight or nine volumes. Life is not long enough to enable us to bestow all this time and attention upon every single career which attains to eminence. And it is time that those who devote themselves to biography should receive a hint that, however large the mass of correspondence which is intrusted to them, the public expects that the result of its perusal should be compressed into moderate compass, and that within those limits a picture of the hero should be faithfully drawn, and the incidents narrated with a due re-

gard to their proportionate importance. It would seem, further, that there is another condition of success. Either a biographer should be a faithful parasite of his hero, such as Dr Johnson found ready to his hand, in which case the very intensity of hero-worship is itself a source of, as it were, photographic art; or he should take every precaution to insure to himself the impartial spirit of the future, with a view to a masterly picture. He should write for posterity with judicial severity. It seems to us a mistake to endeavour to combine the two functions of the fervent admirer, on the one hand, and the impartial historian on the other. The regard of former intimacy, one's own implication in several passages of the hero's life, leading to an exaggerated sense of their importance, —above all, the necessity of writing under the eye of, or with a view to the perusal by, some devoted relation of the deceased, to whom one is indebted for valuable papers and correspondence, are fatal to the retention of that clear and unbiassed judgment which is essential to success, or of that regard for reasonable brevity and proportion which art requires. There are many stages, of course, between the plan, on the one hand, of putting into a cart every letter which a valued friend or a devoted widow may think interesting, and then tilting the cart at the printer's office; and, on the other hand, producing a vivid and genuine picture of the hero, with an account of his career, proportioned in all its parts. It is, however, at some one of those numerous stages that *Lord Dalling's Life of Lord Palmerston* must be placed; and at one far lower than the great eminence, literary and diplomatic, of the writer would have led us to expect. We should have been far better pleased if he had left some less able and experienced hand to edit the

correspondence by itself. In the interval which elapsed between Lord Palmerston's death and his own, he had ample time to have carried out either his original intention of "sketching Lord Palmerston as he had sketched Mr Canning in 'Historical Characters;'" or his subsequent intention of finishing the work in two volumes. Unfortunately, however, as matter increased, there was a constant divergence from the main object of the work, till at last the task of reducing unwieldy materials into shape and beauty was apparently abandoned in despair.

Although this book must be added to the list of unsuccessful biographies, it is nevertheless full of interesting matter in reference to several very important passages in our diplomatic history, in connection with which Lord Dalling himself took a very distinguished part. Both the subject and author of this life are entitled to the applause of posterity; and notwithstanding all objections, we are glad to have received this assistance towards knowing and understanding a career which, in spite of its utter dearth of political philosophy and science, is a most useful and important one for Englishmen to know and appreciate. In days when the whole aim of our foreign policy is to compromise difficulties instead of facing and overcoming them—to make concessions with a view to maintaining peace, and to give out beforehand that we will do so—to allow treaties gained by the expenditure of blood and treasure to be torn up in our faces because our Ministers as private individuals had disapproved their provisions, and to refer our conduct to arbitration, admitting that while our actions are necessarily governed by one set of rules, compensation shall be paid under another and totally different set of rules,—in times like these it is really useful to be told by a skill-

ful diplomatist of a foreign policy which was avowedly regulated by the maxim that a difficulty evaded was a difficulty increased and multiplied, that undue concession was the parent instead of the prevention of war, and that the influence of England was a thing which it was her duty to preserve, to use, and to extend.

The life of Lord Palmerston may be divided into three different chapters, which are widely dissimilar in character and circumstances, but through all of which the strong characteristics of the man undergo no change. His identity is faithfully preserved; neither the disposition nor convictions undergo material alteration. He was never lost in the crowd of Tories in his earlier life, nor in the crowd of Liberals in his later years. Neither party obeyed or followed him, each was glad of his alliance; and at his close he ruled England for years as Prime Minister while party spirit was practically in abeyance, and the contest of party principles was suppressed. The first chapter of this history closed in 1830, when in the prime of life, at the age of 46—an age at which Pitt had closed his career, Wellington and Napoleon had ended their military achievements at Waterloo—Lord Palmerston slid from nineteen years' official subordination to Portland, Perceval, Liverpool, Canning, Goderich, and Wellington, into a Whig Secretary for Foreign Affairs on the eve of the triumph of Reform. The second chapter closed in 1850, when the death of Sir Robert Peel terminated the long rivalry between that great statesman and Lord John Russell, and when Lord Palmerston's famous speech and triumph in the Don Pacifico case consolidated a position which soon gave him the leadership. The remaining fifteen years of his life—from the age of 66 to that of 81—gave him a far more prominent place in the

eyes of his fellow-countrymen than he had ever before occupied, and would fill at least half, if not considerably more, of a properly proportioned biography. It includes the final cessation of his departmental career; his unauthorised approval of the *coup-d'état* of 1851; his rupture with his old chief Lord John Russell; his coquetry with the party of his opponents; his acceptance of the Home Office in the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, with his old subordinate Lord Clarendon as Foreign Secretary; and his final installation, when upwards of 70 years old, with the acclamation of the country, during the Russian war, as Prime Minister,—a post which he held for eleven years, with the exception of about fifteen months, when the greatest blunder of his life—the Conspiracy to Murder Bill—led to the accession to office of his political opponents. This long career was almost uniformly spent in office. Only one lengthened period of opposition occurs, and that was during the five years from 1841 to 1846, whilst Sir Robert Peel was in office. In the thirty-five years previous to that date, and in the twenty years subsequent to it, the intervals of languishment in the cold shade of opposition amount to about an equal period of five years in the aggregate. During the sixty years of his public life, every Prime Minister except Sir Robert Peel solicited his services, some of them pressing upon his acceptance higher office than he could be induced to take. All of them except Lord Derby obtained his services, and upon all occasions he obtained his office with the approbation of his party and the public. There is no parallel in English party history to this unbroken prosperity and success. Though his birth and fortune were such as not in any degree to stand in his way, they were not such as of themselves to con-

fer political position or any family claims to office. He won his position by his capacity, and by the confidence which his abilities and energy excited.

Lord Dalling's account of this life comprises in the first volume the whole of the first period—viz., till 1830, when Earl Grey, in forming the Ministry of 1830, sent for Lord Palmerston to assist him. The second and third volumes comprise seventeen years of the second period to which we have referred, and leave him at about the date of the Spanish marriages. This is all that the author has written, and, owing to his lamented death, the work must be continued by other hands, unless unhappily it should be abandoned altogether.

Under these circumstances we cannot congratulate ourselves upon having more than a fragment of a promised work. By far the most interesting portion of it is contained in the appendix of the first volume, and consists of an autobiographical sketch given by Lord Palmerston to the author, comprising the whole of what we have ventured to describe as the first period of his career. It only occupies 17 pages; but the date at which it was written—surely no unimportant matter as respects either the accuracy of the recollection or the spirit of the testimony—is not given. From it we learn the nature of his education; his unsuccessful efforts to represent the University of Cambridge, and to gain the very seat which Pitt himself had vacated by death; and the defeat which he then sustained at the hands of Lord Henry Petty, afterwards the second Marquess of Lansdowne, and for a quarter of a century in later life the friend and colleague of Lord Palmerston. The second at the poll was Lord Althorp, under whose leadership in the House of Commons the Reform Bill of 1832 was carried, and with

whom Lord Palmerston for the first time sat in a Liberal Cabinet.

An unsuccessful attempt to gain a seat for Horsham, followed by another defeat for the University of Cambridge, led in due time to his being elected for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, in 1807—a pocket borough of such an extremely close character that its proprietor stipulated that its representative should never set foot in the place, lest any new interest in the borough should be obtained. Apparently his maiden speech was made, at the beginning of the session of 1808, on the subject of the expedition to Copenhagen and the seizure of the Danish fleet. He spoke in his capacity of a Lord of the Admiralty, to which post he had been appointed in April 1807; and more than half a century afterwards a Liberal member of Parliament, complaining, not in the best possible taste, that “panting time toiled after him in vain,” recalled a circumstance which seemed to belong to a distant generation.

In October 1809, Mr Perceval offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. This is a well-authenticated circumstance, but is one of the most extraordinary incidents of his life. Either he must have raised in others far greater confidence in his capacity than he at the time possessed himself, or Mr Perceval must have wholly underrated the difficulty of the times. The drain of war, the depreciation of the currency, a ten per cent income-tax, and the increasing irritation of the public, would have rendered the appointment of a youth of twenty-five, utterly ignorant of finance, a far more portentous fact in history than the parallel appointment of Pitt at twenty-three, for Pitt was at that age better versed in political economy and finance than any other member of the House of Commons, not except-

ing Burke. However, Lord Palmerston had the good sense to decline the offer, and took the Secretaryship at War instead. Eighteen years afterwards it was renewed by Mr Canning when Prime Minister in 1827, and accepted; but George IV., who personally hated Lord Palmerston, and, moreover, wished to have Herries or some creature of his own at the Exchequer, managed to overrule it, and in consequence the expectant Chancellor continued to hold the post of Secretary at War, to which Mr Perceval had appointed him, and which he had retained ever since. Accordingly Canning, as the easiest mode of cancelling the arrangement with Lord Palmerston, held till his death both the office of First Lord of the Treasury and also of Chancellor of the Exchequer, according to the old custom. Sir Robert Peel followed his example in 1835, which was the last precedent for uniting those offices in one hand, until Mr Gladstone, at the end of the session of 1873, revived the practice as the easiest mode of getting rid of Mr Lowe.

In the same year, 1827, Lord Goderich succeeded Mr Canning. The first thing he did, although Huskisson was a member of the Cabinet, was to offer the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, for the third time, to Lord Palmerston, who again accepted it. He was even talked of for the lead of the House of Commons in preference to Huskisson. Again, however, George IV. interfered, and Herries got the office; and Lord Palmerston—who, with his usual tact, had “luckily mentioned the offer to nobody, and therefore his honour was not committed in any way”—retained the Secretaryship for War, which he continued to hold after the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister, vacating it in May 1828, when the friends of Mr Canning seceded

from the new Government ; and in spite of solicitations, steadily refused to rejoin it. During those nineteen years, Lord Palmerston had, from 1812 downwards, voted for the Catholic Emancipation, and represented the University of Cambridge, "with the full knowledge on the part of the University as to what his opinions on that subject were." He seems, however, to have attended principally to the affairs of his department, and to a life of social pleasure ; and rather shirked than sought opportunities for placing himself in the van upon the important questions of the day. Peel was his junior by four years, yet he faced and surmounted with more or less success all the difficulties connected with home government, the currency, and Irish administration, which would have fallen to Lord Palmerston to grapple with had he really preferred the post of difficulty and danger. The prudence which declined the responsibility for finance in 1809 was by no means succeeded by any resolute determination to force his way to the front. He seems deliberately to have preferred a subordinate position, confident that his opportunities would come, and flattered, no doubt, by the circumstance that his capacity was recognised and his influence feared. The following is a list of the attempts made either to promote or to get rid of him, all without success : In 1815 Lord Castlereagh offered him the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland—an office "more important, more active, and more likely to lead to distinction, than the office of Secretary at War which I hold ; but particular circumstances and considerations led me to decline it at once, and without the least hesitation." His at that time more ambitious and enterprising junior, Peel, the Under-Secretary for the Home Department, took it at once, and thereby obtained a start which

he ever afterwards preserved. Some years afterwards, Peel, at Lord Liverpool's desire, offered the man whom he had distanced "one of the minor East Indian presidencies, then about to become vacant, with the understanding that I should be Governor-General of India upon the next vacancy. I thanked him, but declined. The proposal was afterwards renewed to me by Lord Liverpool, when the office of Governor-General actually became vacant, but I said I had no fancy for such latitudes." He also refused a peerage and the Post-office, saying that he preferred to remain in the House of Commons. Mr Canning, when Prime Minister, some years later, said "he had a proposition to make to me, which he should not himself have thought of, but that the king had said he knew and was sure that it was just the very thing I should like ; and that was, to go as Governor to Jamaica. I laughed very heartily, and assured Canning I preferred England and the War Office to Jamaica and the negroes. But I laughed so heartily that I observed Canning looked quite put out, and I was obliged to grow serious again." Subsequently Canning offered him the Governor-Generalship of India, which had again become vacant, and this office was a third time declined. This was the last attempt to expatriate Lord Palmerston, until towards the close of Lord John Russell's administration, on Lord Palmerston being expelled from the Foreign Office in December 1851, he was offered the Viceroyalty of Ireland. All these offers, together with the long retention of important posts in the English Government, attest the enormous capacity of Lord Palmerston, and the opinion which was entertained of him by his colleagues and the country. Up to 1830, which is the period embraced by Lord Dalling's first volume, the general character of

his public life seems to be a steady retention of his high office of Secretary at War, under all Premiers and all circumstances, an avoidance of any great risk or prominent responsibility, and even of any office which involved great sacrifices or strain upon his resources, and an indisposition to mix either in the intrigues, the debates, or the settlement of the leading questions of the day. Nothing but his subsequent achievements and fame would have served to remove from oblivion the first quarter of a century of his public life. And we would willingly have parted with the whole of Lord Dalling's 420 pages upon the subject ten times over, for one volume written by the same pen, with similar advantages and materials, upon any portion of Lord Palmerston's career since 1850.

In closing the first volume, Lord Dalling says that "it may not be amiss to remark that my main endeavour throughout it has been to bring the man whom I undertook to describe before the reader." The materials at his disposal, however, do not throw any new light on Lord Palmerston's character. On the contrary, we venture to believe that any observer of public events or reader of the newspapers during the last ten or fifteen or twenty years of his life has a keener appreciation of the man than a stranger to that career is likely to gain from this volume. A collection of some of Lord Palmerston's most witty sayings—some of the amusing episodes of which he was so often the hero, either in the House of Commons or in social life, or with his old enemy, Mr Rowcliffe, on the hustings at Tiverton—would bring the man before the reader much more vividly than this book. Assuredly he is not reproduced in the following beaten-out and elaborated passage: "In the march of his epoch he was behind the eager, but before the slow. Accustomed to

a large range of observation over extemporaneous events, he had been led by history to the conclusion that all eras have their peculiar tendencies, which a calm judgment and an enlightened statesmanship should distinctly recognise, but not prematurely adopt or extravagantly indulge." The backbone of this volume is the autobiography which is printed in the appendix, and which is reprinted piecemeal, interspersed with letters by the statesman and explanatory observations by the author. To this are added extracts from a journal kept by Lord Palmerston before he took office in 1807, containing his own opinions and remarks upon men and events at the moment when they were written. There are further extracts from another journal kept by Lord Palmerston in 1828 and 1829. The letters are mostly of this kind. There are some when he was a schoolboy, and written upon the loss of his mother; some in early life to his sisters; a long and continuous correspondence with his brother, Sir W. Temple, who was so long Minister at the Court of Naples, and whose sad death in 1856 occurred at the time when his elder brother, at the promising age of 71, was manfully beginning a new career as chief of a party. "It may be thought," says Lord Dalling, "that I have injudiciously quoted letters which may seem frivolous when introduced into the biography of a veteran statesman. But I have dwelt, I confess, with detail and pleasure on this early epoch of Lord Palmerston's life, because to those who only saw or knew him in his old age, there is something that freshens and brightens his memory in recurring to his youth, when we see him stepping on to the platform of life with the same gay and jaunty step, and yet with the same serious and business-like intent, that carried him as cheerfully and steadily along

a sunshiny path through his long career." We entirely agree that this was a worthy aim of the eminent man who undertook this biography; our only regret is that the effect is diminished by an overwhelming preponderance of minute detail. If the correspondence had been published separately, and a life composed of the autobiography with the addition of such details and extracts from the journal as sufficed for recording the main events of his life, and delineating the salient points of his character, we should have perused it with infinitely greater pleasure. That portion of it which shows the inside, as it were, of public affairs, is the most interesting, and no biography would have been complete without quotations from it.

The passage in Lord Palmerston's life which enters most into the political history of England, at least before his rupture with the Whigs, and accession to the Premiership, is that which ensued upon the death of Canning. Throughout his whole career, even to its very close, even when the leader of a party which lives by manufacturing crises in opposition, and by sensational legislation in office, he never aspired to associate his name with great enactments, but endeavoured rather to exercise a restraining influence. During an unusually long Premiership there was a singular dearth of Parliamentary enactment of high order; what there was of achievement in this direction was chiefly due to Sir Richard Bethell and to Mr Gladstone. The only occasions in his long career during which he might have influenced the course of our party history, were at those crises which occurred just after the death of Canning in 1828, and secondly, after the disappearance from the front political rank of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, both of whom were several years his juniors. At the death of Canning

there was room for a man of real genius and power, loose from party fetters, to have created for himself a very powerful position; but Lord Palmerston's energies at that time were purely departmental,—he had neither the genius nor the science for a leader; he drifted from an able Secretary at War under the Duke of Wellington, to an equally able Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Lord Grey; and although every chief was anxious to secure the aid of his official experience and business aptitude, he did not in the slightest degree control or attempt to control the course of events, and owes it entirely to his subsequent fame that his part in these transactions is noticed by history. Canning was succeeded by Lord Goderich, by far the weakest Prime Minister of this century. The new Premier wished to have Palmerston for his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and also, apparently, for his leader of the House of Commons; but Palmerston, to the disgust of Mr Huskisson, let the post of Chancellor slip through his fingers, and allowed the king to throw Mr Herries "like a live shell into the Cabinet to explode and blow them all up." The Duke of Wellington was brought in as Commander-in-Chief, notwithstanding Lord Anglesey's prophecy: "Mark my words, gentlemen; as sure as you are alive, he will trip all your heels before six months are over your heads." In the words of Lord Palmerston's autobiography, "before six months were well over, the Duke was in and our heels were up;" Lord Goderich being recommended by the king to go home and take care of himself, and keep himself quiet; the most scornful method on record of dismissing an English Premier. This nobleman is supposed to owe the Earldom of Ripon to the weakest and most unsuccessful Premiership in our

national history; whilst his son has recently gained a Marquisate by the weakest and most unsuccessful negotiation and treaty of modern times.

According to Lord Dalling, there seems reason to believe that the celebrated Marquess of Wellesley expected that the lead in civil affairs would have devolved on him as the result of the manœuvres which the position occasioned. His younger brother, it is said, encouraged him in that hope, but could not, when the time came, relinquish the glittering prize. The Duke did not add to his reputation by his Premiership, and certainly by his leadership conducted the Tory party to its ruin. He was without knowledge of the country, and did not possess in civil affairs the experience or the wisdom of Lord Wellesley. The Canningites joined him in distrust, and left him with bitterness and anger, just as he was on the point, unknown to himself, of capitulating at discretion on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. By his course upon that subject, and also upon that of Parliamentary Reform, he managed to erect O'Connell into a sort of dictator in one kingdom, and Brougham into an absolute master for the time being of the other. The Duke, by his own conduct, had rendered concession impossible—his character and language both operated as challenges and direct provocation to the people; and whatever may be the true character of the measures which were carried, there can be but one opinion as to the injurious effect of the manner in which they were extorted by fear and yielded in panic. All this time the Duke, according to Lord Palmerston, "wished to form a strong Government, and a liberal one;" himself rejected Eldon and Westmoreland; then, with a Cabinet still torn by dissension, was goaded into acts of violence by finding the

king telling everybody that "he had no energy or decision, and was as weak as Goderich;" finally, drove the Canningites from office, refused to apply to Lord Lansdowne and the Whigs, and then found that his administration had become absolutely colourless, and completely dependent upon Peel, who on all questions agreed with the Canningites, except on Catholic Emancipation, in reference to which his language was ambiguous, and his course known to be influenced by the accident of representing the University of Oxford. Lord Palmerston tells us that when in Ireland after his resignation, Lord Anglesey begged him when he got back to London to write him word, if he was able by any means whatever to pick up what were the intentions of the Government. "The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland," he exclaims in his Journal, "begging a private gentleman to let him know what the Prime Minister meant upon a question deeply affecting the peace and welfare of the country which that lord lieutenant was appointed to govern, and upon which he was every week stating to the Government the opinion he himself entertained!" As the result of all this vacillation and uncertainty, the Duke determined to force Catholic Emancipation on the sovereign, who had complained of his indecision; and as a preliminary step, recalled Lord Anglesey. Talleyrand appears at once to have divined his object and his change of policy, "and that he did not mean any one else to have the credit of it." The triumph of Canning's policy led to an abortive attempt to recover the adhesion of Canning's followers. The Revolution in France, and the Duke's declaration against all reform, led to an outburst of popular feeling which swept away the feeble Government of the Duke, and precipitated a measure which,

neither in its principles nor in the manner in which it was carried, reflected any credit upon English statesmanship. There was more panic on the one side, and more violence on the other, at this epoch, than at any other period of our history since the Revolution ; and it seems to us to militate somewhat against the fame of Lord Palmerston that he, in the full vigour of life, and at the very maturity of his faculties, with ripe official experience, and with popular sympathies, instead of rising to the occasion which a man of genius so situated would have seized, and made the epoch his own, was content to drift along in the current of events. The nation wanted at that time a ruler of men ; and any one who is conversant with the history of that bloodless revolution, as it has been called, must feel that it was more by luck than by wit—more from the educated habits of self-government on the part of the nation, than by any statesmanship on the part of its rulers—that the country came so well out of the crisis as it did. Since that time the arts of agitation have been rife ; and have introduced a power into politics which at one time threatened to swallow up all other influences. Those who prefer to see the knowledge and educated sentiment of the country prevail, and have confidence in the persuasive influence of public opinion, must regret the violence of that and some subsequent epochs in our history, and may be pardoned if they view in a Tory party—reformed and resting upon a broad and popular basis, and supported by extended constituencies—the best security for enlightened and continuous progress, freed from the intermeddling of the self-constituted champions of that indefinite and convenient principle. While Toryism is popular and progressive, the

continuity of history is preserved, and the vocation of Liberalism, with its exciting cries, its mutual recrimination, its perpetual crises, and its noisy ambition, is gone. The wisdom of the nation can surely make itself felt in the government of the country without the adventitious assistance of men without knowledge, or moral or political responsibility, whose voices must be in the ascendant if Liberalism is to prosper. Under our Parliamentary system, Government is wielded by the 40 or 50 members who compose a majority of the House of Commons. Those who compose a Tory majority are the experienced leaders and statesmen who are directly responsible to the nation ; those who would compose a Liberal majority are, under present circumstances, Home-Rulers, secularists, and destructives, and, at all periods, are men responsible only to their immediate constituents, and whose support can only be obtained by piecemeal concession to their views. If Lord Palmerston, in 1830, became one of the leaders of a party which then achieved power upon a basis which, by the very nature of things, cannot be durable or trustworthy, he, at least, during his Premiership, showed that he knew how to control its discordant elements, and to hold firmly in check the least reputable of his associates.

The second volume is devoted to the history of Lord Palmerston's acts and policy as Foreign Minister for eleven years (1830-1841). This was undoubtedly an eventful period in European history. At the commencement, the revolution which overturned the Bourbon throne in France marked the beginning of a new era. The Spanish war and the Holy Alliance resulted from a system established to preserve authority ; while the seating of Louis Philippe on the throne of Charles X. was a

protest against the spirit of domination. Belgium was the immediate difficulty with which Lord Palmerston had to deal. By the treaty of 1815, with a view to guard the Netherlands from future invasion, we had stipulated for the union of Holland with Belgium in order to create a barrier against France; and we had afterwards strengthened that barrier by fortresses raised under our inspection, and in some degree at our expense.

The French Revolution stimulated and brought to a head Belgian discontents under the new arrangements; and as the independence of so small a kingdom seemed out of the question, the danger of its being annexed to France appeared to be imminent. The author of this biography had been sent by Lord Aberdeen into Belgium to report upon the state of feeling; and found, as might be expected, when two countries had been united without previous reference to the inhabitants of either, that neither in the army, nor on the judicial bench, nor in the press, nor in the relative taxation of the two countries, was the state of things satisfactory, or such as to render the continued union of these kingdoms possible; and yet to repeal the union was to displace the first stone of the settlement of 1815, which, as the event showed, when once broken in upon would rapidly fall to pieces. France was anxious to annex the Belgian territory; Lord Palmerston resolved to give it a separate existence. He entered office on November 16; and on December 20 the future independence of Belgium was pronounced by the great Powers. The difficulties still in the way of accomplishing it were these: A conference between the great Powers had been established in London, the King of Holland having requested those who had formed his kingdom to maintain it. Holland had many partisans amongst

English statesmen who objected to a Brussels insurrection in imitation of Paris, and were in favour of enforcing the union. A certain Protestant feeling ran in favour of Holland and against Belgium; and all the feeling in England and in Europe which had been excited against revolution and against Louis Philippe ran in favour of Holland. The French Government sided with Lord Palmerston against Holland so far as the emancipation of Belgium from its rule was concerned; but at that point they parted company, the English Minister enforcing the policy of Belgian independence, the French Government desiring above all things annexation. On the other hand, the circumstances in Lord Palmerston's favour were these: Prince Talleyrand, the French ambassador in London, was firmly convinced that, under the circumstances which surrounded Louis Philippe's throne and government, the English alliance was of more importance than Belgian annexation; and he had sufficient authority, derived from his fame and long experience, to enforce that view upon his Government. Belgium itself was ably represented by M. Van de Weyer; its position had been ably scrutinised by Lord Dalling himself; King Leopold and Baron Stockmar proved to be influential and sagacious auxiliaries; and the experienced wisdom and authority of Lord Grey were always at the service of his Foreign Secretary. The nature of the difficulties was,—First, as to the boundaries of the future states; then the question of the navigation of the Scheldt; the proportions in which the joint debt of the two countries should be divided; the guardianship or demolition of fortresses which Belgium, by itself, could not adequately defend; the question whether there should be a king or a republic; and the question what should become

of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, held by the King of Holland under the German Confederation.

In order to solve these matters, French jealousy and ambition must be soothed; German and northern antipathy to French aggrandisement and revolutionary principles must be attended to; a certain degree of bitterness between Holland and Belgium must be removed; and the difficulties of a divided public opinion in England surmounted. A long correspondence is given, from which the reader can gather for himself the course of the negotiations, and the nature of the difficulties which successively arose to check a successful prosecution of this undertaking, and which were successfully surmounted. During the first six months of 1831, it was uncertain whether France would range herself peaceably by the side of the Governments of Europe in establishing Belgian independence, or whether she would provoke a general war of conquest and opinion. The accession of King Leopold to the throne terminated that uncertainty; but even then there were fresh chances of new complications, inasmuch as the King of Holland had refused his assent to the conditions on which Leopold had accepted the throne. Shortly after that accession the Dutch king sent an army into Belgium, and defeated the Belgian forces. The consequence of this act was, that the French Government moved their troops into Belgium, without concert with the other allies, in order to repel the invader. They did so with a good many diplomatic assurances and explanations, which did not, however, disguise the circumstance that France was in military occupation of the country, and that a new chapter had opened in the diplomatic struggle. A further quantity of letters of Lord Palmerston's are then print-

ed, in order to display Lord Palmerston's boldness of language and directness of purpose. He succeeded in getting the French troops out of Belgium; and, what was still more wonderful, he prevented France from having any voice in selecting which of the fortresses it was desirable to destroy. France in military occupation had endeavoured to influence this decision; but it was finally taken without reference to her, exclusively by Belgium and the allies. It was an obvious absurdity to consult upon that subject the Power against whose disposition for conquest those fortresses had been erected; but at the same time the decision of the matter in spite of her was, under all the circumstances, a first-rate diplomatic triumph. Belgium, it would seem, derived considerable moral strength from the fact that with the aid of France she had successfully repelled the Dutch invasion; and the determination of England alone prevented France from deriving signal advantages from her intervention. The result was, that the territorial limits of Belgium were eventually assigned, and the country declared to be neutral, inviolable, and independent, under the common safeguard of all the Powers. Lord Dalling rightly claims for the English Minister that throughout these transactions and negotiations, which continued for upwards of two years,—

"Lord Palmerston kept his eye fixed steadily on the general result, taking for his guide the desire to place the two countries in such a position as would tend, when the generations which had raised their hand against each other had passed away, to draw their descendants together by connecting interests, instead of tearing them apart by conflicting passions. The wisdom of his policy can be tested now, when we ask ourselves at nearly forty years' distance, whether, if either Holland or Belgium were threatened

to-morrow by an invading army, they would not be more likely to coalesce as separate states for their common defence, than when their names were united and their hearts divided under 'the Kingdom of the Netherlands.'"

In 1834 the treaty of quadruple alliance was concluded in London between England, France, Spain, and Portugal, which Lord Palmerston intended as a combination of the constitutional states of the West, to act as a powerful counterpoise to the Holy Alliance of the East. "This treaty," says Lord Dalling, "was the full completion of Mr Canning's policy." While the Russians had annihilated the Polish nationality; while the Austrians had marched their armies into the Roman States to suppress the aspirations of their populations; whilst the sovereigns of Germany had coalesced against the liberties of their subjects; whilst Mehemet Ali, the Governor of Egypt, overran Syria and threatened Constantinople; while Greece was floundering in disaster,—we had secured constitutional government to Belgium, and to Spain and Portugal; and by the quadruple alliance had recognised principles of independence in a manner which gave to them, in the eyes of the world, influence and power. "To select noble ends," says Lord Dalling, "to pursue them perseveringly, and attain them peaceably, is statesmanship; and after the signature of the quadruple alliance Lord Palmerston held the rank of a statesman on the continent of Europe."

The short-lived Ministry of Sir Robert Peel succeeded to office shortly after this, and at the dissolution which followed, Lord Palmerston lost his seat. Lord Dalling remarks that although the quadruple treaty had gained him a considerable reputation abroad, he had rather lost than gained since 1830 in public opinion at home, which had been too much occupied with internal

affairs to pay much attention to its foreign relations. He had made no great speeches in office; and although he had been the first man sent for by Earl Grey on his accession to the Premiership, yet when Lord Melbourne succeeded Peel, it was even doubtful whether Palmerston would return to the Foreign Office. Lord John Russell became leader of the House of Commons; and unless our memory deceives us, he stated in his Ministerial explanations at the beginning of 1852 that the Foreign Office was offered to him, but that he declined it in favour of Lord Palmerston, who, according to his biographer, had not at that time, with the exception of the Premier, any decided political friend in the Cabinet or out of it. He ruled, however, in his own department; and we have the authority of Lord John Russell's statements in the House of Commons for saying, that during the Ministry of Lord Melbourne, who personally cared little for foreign affairs, whilst an old king was hastening to his grave, and a young queen was new to the cares of royalty, Lord Palmerston was virtually uncontrolled in his management of our relations abroad. The principal feature in foreign affairs for the first two or three years of renewed office was a gradual alienation from France; nor is this much to be wondered at. Notwithstanding Lord Dalling's praise of directness of purpose, and of firm and outspoken resolution, it appears from the correspondence that Lord Palmerston's diplomacy was often the reverse of conciliatory, and that, too, when more civility and considerate courtesy would have cost nothing, and would have considerably facilitated the transaction of business. The account of his diplomacy raises the image of a strong man with a clear idea of what he wanted, a clear perception of his right to get it, and of his power to

get it, elbowing his way to its attainment in a manner which secured success, but which spread discontent and irritation all round him. It absolutely teems with passages in which war is threatened, in which Foreign Ministers are told that there is a limit both to their language and their acts which must not be passed. No Englishman can read these despatches without pride and satisfaction; and without at the same time a deep feeling of regret that in some recent passages of our history the same high spirit and tenacious purpose were absent from the councils of the Queen. Outspokenness of this sort beforehand has the merit of preventing your adversary from assuming an untenable position, and allowing his honour to be pledged to a course which his interests do not imperatively require. But then, on the other hand, what could possibly justify Lord Palmerston's treatment of Prince Talleyrand? Here was the French ambassador at the English Court firmly persuaded that the English alliance was the one thing necessary to secure the throne of Louis Philippe, which he was intent on preserving. His sympathy and co-operation in the Belgian negotiations were firmly to be reckoned upon, and his influence to strengthen the wavering purpose of his own Cabinet was important to secure. Yet we have it from Lord Dalling that Talleyrand, during his embassy in London, rather cooled in respect of his lifelong tendency and wish for the English alliance; and Lord Palmerston suffered him to leave England with an impression as to English arrogance and presumption which induced him to advise the French king not to neglect other alliances, remarking that it would never do to keep France *à la remorque de la haute Angleterre*. This entirely sprang from a want of proper courtesy being shown to a most

distinguished man. Talleyrand was descended from one of the highest families in France. For half a century he had been one of her foremost men; he had presided over three revolutions; he had withstood Napoleon the Great in the zenith of his power; he had a reputation in Europe as a statesman and diplomatist second to none; and scarcely any man ever came to England with a greater right to be treated with honour and distinction. "The organ of veneration," says Lord Dalling, "was not broadly pronounced in Lord Palmerston. When a juvenile Secretary at War, he had faced the Duke of York; when serving in the Cabinet of the Duke of Wellington, he had not shown any disposition to give way to his Grace as a superior mortal. He treated M. de Talleyrand with the same want of peculiar deference." "He treated him," so said the Frenchmen attached to the French embassy, "just as M. Thomas, if he had been named French ambassador, would have been treated." No attention was paid to Talleyrand's high individual position apart from his official dignity as ambassador. Appointments made with him were not kept; and he was allowed to wait for one or two hours at a time in the anterooms of the Foreign Office. It seems to us that failures of courtesy of this kind, grave as they would be in ordinary society, are absolutely unpardonable in the representative of a court and a nation.

Lord Palmerston's success as a diplomatist consisted in the vigour with which he carried his point. He had not the qualities which could give and preserve a tone and character to political relations, either in the way of maintaining friendship, or of soothing asperities which had no real foundation in divided interests. He had not the ascendancy of character which genius

gives, nor the sustained influence of a leading intellect. He achieved the authority and importance which a restless combative temper is sure to obtain, especially when backed by the consciousness and the resources of material forces. He gained the quadruple alliance; but immediately afterwards, differences broke out between England and France precisely on the spot which the alliance had chiefly in view. If Spanish freedom and constitutional government were to derive any advantage from that treaty, a perfect union between the French and English Governments was essential. But the history of the next few years is the history of growing, and, to all appearance, unnecessary alienation between them, and their differences first broke out with regard to Spain. The crown has since rolled from the heads of three Spanish sovereigns; and so far as the maintenance of constitutional rule in Spain was a part of Lord Palmerston's policy, it has to the present hour been signally unsuccessful. The differences between England and France, which arose out of Spanish affairs, were widened in the East; and the next great diplomatic triumph of Lord Palmerston was another quadrilateral treaty from which France was excluded, and the northern Powers were welcomed as allies.

Lord Dalling at this time was first placed at Constantinople, and afterwards secretary of embassy to Paris, having in the former post become versed in those Eastern affairs which, so far as this country was concerned, were mainly transacted in France. Mehemet Ali aspired not merely to sovereign independence in Egypt, but to dictate, as mayor of the Palace, the policy of the Porte at Constantinople. With this view he wished to declare himself independent, and to separate Egypt and Syria from

the Turkish empire. Lord Palmerston strongly objected to this, considering that in the *mêlée* which would arise, Russia would obtain a convenient pretext for occupying Constantinople and the Dardanelles. He wished to anticipate Russian aid by conjoint English and French assistance. Eventually the European Powers agreed to compel both parties, Turkey and Mehemet Ali, to abstain from action. The object was to prevent Russian interference singly by the conjoint action of Europe. Everything, says Lord Dalling, went smoothly so long as France and England talked of agreement. The differences which sprang up began when the two Powers came to action. The object of France was to preserve the *status quo* under which Mehemet Ali was an independent potentate, master of the Turkish fleet, of Egypt and of Syria. Lord Palmerston's object was to restore the Sultan's fleet, and to define and restrict the limits of Mehemet Ali's territory. France was suspected of wishing to preserve Mehemet Ali's advantages, with a view to his assistance in case of a war with England. There was also the possibility of France and Russia arranging between themselves that one should have the ascendancy on the shores of the Bosphorus, and the other on the banks of the Nile. France was known to be increasing her naval preparations. At this time M. Thiers became President of the French Council, and M. Guizot ambassador to London.

The French nation were then fixing greedy eyes upon Egypt, while the French Government, especially Louis Philippe, wished to avoid a quarrel with England. Under these circumstances, M. Thiers endeavoured "to bring about an arrangement between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, which would strip all other Governments but that of France of the pretension to be the Sultan's

protector." He was told over and over again that if he went on in the matter without England, England would go on without him. The result was the treaty of July 15, 1840, by which Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia united with Turkey to settle the whole matter without reference to the French. This treaty was concluded with the strictest secrecy. Lord Dalling says that when M. Thiers subsequently communicated it to him, he spoke of it with more regret than irritation, and actually begged him "to say nothing about it until he might take such steps as would prevent some violent explosion in consequence of it." Lord Dalling seemed to think that there was a good deal of unnecessary violence in the whole of this transaction. Mehemet Ali's supposed strength was altogether overrated, and the French were irritated and goaded to the point which almost rendered war inevitable. Lord Palmerston was in the highest glee. "I am curious to know," he said, "how Thiers has taken our convention. No doubt it has made him very angry. It is a great blow to France; but she has brought it on herself by her own obstinacy in refusing to accede to any reasonable terms. . . . Thiers will probably at first swagger, but we are not men to be frightened by threats." And then, in reference to some hints of war on the part of M. Thiers, Lord Palmerston writes to Mr Bulwer: "Bullies seldom execute the threats they deal in, and men of trick and cunning are not always men of desperate resolves. But if Thiers should again hold to you the language of menace, however indistinctly and vaguely shadowed out, pray retort upon him to the full extent of what he may say to you; and with that skill of language which I know you to be master of, convey to him in the most friendly and unoffensive man-

ner possible, that if France throws down the gauntlet, we shall not refuse to pick it up; and that if she begins a war she will to a certainty lose her ships, colonies, and commerce before she sees the end of it; that her army of Algiers will cease to give her anxiety, and that Mehemet Ali will just be chucked into the Nile. I wish you had hinted at these topics when Thiers spoke to you: I invariably do so when either Guizot or Bourqueney begin to swagger, and I observe that it always acts as a sedative." One cannot help thinking, as one reads this language and recalls the diplomatic position in 1853, as described in Kinglake's 'History of the Crimean War,' that if the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen had adopted anything like the same tone of frank explanation towards Russia, a costly and sanguinary war would in all probability have been avoided. The only regret one has in reading it, as applied to the affairs of 1840, is, that neither in the actual position of Mehemet Ali, nor in the real designs of the French Government, which apparently were influenced partly by a sincere wish to keep on good terms with this country, and partly by the necessity of satisfying French vanity and French desire to parade the influence of their country in Europe, do we see the unavoidable elements of a controversy so extreme and so perilous. And we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the Minister who, with the aid of Russia and Austria, was now elated beyond all bounds at having checkmated France and put a public affront upon her people, was the very man who, only six years before, had made it a cardinal point of his policy—the very foundation of his present influence and future fame—to conclude an alliance with this very country as a counterpoise to the dangerous influence of Russia and Austria, and to promote the

spread of constitutional liberties. At the time he made that treaty he knew well the character of the French people and the difficulties of the French Government, and at the same time the ardent wish of Louis Philippe's Government to stand well with the Cabinet of St James. If that treaty was to be worth the paper it was written upon, it demanded moderation, forbearance, and mutual consideration between the two Governments; and from the time when Talleyrand was estranged and slighted, down to the time when Thiers was almost goaded into war, although there is much in Lord Palmerston's diplomacy to admire for directness of aim, high spirit, and resoluteness of purpose, we fail to see the marks of a conciliatory disposition and a far-reaching subordination of present impulse and temper to the attainment of future ends, and to the steady triumph of a well-defined and pre-conceived policy. A capacity to use high language and preserve an inflexible demeanour is essential to a great Foreign Minister; but moderation and self-restraint in exercising it are equally essential, if diplomacy is to remain the art of smoothing difficulties instead of festering wounds, and if its object should be the maintenance of a cordial understanding and of a reciprocal goodwill amongst the nations who employ it. Lord Palmerston was a man to make England for the time being feared and respected, but not to lay the foundation of a durable influence and permanent reputation.

The third volume of this work has been edited by Mr Ashley, from papers left by the late Lord Dalling in a confused and unfinished state. Under such circumstances an editor must consider simply what is due to the deceased, without any attempt to interfere with the work of others. Although this volume is in

our opinion the most unsatisfactory of the three, it must be regarded as an unfinished work, and Mr Ashley cannot in fairness be held responsible for it. He begins by adding about fifty pages of letters which were omitted, as he thinks improperly, in the former volume. Then follows Lord Dalling's account of Lord Palmerston in opposition, when, for the only time in his life, he experienced an exclusion from office for so lengthened a term as five years. To this account, which is reasonably short and condensed, a hundred pages of letters and speeches are added by the editor. Then follows an account of the return of the Whigs to power, Lord Palmerston's resumption of the seals of the Foreign Office, together with a minute and detailed history of the negotiations with regard to the Spanish marriages, and of our relations to Spain. To this account, which is also by Lord Dalling, the editor has added considerably more than another hundred pages of correspondence, and has printed a long memorandum by Lord Palmerston, dated December 1846, on the state of our national defences. The volume concludes with a chapter by Lord Dalling upon the characteristics of Lord Palmerston's letters. The book is by far the worst instance of the three of transferring to the public the discharge of the duties which the biographer has undertaken. It is a satisfaction to remember that Lord Dalling's great reputation will not depend upon this "fragment," and the manner in which it has been executed. If it fails as a biography, it yet contains the best and most authentic accounts of the establishment of the Belgian Kingdom, the quadruple alliance of 1834, the quadrilateral treaty and diplomatic overthrow of France in 1840, and the transactions which led to the Spanish marriages.

Lord Palmerston's attitude to-

wards America is of especial interest to those who remember the negotiations respecting the Alabama claims, and the weakness which employed less accurate language in framing the treaty of Washington. The device of employing phrases which have two meanings, in order to cover international differences by apparent agreement, is one of recent invention, and shows that diplomatic skill has declined to the point of not understanding the primary significance of a contract or a treaty. The conduct of England during the Trent affair in 1861, whilst Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, was spirited and vigorous, but it happened while America was torn by civil war. The M'Leod affair, which occurred twenty years earlier, was, however, treated with equal spirit by a Ministry almost in its throes. M'Leod, a British subject, was arrested in January 1841 by the authorities of the State of New York on a charge of murder. An American steamer during the Canadian Rebellion had been engaged in carrying arms to the rebels. M'Leod, with others, boarded her whilst in New York territory, set her on fire, and drove her over the Falls of Niagara, during which proceedings an American on board lost his life. The subsequent arrest of M'Leod whilst in New York State was followed by a demand by the British Government for his release, on the ground that he was acting under orders, and that the responsibility rested with them, and not with M'Leod. Mr Forsyth, the Foreign Secretary of the United States, tried to evade this demand by disowning responsibility for the acts of the authorities of the State of New York, and denying the right of the Union to interfere with the internal concerns of one of the States. Lord Palmerston retorted that in that case there would be war with the State of New York ;

and if that implied, *ipso facto*, war with the rest of the Union, it followed that the rest of the Union must be able to prevent a single State from involving them in that calamity. He brushed aside the subterfuge of the American Secretary of State in this way : " Forsyth's doctrine is pure nullification doctrine ; but that is what he cannot intend to maintain." The consequences of refusal to deliver up M'Leod are not referred to with any circumlocution process : " M'Leod's execution would produce war—war immediate and frightful in its character, because it would be a war of retaliation and vengeance." M'Leod was in due course acquitted and discharged.

The Whig Government, however, shortly afterwards fell from office. It is not an unfair criticism upon it to say that it was only saved from absolute contempt by the courage and capacity of two men, Lord John Russell, who mainly sustained it at home, and Lord Palmerston, who singly represented it abroad. Sir R. Peel then came into power, and the character of party division was determined by the thin controversy whether there should be a moderate fixed duty on corn, or a moderate duty regulated by a sliding scale ; much as twenty years later it seemed to rest upon the difference between a £6 or a £7 franchise. The intervals between epochs of excitement are frequently in English history occupied by controversies of that character, which merely denote that " rest and be thankful " is the order of the day. An Opposition, of whichever party it may consist, has not much to thrive on, under those circumstances. And accordingly, Lord Palmerston's five years' occupation of the left-hand benches was not signalised by any of the most interesting events of his life. An argument of his in February 1842, pressing into his

service the configuration of the globe as a proof that Providence was in favour of free trade, is thought worthy by his biographer of being quoted twice over, upon one occasion with a page of refutation annexed to it. Lord Palmerston, however, did not shine to advantage when he got upon religious topics, and sought to demonstrate that the decrees of Providence were in his favour. He was far more in his element when, in answer to a Scotch provincial deputation to him as Home Secretary, petitioning for a day of humiliation and prayer to avert a threatened pestilence, he first extracted from them that their drains were in a neglected state, and then referred them to the ordinary methods of sanitary precaution.

The most pressing question which arose after Lord Palmerston's return to the Foreign Office in 1846, was that of the Spanish marriages and our relations with Spain. France, according to a Quarterly Reviewer of January 1868, in a sentence adopted by Lord Dalling, "entered on a policy in the Spanish peninsula which could not fail, a little sooner or a little later, to produce serious disagreement with our Government, and to shock the moral sense of all Europe by its cold-blooded immorality and injustice." Louis Philippe, however, determined to brave difficulties, which eventually cost him his crown, for a family rather than for a national interest. The question lay not so much between France and Spain as between the French and English Sovereigns and Cabinets.

It had arisen in this way. Isabella was Queen of Spain, and Christina was regent. The regent's authority was seized for a couple of years by Espartero, after which Christina, with the aid of the French Government, returned to Madrid under the protection of Narvaez.

This was followed by the repeal of a law which necessitated the consent of the Cortes to the marriage of the queen. The French Government then aimed at confining Isabella's choice to a member of the Bourbon family. France, however, renounced the intention of marrying her to the heir of the French crown; and on that understanding Lord Aberdeen assented to the selection of a Bourbon prince. France in this way was rapidly acquiring the ascendant in Spain. The Bourbon candidate thus selected, however, was a Neapolitan, and Spaniards have a national contempt for the Neapolitans. French vanity and Castilian pride soon came into collision; and strong opposition was soon excited to the selfish endeavour of Queen Christina and Louis Philippe to place a Neapolitan prince on the Spanish throne. At this stage, M. Guizot projected a marriage between the Infanta—who was Isabella's sister and presumptive heiress—and the Duke of Montpensier, a son of Louis Philippe. The Neapolitan marriage was not expected to result in issue, and consequently in the Montpensier interest it was a French object to force it on, *coûte qu'il coûte*. When, however, it became clear that that marriage was impossible, Queen Christina was anxious to secure Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg—a scheme which was against the interest of the French, but satisfactory to the King of the Belgians, and for which she was anxious to secure the support of the English. She remained willing that the Infanta should marry the Duke of Montpensier, if Louis Philippe, under the altered circumstances of a Coburg marriage, still claimed the fulfilment of his promise to that effect; otherwise, that the Infanta should marry in the manner most accordant with the interests of the family and those of the Spanish nation. Lord Aberdeen's complaint

ance at this juncture, when it was distinctly necessary for England to take a decided line, had a mischievous effect. Our ambassador, Mr Bulwer, complains that his instructions were uncertain; and that he did not know whether neutrality or Spanish independence were his object. The matter was further complicated by Mr Bulwer regarding M. de Brisson, the French ambassador at the Spanish Court, in the light of a rival to be circumvented, and by his receiving the confidence of Queen Christina as one who sympathised with Spain against France; whereas Lord Aberdeen was completely under the dominion of Monsieur Guizot, on whose professions he placed unlimited reliance. While, therefore, Mr Bulwer concealed Christina's proposal for a Coburg alliance from M. de Brisson at the Spanish Court, Lord Aberdeen reprimanded him for doing so, and himself informed M. Guizot. M. de Brisson, in his turn, learnt the news, and on receiving it, "bounded," he himself says, "from his bed in mingled surprise and indignation." The result of this entanglement was that France considered us by our acts bound to support the Bourbon alliance, while Spain lost all confidence in our independence, or even in the confidential character of its communications with us.

At this juncture Lord Palmerston came into office, and Lord Dalling has equal fault to find with him. The new Foreign Minister had formerly conceived strong antipathies to the party then in power in Spain, and objected to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg as their nominee. Accordingly, in his public despatch to the French Government, he appeared to advocate the marriage with Prince Leopold; but at the same time he privately instructed Mr Bulwer to press for the selection of Don Henry, the exiled leader of the party opposed to Queen

Christina's. His object was that Louis Philippe, anxious to escape from a Coburg, would support Don Henry, a Bourbon; and that Queen Christina and the Spanish Government would end by submitting to the united policy of France and England. Mr Bulwer urged upon Lord Palmerston in vain to unite with the Spanish Government against Louis Philippe, instead of with Louis Philippe against the Spanish Government; begging him, at the same time, to place confidence in his advices; "but Lord Palmerston replied to me characteristically, that the best title of an agent to the confidence of his chief was that of obeying him." Shortly after Mr Bulwer had pressed upon the Spanish Court Don Henry's claims, a double and simultaneous marriage was agreed upon and announced. Queen Isabella married Don Francisco, a brother of Don Henry—a man personally as unsuitable as the Neapolitan prince, and therefore favoured by M. Guizot and France; and the Infanta married the Duke of Montpensier. Isabella quickly conceived a contempt for her husband, and formed an attachment for General Serrano. The object of France was, that as no issue was possible from Isabella's marriage, the Montpensier succession might be secured. French policy triumphed, and neither Lord Aberdeen nor Lord Palmerston obtained either credit or success. Lord Palmerston's policy then pointed to the dissolution of Isabella's marriage—the setting aside the Montpensier succession—and, through the influence of General Serrano, upsetting the ruling party in Spain. It wholly failed, and General Narvaes was installed in power, the Spanish Government remaining closely allied with that of France. Suddenly there came the revolution of 1848, and daily insurrections took place in Madrid. The alternative to be

feared was either that General Narvaez would establish his power by the most odious tyranny, or that the Spanish throne would be overturned. Lord Palmerston, at this conjuncture, pressed upon Narvaez, who was a man of desperate character in a desperate position, to enlarge his administration by calling some of his opponents into council. Narvaez was a man who, when asked upon his deathbed to forgive his enemies, replied that he had none, for he had killed them all. Accordingly, Mr Bulwer produced shortly afterwards, to the Spanish Government, respectable evidence of a plot against his life; and thereupon Narvaez sent him his passports. Lord Palmerston was anxious to demand satisfaction, but was overruled in the Cabinet, and the pride of the Spaniards was gratified in having braved with impunity the power of Great Britain. Lord Dalling says, that every one became suddenly disposed to truckle to the man who had bullied Lord Palmerston. He declares that the triumph of Narvaez began the history of calamities which cost Queen Isabella her crown. Had Lord Palmerston's advice been followed, and satisfaction extorted, he exclaims, it is more than probable that Queen Isabella would still have been on her throne in Madrid, that a constitutional government would long since have been established firmly in France, and that the campaign in the Crimea—which he traces to Baron Brunnow's conviction, subsequently communicated to the Russian Court, that England would submit to any degradation sooner than go to war to resent it—would have been avoided. If so, the Spanish marriages, selfish and unprincipled as they were, were the parents of as much national disaster as of serious injury to personal reputation. Neither Lord Aberdeen nor Lord Palmerston are free from obloquy; while M. Guizot

fell from power, and never afterwards recovered it, though he survived till the present year. The French and Spanish thrones were both of them overturned. The episode in which Lord Dalling took a leading part is illustrated in his book at enormous length; but it is at the present time, in the altered state of Europe, of little direct bearing upon present politics.

As a matter of history, however, the episode is one of considerable interest and importance. The name of M. Guizot must bear the full weight of its infamy. Louis Philippe and Queen Christina must share it with him; modified in the case of the Queen, that she would gladly have substituted the Prince of Saxe-Coburg for Don Francisco if only her power or English aid had been equal to the project. Lord Aberdeen must take his share of responsibility in respect of the weakness which rendered him almost a tool in the hands of France. Lord Palmerston's memory is burdened with the error of judgment which led him to start a new candidate, and trust to force the hand of France in aid of his particular plan, in lieu of a cordial support of the Saxe-Coburg alliance. The only man who comes out of the transaction with clean hands and untarnished fame is Lord Dalling himself. He is entitled to the credit of having from the first tried to help the Spanish queen to throw off the dictation of France, and of having encouraged the Saxe-Coburg alliance by every means in his power. His sagacity has been proved by the event. The spirit with which he upheld his policy led to a censure from Lord Aberdeen and a snub from Lord Palmerston; and on one occasion he tendered his resignation, which Lord Aberdeen declined to accept. If his counsels had prevailed, Europe would have been spared a great disaster, and the

annals of diplomacy a great disgrace. Not merely in the matter of the Spanish marriages, but also in that of Belgian independence; not merely at the Spanish Court, but also at Paris and at Constantinople, Lord Dalling has secured to himself a high reputation, and may fairly rank with the greatest of English diplomatists.

Lord Palmerston, at this time, and at the close of the period covered by this biography, was only on the threshold of the most important and active period of his life. The story yet remains to be told of his foreign policy in regard to the French Republic, and his attitude in regard to Napoleon's *coup d'état*. His great Parliamentary triumph in July 1850, to which no less an authority than Mr Disraeli traced his subsequent accession to the Premiership, was quickly followed by remonstrances from the English Court against his assumption of too great individual control over the course of foreign affairs, and too great neglect of the attention due to the Sovereign and her Prime Minister. A repetition of similar self-sufficiency, evidently regarded at the time, rightly or wrongly, as presumptuous insubordination, led to his dismissal from office in December 1851. Shortly after the meeting of Parliament, Lord John Russell's Government fell by his hand, and Lord Derby's first Administration succeeded to power. In December 1852, he entered Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet as Home Secretary, but escaped, as far as public opinion was concerned, all responsibility for the feeble diplomacy which resulted in the Crimean war. The last act of Lord John Russell, as leader of the House of Commons, was to resign office rather than defend the conduct of the war. None of his Whig colleagues followed his example; but the House of Commons, by an enormous majority, dismissed the Ministry of Lord

Aberdeen. Lord Derby and Lord Russell were successively sent for, and Lord Palmerston professed his willingness to serve under either. The accomplished diplomatist, however, who saw his way to the highest office, was early manifested in both negotiations; and the historian who lifts the veil from the transactions of that time will disclose, no doubt, an interesting historical episode. Lord John Russell came back to office on the introduction of the man whom he had dismissed, but shortly afterwards was compelled to retire in face of the public disapproval of his conduct at Vienna. Lord Palmerston then stood "without a rival or competitor in the leadership of the great Whig party"—a position which he achieved at the age of 71. His successful conduct of the Russian war, his defeat by the combination of Lord John Russell, the Peelites, and the Tories, upon the question of the war with China, were followed by the dissolution of Parliament, and the establishment of his power at the head of a majority of more than 100. That majority passed the Divorce Act, and then Parliament was prorogued. When it next met, it dismissed Lord Palmerston from office at the bidding of the Peace party, for unduly truckling to France, and endeavouring to alter the criminal legislation of England, "under menace and terror of a foreign Power."

Such a reverse is an extraordinary event in an extraordinary career. The second Derby Administration acceded to office for fifteen months, and easily established itself in power. The dissolution of 1859 only unseated it by a majority of 13. Lord Palmerston then entered upon his second Premiership at the age of 75, and held power for six years till his death. He quickly suppressed all controversy about Parliamentary Reform; and as he declined in strength, both parties by tacit con-

sent suspended their strife until his Government should cease. A dissolution which occurred just two months before his death resulted in a distinctly Palmerston majority of 70. It was foretold by discontented Liberals that he would bequeath to the Tories a long lease of power.

The pent-up energies of Parliamentary Reformers soon burst forth at his death. Mr Gladstone, as leader of the House of Commons, soon showed that he was unequal to the task of managing a majority returned to support Lord Palmerston. Reform thereupon fell to the hands of Mr Disraeli, who maintained his place for two and a half years. He could hardly be said to be in a minority, for on all important occasions until the Irish Church resolutions his policy prevailed. A *coup d'état* on the subject of Reform was quickly followed by another on the subject of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Five years of Radical rule have alarmed and disgusted the country; and the alleged bequest of Lord Palmerston is at last fulfilled. No one who remembers his career will believe that, so long as his rule lasted, would the extreme section of the Liberal party have dared to assume the threatening and dictatorial attitude which it has paraded before the country for the last three years. Nor would America and Russia have succeeded in some of their recent diplomatic ventures. Although Lord Palmerston's foreign policy falls short, in its leading characteristics, of the ideal of statesmanship, it must always be remembered in his favour that he preserved peace, that he maintained the interests and held high the honour of the country, and left her, at his death, prosperous at home, and with her name respected abroad. The personal incidents in

his life are among the most remarkable in the annals of English Parliamentary life, and are absolutely marvellous in respect of the mental and physical vigour which they disclose. Lord Macaulay used to say that after sixty no one could lead the House of Commons with vigour and effect. Lord Palmerston did not obtain the post of leader till he was upwards of seventy. He held it till he was eighty-one, and at one time he encountered with no unequal skill, and ultimately with success, the combination of all the great debaters whom this generation has produced. Such a career and such personal achievements must necessarily command a high place in English history. But it is the last twenty years of his life, the portion which is not contained in these volumes under review, which are so full of dramatic interest and rare achievement. Whenever the account of these is given to the world, we have no doubt that it will be welcomed with pride and pleasure; and that, long as his public life extended, it will be admitted that, unlike many of the great personages of history, he did not live a day too long for his glory or his fame. His character will not be difficult to draw; it is of that strong individuality that it is not, if the facts are clearly narrated, likely to be obscured either by exaggerated praise or reckless censure. The permanent influence, however, of this marvellous career, is not in proportion to its unbroken prosperity; and it will be easier for the historian or biographer to do justice to the wonderful qualities and achievements of the man, than to decide upon his true place in English history, and as to the relative claims of himself and some of his contemporaries and predecessors upon the respect and admiration of posterity.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCX.

DECEMBER 1874.

VOL. CXVI.

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EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.



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THE STORY OF VALENTINE ;

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART XII.—CHAPTER XXXIV.

ONE nail strikes out another, the Italians say. It was not wonderful that Richard Ross should feel this, seeing that the subject which concerned his own individual life most closely was that which drove out of his mind all immediate recollection of the other which was the object of his journey. But that the strange and startling apparition of the new figure which suddenly confronted her should have driven the recollection of Valentine out of Lady Eskside's head, was much more wonderful—for her heart was rent with anxiety about Val; whereas Richard was only vaguely, lightly affected by that anxiety; and there was no such magic of old associations, old passions, curiosity, and that baffled sense of impotence which provokes the mind to put forth its whole powers, in her mind as in his. But for the moment Lady Eskside forgot her beloved boy, and her devouring anxiety; forgot everything but the shock and startling sensation

produced upon her by this face, which suddenly looked at her, meeting her gaze calmly, unaware of its own power. When she brought Dick Brown to a stop in his explanations by her eager, almost wild question, "Who are you?" the subject which up to that moment had been engrossing her whole mind departed wholly out of it. Poor Val, lying upon his mother's bed! He was wronged even by those who loved him best—he was forgotten, if only for a moment, in the strain and stress of affairs more urgent; but happily did not know it. Dick was very much embarrassed, good fellow, to find himself suddenly elevated into a place of such importance, and to be asked so passionately, so urgently, who he was. Nothing in the world more easy than to give an account of himself. He smiled, involuntarily, at the anxiety in Lady Eskside's face.

"It is very easy to tell you that, ma'am," he said. "I didn't send

my name, thinking you wouldn't know. I'm Richard Brown, head man now at Mr Styli's, the boat-builder, at Oxford, and for three years at Goodman's, at Eton. That is all about me."

"What is it?" said the old lady. "No, I am not deaf—you need not speak loud; but say it again. Richard? Yes, yes. Of course it could be nothing but Richard. And you came to tell me that? Is your mother living? is she still living? and where is she? Was it she that sent you here?"

"I came to tell you about Mr Ross——"

"Boy," said Lady Eskside, "don't trifle with me. This was what drove my darling away. Is the woman living, and do you know where she is? Your face tells a great deal," she went on, "but not all. Where is your mother? Did she send you? Is she near? Oh, for God's sake, if you have any pity, tell me! What with one trouble and another, I am near at an end of my strength."

"Mr Ross is ill, ma'am," said Dick, much bewildered, but holding fast to his mother's *consigne*, not to say anything about her. "He is lying ill at our—at my house."

"What could he be but ill," cried the old lady, drying her eyes, "after all that has come and gone? But don't think that I'll let you go now. Richard, perhaps you are ignorant, perhaps you don't know how important it is—but oh, for God's sake, tell me! Have you got her? have you got her safe this time? Come near to me; you have a kindly face," my lady went on, looking closely at him with the tears in her eyes. "A face I knew as well as I know myself; but kind and young, like what he was before the world touched him. Sit down here; and oh, my bonnie man, have confidence in me!"

She laid her delicate old hand upon his arm, she bent towards him, her face all tremulous with emotion, tears in her eyes, her lips quivering, her voice pathetic and tender as the cooing of a dove. Dick looked at her in return with respectful sympathy, with natural kindness, but with a half smile of wonder. What was it she wanted of him? What could he respond to such an appeal?

"I don't know, ma'am, what I can do for you, what I can tell you," he said; "I'm but a working man, not educated to speak of. There is nothing particular about me that I should confide in any one; but if you tell me what it is you want, I've nothing to conceal neither," the young man said with gentle pride, so innocent and honest that it made his smile all the brighter. "You are welcome, ma'am, if you care for it, to know everything about me."

"I do care for it," she said, keeping her hand upon his arm. She had made him sit beside her on the little sofa, and her eyes were so intent upon his face, that he scarcely knew how to sustain the gaze. He paused a little to think what he could say first.

"I don't know what to tell you, ma'am," he said, with a laugh; "it's all in what I've said already. Except about Mr Ross—perhaps that is what you mean; I can't say, and you can't think, what he's done for me—how good he's been. My life is more a story about him than anything about me," said Dick, with a generous glow coming over his face, "since the day I first met him on the river——"

"That was—how long ago?"

"He wasn't in the boats till the year after," said Dick, availing himself of the easiest mode of calculating. "It's about seven years since—we were both boys, so to speak.

He took to me somehow, ma'am—out of his own head—by chance—so some folks says——”

Under other circumstances no story could have been so interesting to Lady Eskside, but at present her mind was too much disturbed to follow it. She interrupted him hastily—“And your mother! what of her? You tell me nothing about her! Was she there as well as you?”

Dick felt as it is natural to feel when you are interrupted in a congenial story—and that your own story, the most interesting of all narratives. He repeated—“My mother!” in a tone of disappointment. How his mother could be more interesting to any one than Mr Ross and himself, and that tale of their meeting, which he had already told successfully more than once, Dick did not know.

“Yes, your mother! Tell me her name, and how she brought you up, and where she is living!—for she is living, you said? Tell me! and after that,” said Lady Eskside, in an unconsciously insinuating tone, “I shall be able to listen to you about my poor Val, and all that you have had to do with him. Ah! be sure that is what I would like best! but the other, the other is more important. Where is she? What does she call herself? How did she bring you up? Oh! don’t lose time, my good boy, but tell me this, for I must know.”

Dick became much confused and disturbed, remembering his mother’s caution to him not to mention her. He could not understand why she should thus be dragged into question. But she had evidently expected it, which was very perplexing to him. He faltered a little in his reply.

“My mother—is just my mother, ma’am. She lives with me; she’s nursing Mr Ross now.”

The old lady gave a cry, and grasped him by the arm. “Has

she told him?” she cried. “Does Val know?”

“Know what?” said Dick in amaze. She gazed at him intently for a moment, and then all at once fell a-crying and wringing her hands.

“Is my boy ill?” she said. “What is the matter with him? how soon can we go to him? Will you take me there, Richard, as quick as we can go? Your mother is nursing him, you are sure? and you don’t know anything she could have told him? Oh, let us go! there is not a moment to lose.”

She got up hastily to ring the bell, then sat down again. “There will be no train—no train till to-night or to-morrow; oh, these trains, that have always to be waited for! In old days you could start in your post-chaise without waiting a minute. And, poor lad, you will want a rest,” she added, turning to look at him, “and food. Oh, but if you know the fever in my mind till I am there!”

“Don’t be too anxious,” said Dick, compassionately, understanding this better; “the crisis cannot come for four days yet, and the doctor says my mother is an excellent nurse, and that he’ll pull through.”

Lady Eskside rose again in her restlessness and rang the bell. “Bring something for this gentleman to eat,” she said, when Harding appeared; “bring a tray to the dining-room; and get me the paper about the trains; and let none of the other fools of men come about me to stare and stare,” she cried fretfully. “Serve us yourself. And bid your wife come here—I have something to say to her.”

“To the dining-room, my lady!”

“Didn’t I say here!” cried Lady Eskside. “You’re all alike, never understanding. Send Margaret here.”

Mrs Harding must have been very close behind, for she followed almost instantly. She gave a little cry at sight of Dick. I fear this was not so independent a judgment as Lady Eskside supposed, for of course her husband had suggested the resemblance she was called upon to remark; but she had no unbounded confidence in her husband's judgment, and she was upon the whole as likely as not to have declared against him. Lady Eskside turned sharply round upon her. "What are you crying out about, Margret? I expected a woman like you to have more sense. What I wanted to tell you was, that I am going away for a day or two. Well; why are you staring at a stranger so?"

"Oh, my lady!" cried Mrs Harding, "it's no possible but what you see——"

"Ay, ay—I see, I see," cried Lady Eskside, moved to tears; "well I see; and if it please God," she added devoutly, "I almost think the long trouble's over. Margret, you'll not say anything; but I have no doubt you know what it has been this many a year."

"Oh, my lady! yes, my lady! How could I be in the house and not know?"

"It is just like you all!" cried Lady Eskside, with another sudden change of sentiment; "prying into other folk's business, instead of being attentive to your own; just like you all! But keep your man quiet, Margret Harding, and hold your tongue yourself. That's what I think," she went on softly, "but nothing's clear."

Dick sat and listened to all this, wondering. He thought she was a very strange old lady to change her tone and manner so often; but there was enough of sympathetic feeling in him to show that, though he could not tell how she was moved, she was much moved and excited.

He was sorry for her. She had so kind a look that it went to his heart. Was it all for Val's sake? and what did she mean about his mother? Somehow he could not connect his own old suspicions as to who his father was with this altogether new acquaintance. He got confused, and felt all power to think abandoning him. In everything she said, it was his mother who seemed to have the first place; and Dick felt that he knew all about his mother, though his father was a mystery to him. Of what importance could she be—a tramp, a vagrant, a woman whom he himself had only been able to withdraw from the fields and roads with difficulty—what could she be to this stately old lady? Dick, for his part, was deeply confounded, and did not know what to think.

She came up to him with a tremulous smile when the house-keeper went away. "Richard," she said, speaking to him as if (he thought) she had known him all his life—"if I am right in what I think, you and I will be great friends some day. Was it you that my boy wrote about, that he was fond of when he was at Eton—oh, how blind I have been!—that had a mother you were very good to? My man, was that you?"

"Yes, ma'am—my lady—I suppose it was me——"

"That worked so well, and raised yourself in the world? that he was going to see always, till some fool, some meddling fool that knew no better," cried Lady Eskside, "wrote to my old lord to stop it? But I thank God I did not stop it!" said my lady, the tears running down her cheeks. "I thank the Lord I had confidence in my boy! Richard! it was you that all this happened about? You are sure it was you?"

"There could not be two of us," he

said, his face lighted up with feeling; for Dick, good fellow, though he did not know why she was crying, felt something rise in his throat at the sight of the old lady's tears. "Yes, ma'am—I mean, my lady."

"Don't call me my lady, my bonnie man; call me—but never mind—we'll wait a while; we'll do nothing rash," cried Lady Eskside. "You're hungry and tired all this time, while I've been thinking of myself and of Val, and not of you. Come and have something to eat, Richard; and then you'll take me to my boy."

But Lady Eskside was two or three years over seventy. She was worn out with anxiety, and now with the sudden excitement of this visitor. She had taken neither food nor sleep as became her years since Val had disappeared; and before her preparations could be made, she herself allowed that to attempt to travel by the night train would be foolish and unavailing. "I don't want to die before it's all settled," she said, smiling and crying. "We'll have to wait till to-morrow." And Dick, who had travelled all night, was very willing to wait. She sat by him and talked to him while he had his meal, and for an hour or more after; and though Dick was not stupid, he was a child in the hands of the clever old lady, who recovered all her spirit now that her anxiety was removed, and this wonderful power of setting everything right was put into her hands. Lady Eskside was but human, and, so far as she was aware, no one but herself had the faintest inkling of this blessed way of clearing up the troubles of the family, or knew anything of Dick Brown and his mother. She felt that she had found it out, that it would be her part to clear it all up, and the thought was sweet to her. And

as for her anxiety, Dick made so light of Valentine's illness, which did not now alarm himself, that he made Lady Eskside rather happy than otherwise by his account, supplying her with a reason for Val's silence without communicating any alarm to her mind. Very soon she knew everything about Dick, — more than he knew himself—his tramp-life, his wanderings with his mother, his longings for something better, for a home and settled dwelling-place. And Dick, without knowing, made such a picture of his mother as touched the old lady's heart. "She used to sit at the window and watch for the boat. That was the first thing that reconciled her a bit," said Dick. "She used to watch and watch for Mr Ross's boat, and sit like a statue when we'd started him, to see him come back. She always took a deal of interest in Mr Ross."

"Did she ever tell you why?"

"Because he was so kind," said Dick. "I've thought often there was more in it than that; but what could a fellow say to his mother, ma'am? I wasn't one to worry her with questions. That's how she used to sit watching. Mother is strange often; but there never was any harm in her," said Dick, fervently—"never! The others would hold their tongues when she was by—I've thought of it often since; and when she saw my heart was set on settling down, she gave into it, all on my account. That is what I call a good woman," he cried, encouraged by the attention and sympathy with which his story was received. Lady Eskside learnt more in an hour or two of the woman who had cost her so dear, than she could have done otherwise in years. She found out everything about her. She even got to feel for and pity the mother—ignorant, foolish,

unwitting what harm she was doing—who thus kept to her savage point of honour, and never betrayed herself nor claimed her son. Dick, unconscious, told everything. It was only on thinking it over after that he remembered again his mother's charge not to say anything of her. "Say only it's your mother." Well! he said to himself, he had said no more. It was as his mother that he had spoken of her, and as that alone. He knew her in no other character. He had spoken of her life, her habits, her goodness; but he had told nothing more. There was not, indeed, anything more to tell, had he wished to betray her.

In the afternoon, Lady Eskside was persuaded to go and rest—a repose which she wanted mightily—and Dick was left alone. It was then that he began to think that possibly he had been indiscreet in his revelations; and he was somewhat frightened, to tell the truth, when he found himself left in the great drawing-room alone. He did not know whether it would be right for him to wait there, where Lady Eskside left him, until she came back. He felt a little doubtful whether he might examine the great cabinet, and all the curious things he saw, and which fired him with interest. He could not do them any harm, at last he reflected; and he did not think the kind old lady would object. So he got out his note-book, and made little drawings of various things that struck his fancy. The wonder being over for the moment, and the pressure of Lady Eskside's questions, Dick's mind gladly retired from it altogether, and returned to easier everyday matters. That this discovery, whatever it was, should make any difference in his life, did not seem to him at all a likely idea; nor did such a notion seriously enter his mind.

And no thought of the possible transference of his own lowly and active life to such surroundings as those which were now about him, ever occurred to Dick. He would have been extremely amused by the idea. But he made a note in his book—a rough little drawing, yet quite enough to be a guide to him—of sundry little "details"—arrangements of brackets and shelves, which he thought might be adapted even to his little place on a small scale. He had his eyes always about him, ready to note anything of the kind; and though he smiled to himself at the idea of copying in his tiny parlour what he saw in this great room, yet he made his drawings all the same, with his rough workman's pencil. The drawings were very rough, but he knew how to work from them, and in his mind's eye already saw a homely imitation of the objects he admired figuring upon his low walls. He even thought it would amuse Val, when he got better, to see in the boatman's parlour a humble copy of the brackets in Rosscraig.

And after this, as one of the windows was open, he strayed out, with some perturbation lest he should be taking too much upon him, and wandered through the shrubberies, and out into the woods. It was a soft spring afternoon, the sun getting near his setting, the trees showing a faint greenness, the sound of the Esk filling the air. The river was full and strong, swelled by the spring rains, and by the melting of all the early frosts. It made a continuous murmur, filling the whole soft universe around with an all-pervading sound. Dick had almost forgotten what the woods were like in the early spring; and the charm of the stillness and the woodland rustle, the slanting lines of light, the bright gleams of green, the tender depths of shadow, stole into his heart. He

had a still, profound, undemonstrative enjoyment of nature, loving her without being able to put his love into words; and the beauty of those irregular banks, all broken with light and shade, topped with trees which threw up their tall stems towards the sky, waiting till the blessing of new life should come upon them—delighted the young man, who for years had known no finer scenery than the unexciting precincts of the Thames. Dear Thames, kind river, forgive the words!—ungrateful words to come from the lips of one who owes thee untold pleasures; but soft meadows and weeping willows, and all the gentle lights and shadows of the level stream, looked tame beside the foaming, tumbling river, rushing with shouts among its rocks, singing over its pebbles, leaping and hurrying onward through all those bold braes that hemmed it in, and played perpetual chase and escape with the brown torrent. The trees on Esk-side were not the grand broad placid trees to which Dick was used. Red firs, with the sun on their great russet pillars; white birches, poising daintily on every fairy knove; pale ash-trees, long-limbed and bare—mixed with the oaks and beeches, and gave a different character to the scene; and here and there a bold bit of brown rock, a slip of red earth, the stony course of a burn which went rattling in hot haste to join the Esk, crossing the path and toppling down in dozens of tiny waterfalls—all these were like nothing he had ever seen before. He strayed on a little further and a little further, by bypaths of which Val knew every curve and corner, under trees, every one of which, could they have spoken, would have asked for news of their young lord. Sometimes it occurred to him, with a sense of additional pleasure, that all this would one day belong to his young patron. Would

Val ever ask him to come here, he wondered? then “Lord bless me!” said Dick to himself, “why should he? He’ll always be kind and good as long as he lives; but why should he ask the like of me?” and he laughed at his own absurdity. But what with these thoughts, and what with no thought at all, mere pleasure, which perhaps carries farthest, he went on, much farther than he knew, as far as the linn and the two great beeches which had played so great a part in Val’s life. Just before he reached that point he was stopped by a sudden sound which startled him, which had a distinct tone of humanity in it, and did not spring from the fresh and free nature about. It was the sound of a sob. Dick stood still and looked about him, with recollections of his own childhood rising fresh into his mind, and a tender thought of finding some poor little tired wanderer under some tree, crying for weariness. But he could see nothing, and presently went on again, persuading himself that his ears must have deceived him. He went on, himself rousing intermittent echoes, for his step was sometimes inaudible on the mossy turf, and sometimes sent thrills of sound all through the wood, as his foot crashed on a fallen branch, or struck the pebbles aside in a little shower.

When he got to the linn he paused some time on the edge of the river, struck by the beauty of the place; and only when he was passing on, perceived behind him, all at once, somebody sitting at the foot of one of the trees—a little figure muffled in a blue cloak, and leaning against the bole of one of the big beeches. Dick made an unconscious exclamation—“I beg your pardon”—and went on, half frightened lest he should have disturbed some one who had a better right to be there than he had. But

this incident broke the spell of his wandering, and recalled him to the thought that he was far from Ross-craig, and that it would be safer to turn back as he had come, than to risk losing his way. Perhaps a little curiosity about the solitary figure under the tree had something to do with this prudent thought ; but his curiosity was lessened by a second glance he had stolen through the trees, which showed him that it was a lady who sat there. Had it been a tramp-woman, Dick might have shown his sympathy ; but with a lady, even one in trouble, he could only intrude ; and yet he could not help being interested. Could it be from her that the sob had come ? and why should she be crying here, all alone, like an enchanted princess ? He knew little about enchanted princesses, but he had a tender heart, and the sob had troubled him. He went back again, passing slowly, trying to make out, without staring—which was not consistent with Dick's idea of "manners"—who it was, and what she was doing under the shadow of the tree. The soft grass glade between these two giants of the wood was lighted up by a slant ray of the sun which slid all the way down the high bank on the other side of Esk, to pour that oblique line of glory under the great sweeping boughs over the greensward. She was seated out of the sunshine, but

with her face turned towards the light, and it seemed to Dick that it was a face he had seen before. I do not think the fact that it was a young face, and a fair one, touched him so much as that it was very pale and mournful, justifying his idea that the sob must somehow have belonged to it. How he would have liked to linger, to ask what was the matter ! He would have done so, had she not been a lady ; but Dick knew his place. His surprise was great, however, when, as soon as his back was turned, he heard a stir, a sound of footsteps, a faint call, which seemed addressed to him. He turned round quickly. The girl, whoever she was, had risen from her seat. She had come out of the shade into the sunshine, and was standing between the trees, with the light upon her, catching a glittering edge of hair, and giving a hem of brightness to one side of her figure, and to the outlines of the blue cloak. "I beg your pardon ; did you call me ?" said Dick, shy but eager. Perhaps she had lost her way. Perhaps she wanted help of one kind or another. Then the little woodland lady beckoned to him timidly. I think, if it had not been for the anxiety and longing that swelled her heart well-nigh to bursting, that Violet would never have had the courage thus to appeal to a stranger in the wood.

CHAPTER XXXV.

' She advanced a step to meet him, timid, yet with that confidence which social superiority gives : for Dick, I am bound to confess, though I love him, was not one of those wonderful beings who bear the exterior of a fine gentleman even in a workman's clothes. He was not vulgar in any respect, being per-

fectly free from every kind of pretension, and with all the essence of fine manners—that politeness of the heart which neither birth nor education by themselves can give ; but though, as I have said, his dress was to a certain degree copied from Valentine's, who possessed the *je ne sais quoi* in perfection, and was quite

wall made and unobtrusive, yet I am obliged to allow that Dick had not that mysterious something which makes a gentleman. You could have found no fault with his appearance, and to look at his candid countenance was to trust him; but yet he had not the *je ne sais quoi*, and Violet knew that, conventionally speaking, she was addressing one who was "not a gentleman;" this fact gave her a degree of freedom in calling him which she would scarcely have felt with a stranger of her own class. But more than that, Violet had recognised Dick. It was some years since she had seen him, but she remembered him. Not all at once, it is true. When he appeared first, before he saw her, she had felt as he did, that she had seen his face before; but ere he passed again, she had made out where and how it was that she had seen him. It must be recollected, too, that Violet's heart was full to overflowing with thoughts of Val, of whom this stranger, so suddenly and strangely appearing, was a kind of shadow in her mind. The whole scene came before her as by a flash of light, after five minutes' pondering within herself where she had seen that face before—for from the first glance she had felt that it was somehow associated with Valentine. What could bring him here, this boatman from the Thames? Her heart was breaking for news of her young lover, so dismally parted from her, whom she must never see again (she thought); but only to hear his name, to know where he was, would be something. She would not have betrayed herself to "a gentleman," to one of Val's friends and equals; but of "Mr Brown"—she remembered even his name by good fortune—she might make her inquiries freely. So, urged by the anguish in her poor little breast, Vi took this bold

step. She had been sitting thus for hours crying all alone, and thinking to herself that this horrible blank was to go on for ever, that she would nevermore hear of him even—and I have not the heart to blame her for appealing thus to the first possibility of help. She made a step forward, and looked at him with a pitiful little smile. "Perhaps you do not remember," she said, "but I think I am sure it is you. I never forget people whom I have once seen. Did not you row us once, on the Thames, at Eton—my father and——"

"Oh yes, ma'am, to be sure!" cried Dick. "I knew that I had seen you before." He was a little confused, after his experience with Lady Eskside, how he ought to address a lady, but after reflection decided that "ma'am" must always be right; for had he not heard the Queen herself addressed by the finest of fine ladies as "Ma'am"?

"Yes; and I remember you," said Vi. Then she made a pause, and with a wistful glance at him, and a sudden flush which went as quickly as it came, added—"I am Mr Ross's cousin."

"I recollect now," cried Dick. "He was so set on it that you should see everything. I think he was a bit better when I left."

"Better!" cried Violet, clasping her hands together; "was he——" She was going to say, was he ill? and then reflected that, perhaps, it was best not to betray to a stranger how little she knew of him. So she stood looking up in his face, with great eyes dilated. Her eyes had been pathetic and full of entreaty even when poor Vi was at her happiest. Now there is no telling how beseeching those pretty eyes were, with the tears stealing into them, making them bigger, softer, more liquid and tender still. This look quite made an end of

poor Dick, who felt disposed to cry too for company, and was aware of some strange, unusual movements in his own good heart.

"Don't you fret," he said soothingly; "I brought the old lady the news this morning. He had an accident, and his illness was sudden. But it had nothing to do with the accident," he added. "Don't be frightened, ma'am. It's some fever, but not the worst kind; and the doctor told me himself that he'd pull through."

"Oh, Mr Brown!" cried poor Vi. She dropped down upon a fallen tree, and began to cry, so that he could scarcely look at her for pity.

"Indeed you must not be frightened," said Dick. "I am not anxious a bit, after what the doctor told me. Neither is the old lady up there at the Castle—Lady Esk-side. She is going with me to-morrow morning to help to nurse him. Mother has him in hand," Dick added with a little pride, "and he's very safe with her. Don't fret like this—now don't! when I tell you the doctor says he'll pull through."

"Oh Val, Val, my Val!" cried poor little Violet. It was not because she was frightened; for at her age—unless experience has taught otherwise—getting better seems so necessary, so inevitable a conclusion to being ill. She was not afraid of his life; but her heart was rent with pity, with tenderness, with that poignant touching remorse, to which the innocent are liable. All that had gone before, all that Valentine had suffered, seemed to come back to her. It was not her fault, but it was "our" fault. She seemed to herself to be involved in the cause of it, though she would have died sooner than harm him. Her lips began to quiver, the tears rained through the fingers with which she tried to hide

her piteous streaming eyes. "Oh Val, Val, my Val!" she cried. It was "our" fault; her father had done it, and even good Sandy had had his share; and herself, who had twined her foolish little life with his, so that even parting with her had been another complication in Valentine's woes. She seemed to see him looking up at her in the moonlight, bidding her good-bye. Oh, why did he think of her? why did he take that trouble for her? She scarcely heard Dick's anxious attempts at consolation. She was not thinking of the future, in which, no doubt—how could she doubt it?—Valentine would get better; but of the past, and of all that made him ill. Her tears, her abandonment to that sorrow, her attempts to command herself, went to Dick's heart. He stood looking at her, wondering wistfully for the first time in his life over the differences in men's lots. If he (Dick) were to fall ill, his mother, no doubt, would be grieved; but Dick knew that it would create no commotion in the world; would not "upset" any one as Val's illness did. Naturally, the good fellow felt, Mr Ross was of much more importance than he was, or would ever be; but still—

"Oh, how foolish you must think me!" cried Violet, drying her eyes. "It is not that I am frightened. It is because I know all that made him ill. Oh, Mr Brown, tell me about it—tell me everything. He is my cousin, and he has always been like my—brother. He used to bring me here when I was a child. You can't think how everything here is full of him—and then all at once never to hear a word!" Between every broken sentence the tears full in little bright showers from Violet's eyes.

Dick sat down on the same fallen tree, but at a respectful distance, and told her all he knew—which

was not everything, for his mother did not enter into details, and he knew little about the incident on the river, and her share in it. Violet listened, never taking her eyes from his face, which was hard upon Dick, yet not undelightful to him. He had gone through a great many experiences that morning. But even Lady Eskside's strange emotion, her curiosity about himself, and agitated manner, had not the same effect as this still more unexpected and strange encounter. He sat, at first rather awkwardly, upon the edge of his end of the tree, with his face turned towards her, but not always bold enough to look at her. The slant of the sunbeam, which was gradually dying off the scene, fell in the middle between them like a rail of gold, separating them from each other. Across this heavenly line of separation her eyes shone like stars, often bewildering Dick, though he kept pretty straight in his narrative, taking as little account as possible of the occasional giddiness that came over him, and the dazzling sensation in his eyes. Violet, interrupting him now and then by a brief question, sometimes crying softly under her breath, gave her entire attention to every word; and Esk ran on through all, with a murmur as of a third person keeping them company; and the wood contributed those numberless soft sounds which make up the silence of nature, enveloping them in an atmosphere of her own. Dick was not much given to poetry, but he felt like something in a fairy tale. It was an experience altogether new and strange; for hitherto there had been no enchantments in his life. How different it was to her and to him! To the young man, the first thrill of romance, the first touch of magic—the beginning of all sweet delusions, follies, and dreams;

to the girl, an imperfect, faltering narrative, filled out by imagination, a poor, blurred picture—better, far better, indeed, than nothing, and giving her for the moment a kind of miserable happiness, but in itself nothing. It is frightful to think at what a disadvantage people meet each other in this world. Dick's life, which had all been honest prose up to this moment, became on the spot, poetry; but, poor fellow, he was nothing but prose, poor prose to Vi, to whom these woods were full of all the lyric melodies of young life. She listened to him without thinking of him, drinking in every word, and not ungrateful, any more than she was ungrateful to the fallen tree, or the beech boughs that sheltered her. Nay, she had a warmer feeling, a sense of grateful friendship, to Dick.

"Mr Brown," she said, when his tale was done, "I am very, very thankful to you for telling me. I should never have known but for you. For I ought to say that my people and Val's people—I mean my cousin's—are not quite—quite good friends. I must not say whose fault it is," said Vi, with a suppressed sob; "and I don't see Lady Eskside now—so without you I should not have known. Mr Brown! would you mind writing—a little note—just two lines—to say how he is when you get back?"

"Mind!" said Dick. "If you will let me——"

"And you can tell him when he gets well," cried the girl, her voice sinking very low, her eyes leaving Dick's face, and straying into the glow of sunshine (as he thought) between the two great trees—"you can tell him that you met me here; and that I was thinking of him, and was glad—glad to hear of him——" To show her gladness, Violet let drop two great tears which for some time had been brimming over her eyelids.

"It is dreadful to be parted from a friend and to hear no word ; but now that I know, it will not be so hard. Mr Brown, you will be sure to send just two lines, two words, to tell me——"

Here her voice faltered, and lost itself in a flutter of suppressed sound—sobs painfully restrained, which yet would burst forth. She did her very best, poor child, to master them, and turning to Dick with a pathetic smile, whispered as well as she could—"I can't tell you how it all is. It is not only for Val being ill. It is everything—everything that is wrong ! Papa, too—but I can't tell you ; only tell him that you met Violet at the linn."

"I will tell him everything you have said. I will write, if you like, every day," cried poor Dick, his heart wrung with sympathy—and with envy as well.

"Would that be too much ?" she asked, with an entreating look. "Oh, if it would not be too much ! And, Mr Brown, perhaps it will be best to send it to mamma. I cannot have any secrets, though I may be unhappy. If you will give me a piece of paper, I will write the address, and thank you—oh, how I will thank you !—all my life."

Dick, who felt miserable himself, he could scarcely tell why, got out his note-book, with all the rough little drawings in it of the brackets at Rosscraig. He had not known, when he put them down, how much more was to befall him in this one brief afternoon. She wrote the address with a little hand which trembled.

"My hand is so unsteady," she said. "I am spoiling your book. I must write it over again. Oh, I beg your pardon ; my hand never used to shake. Tell Val—but no, no. It is better that you should not tell him anything more."

"Whatever you bid me I will

tell him. I will do anything, everything you choose to say," said Dick, in his fervour. She gave a surprised wistful look at him, and shook her head.

"I must think for both of us," she said ; "and Val is very hasty, very rash. No, you must not say anything more. Tell him I am quite well if he asks, and not unhappy—not very unhappy—only anxious to know ; and when he is well," she said, with a reluctant little sigh, "you need not mind writing any more. That will be enough. It is a terrible thing when there are quarrels in families, Mr Brown."

"Yes, indeed," said Dick, who knew nothing about families, nor about quarrels, but followed with a curious solemnity the infantine angelical wisdom and gravity of her face.

"A terrible thing when people try to hurt each other who ought to love each other ; and some of us must always pay for it," said poor Violet, in deep seriousness—"always, always some one must suffer ; when it might be so different ! If you are going back to Rosscraig, you should go before the sun sets, for it is far, when you don't know the way."

"And you ?" said Dick, rising in obedience to this dismissal, yet longing to linger, to prolong the conversation, and not willing to allow that this strange episode in his life had come to an end.

"My way is not the same as yours," she said, holding out her hand with gentle grandeur, like a little princess, sweet and friendly, but stooping out of a loftier region, "and I know every step. Good-bye, and thank you with all my heart. You must keep this path straight up past the firs. I am very, very glad I was here."

"Good-bye, Miss Violet," said Dick. It gave him a little pleasure to say her name, which was so

pretty and sweet; and he was too loyal and too respectful to linger after this farewell, but walked away as a man goes out of a royal presence, not venturing to stay after the last gracious word has been said. He could not bear to go, but would not remain even a moment against her will. When he had gone a little way he ventured to turn back and look—but nothing was visible except the trees. She had disappeared, and the sunshine had disappeared; it seemed to Dick's awakened fancy as if both must have gone together. The last golden arrow of light was gliding from the opposite bank of the river, and all the glade between the bushes lay dim in the greyness of the evening. What a change it made! He went on with a sigh. Violet had gone back to the foot of the tree, and was waiting there till he should be out of sight; and Dick divined that this was the case, and that she wanted no more of him. Well! why should she want any more of him? She was a lady, quite out of Dick's way, and she had been very sweet to him—as gracious as a queen. Between this impersonation of sweet youth, and the other figure, old Lady Eskside, with her dignity and agitated kindness, Dick was wonderfully dazzled. If all ladies were like these, what a strange sort of enchantment it must be to spend one's life in such society. Dick had never known any woman but his mother, whom he loved, and upon whose will he had often been dependent, but to whom he was always in some degree forbearing and indulgent, puzzled by her caprices, and full of that tender patience towards her which has in its very nature something of superiority; and to find himself suddenly in the society of these two ladies, one after the other, both taking him into their confidence, betray-

ing their feelings to him, receiving, as it were, favours at his hand, had the most curious effect upon him. He had never felt so melancholy in his life as when Violet thus sent him away; and yet his head was full of a delicious intoxication, a sense of something elevated, ethereal, above the world and all its common ways. Should he ever see her again, he wondered? would she speak to him as she had done now, and ask his help, and trust to his sympathy? Poor Dick had not the remotest idea that those new sensations in his mind, this mixture of delight and of melancholy, this stirring up of all emotions, which made his long walk through the woods feel like a swallow-flight to him, had anything to do with the vulgar frenzy he had heard of, which silly persons called falling in love. He had always felt very superior and rather contemptuous of this weakness, which young men of his class feel no doubt in its more delicate form, like others, but which is seldom spoken of among them in any but that coarse way which revolts all gentle natures. So he was totally unwarned and unarmed against any insidious beginnings of sentiment, and would have resented indignantly any idea that his tender sympathy with this little lady, who had opened her heart to him, had anything whatever in it of the character of love. How could it have—when the very foundation of this strange sweet revelation to him of an utterly new kind of intercourse and companionship, was the love, or something that he supposed must be love, between Mr Ross, his patron, and this little princess of the woods? What a lucky fellow Mr Ross was, Dick thought, with the tenderest, friendliest version of envy that ever entered a man's bosom! and then it occurred to him, with a little sigh, to think that the lots of men in this

world were very different; but he was not, he hoped, so wretched a fellow as to grudge his best friend any of the good things that were in his share. Thus he went back to Ross-craig with his mind entirely filled with a new subject—a subject which made him less sensitive even than he was before to any new light upon his own position. He looked at Violet's writing in his note-book with very bewildering feelings when he got at night to the luxurious room where he was to sleep. She had written the address very unsteadily, then crossed it out, and repeated it with great care and precision—Mrs Pringle, Moray Place, Edinburgh. Though it slightly chilled him to think that this was her mother's name, not her own, yet the sense of having this little bit of her in his breast-pocket was very delightful and very strange. He sat and looked at it for a long time. On the page just before it were these notes he had made of the brackets in the great drawing-room. These were the tangible evidences of this strange mission of his, and sudden introduction into a life so different from his own. It just crossed his mind to wonder whether these scratches on the paper would be all, whether he might look them up years hence to convince himself that it was not a dream. And then poor Dick gave a great sigh, so full and large, expanding his deep bosom, that it almost blew out his candles; whereupon he gave a laugh, poor fellow, and said his prayers, and got to bed.

As for Lady Eskside, she showed more weakness that particular evening than had been visible, I think, all her life before. She could not sleep, but kept Mrs Harding by her bedside, talking in mysterious but yet intelligible confidence. "You'll set to work, Margaret, as soon as I've gone, to have all the new wing

put in order, the carpets put down, and the curtains put up, and everything ready for habitation. I cannot quite say who may be coming, but it is best to be ready. My poor old lord's new wing, that gave him so much trouble! It will be strange to see it lived in after so many years!"

"Indeed, and it will that, my lady," said Mrs Harding, discreet and courteous.

"It will that! I don't suppose that you take any interest," said Lady Eskside, "beyond just the furniture, and so forth—though you've lived under our roof and ate our bread these thirty years!"

Mrs Harding was a prudent woman, and knew that too much interest was even more dangerous than too little. "The furniture is a great thought," she said demurely, "to a person in my position, my lady. If you'll mind that I'm responsible for everything; and I canna forget it's all new, and that there is aye the risk that the moths may have got into the curtains. I've had more thought about these curtains," said the housekeeper, with a sigh, "than the Queen herself takes about the state."

"You and your moths!" said my lady, with sharp scorn. "Oh, Margaret Harding, it's little you know about it! If there was any way of keeping the canker and the care out of folks' hearts! And what is it to you that I'm standing on the verge of, I don't know what—that I've got the thread in my hand that's failed us so long—that maybe after all, after all, my old lord may get his way, and everything be smooth, plain, and straight for them that come after us? What's this to you? I am a foolish old woman to say a word. Oh, if my Mary were but here!"

"My lady, it's a great deal to me, and I'm as anxious as I can be;

but if I were to take it upon me to speak, what would I get by it?" said Mrs Harding, driven to self-defence. "The like of us, we have to know everything, and never speak."

"Margret, my woman, I cannot be wrong this time—it's not possible that I can be wrong this time," said Lady Eskside. "You were very much struck yourself when you saw the young—when you saw my visitor. I could see it in your face—and your husband too. He's not a clever man, but he's been a long time about the house."

"He's clever enough, my lady," said the housekeeper. "Neither my lord nor you would do with your owre clever men, and I canna be fashed with them mysel'. Now, my man, if he's no that gleg, he's

steadily; and I'm aye to the fore," said Mrs Harding, calmly. This was a compensation of nature which was not to be overlooked.

"You see, you knew his father so well," said Lady Eskside, with an oracular dimness which even Mrs Harding's skill could scarcely interpret; and then she added softly, "God bless them! God bless them both!"

"My lady," said the housekeeper, puzzled, "you'll never be fit to travel in the morning, if you don't get a good sleep."

"That's true, that's true; but yet you might say, God bless them. The Angel that redeemed us from all evil, bless the lads," murmured the old lady, under her breath. "Good-night. You may go away, you hard-hearted woman; I'll try to sleep."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Lord Eskside was seated in a little dingy sitting-room in Jernyn Street. Once upon a time, long years ago, the Esksides had possessed a town-house in a region which is no longer habitable by lords and ladies; but as they had ceased for years to come for even that six weeks in London which consoles country families with a phantasmagoric glimpse of "the world," the town-house had long passed out of their hands. Lord Eskside had spent this dreary week in rooms which overlooked the dreary blank wall of St James's, with its few trees, and the old gravestones inside—not a cheerful sight for an old man whose last hopes seemed to be dying from him. He had employed detectives, had advertised with immense precaution in the newspapers, and himself had wandered about the town, night and day, seeking his boy; while the few people whom he met when he appeared at rare intervals in such

streets as are frequented by anybody worth speaking of, paid him compliments on his grandson's success, and hoped that Val, when he appeared in the House of Commons, would show himself worthy of his race. "I expect him to do us credit," the old lord said, working his shaggy eyebrows in such a way that his acquaintances thought he had some nervous complaint; and shook their heads, and wondered that "in his state of health" he should be in town alone. What bitter pangs were in his heart when he said these words! The boy had done them credit all his life up to this moment. If it was not the loftiest kind of reputation which Val had acquired, it was yet a kind highly estimated in the world, and which young men prized; and no stain had ever touched that bright young reputation, no shadow of shame ever lighted upon it. And now! These congratulations, which in other cir-

cumstances would have been so sweet to him, were gall and bitterness. What if Val had disappeared like his mother, with all the indifference to the claims of life and duty which that undisciplined, uneducated woman had shown? What if he were so crushed by the revelations suddenly made to him, that instead of taking the manly way, facing the scandal and living it out, he were now to give in, and fail, and leave his place to be occupied by others? The thought of that election declared void for which he had struggled so stoutly, and of some one else coming in upon Val's ruin, triumphing in his downfall, was sharp as a poisoned sword in the old man's heart. Lady Eskside thought chiefly of the boy himself, and of what he might do in his despair; but the public downfall which seemed imminent, added pangs even more bitter to her husband's sufferings. His adversary had done all that an adversary might; but no adversary could harm Lord Eskside and break his heart as his boy could. The old lord was very strong upon race. It was one of the objects of his fullest faith. He believed not only in the efficacy of being well-born, but extended that privilege far beyond the usual limits allowed to it. He had faith in the race of a ploughman as well as in that of his own noble house. But the blood in the veins of his boy had come from a race of wanderers—a species, indeed, not a race at all—made up by intermixtures of which neither law nor honour took note; and how could he tell that the honest ichor of the Rosses would predominate over the influence of that turbid mixture? Already it was evident enough that the vagabond strain had not lost its power. He had feared it all Val's life, and sternly repressed it from his boyhood up; but repression had now ceased to be possible, and

here was the evil in full force. Lord Eskside's notion was that no man could be a man who was not capable of setting his face hard against difficulty and fighting it out. To flee was a thing impossible to him; but Valentine had fled, and what but his vagrant blood could be to blame? It did not occur to the old lord that his own son, in whom there was no vagrant blood, had fled more completely than poor Val—turning his back upon his country, and hiding his shame in unknown regions and unknown duties. Richard's desertion had wounded his father to the quick in its time; but Val had obliterated Richard, and now he scarcely recollected that previous desertion. It never occurred to him to think that Richard's example had put it into the boy's mind to abandon his natural place, and flee before the sudden mortification and downfall. With strange pain, and anxiety deeper than words, he set everything down to the unfortunate mother. Her wild blood—the blood of a creature without reason, incapable of that supreme human faculty of endurance, which was to Lord Eskside one of the highest of qualities—was at the bottom of it all. If he could find the boy in time to exert his old influence over him, to induce him to make a stand against the coward principle in his mind, to bring him back to his duty! Lord Eskside thought of Val as an old soldier might think of a descendant who had turned his back upon an enemy. Shame, and love eager to conceal the shame—sharp personal mortification and the sting of wounded pride, battling with tenderness unspeakable, and anxious longing at any cost, at all hazards, to wipe out this stain and inspire the unfortunate to redeem himself—these were the feelings in his mind. The sharpest ingredient in such a cup of bitterness

is, that the parent well knows he cannot work out redemption for his boy. No other but himself can do it. Prayers, and tears, and atonements, and concealments, and all the piteous expedients of human love and misery, cannot do it. No man can redeem his brother. The coward must himself prove that he has overcome his cowardice; the man who has failed must himself turn back the tide of fortune and win. And I do not know anything more pathetic in nature than the brave old hero trying hard to put his own heart of gold into the leaden bosom of some degenerate boy; or the pure strong woman labouring to inspire with her own white fervent soul some lump of clay who has been given to her—God knows how—for a daughter. This was how the old lord felt. If he could but put himself, his old steadfast heart, his obdurate courage, his dogged strength of purpose, into the boy! If there was but any way to do it!—transfusion of spirit like that fanciful medical notion of transfusion of blood. Lord Eskside would have given his old veins to be drained—his aged frame to be hacked as any physician pleased—would have had his very heart taken out of his breast had that been possible—to give the best of it to Val; but could not, heaven help us!—could only sit and think what impotent words to say, what arguments to use, when he should find him, to make the boy stand and endure like a man.

He was sitting thus, his head leaning on his hand, his shaggy eyebrows so bent over his eyes that you scarcely could see them glimmer in the caverns below, though there was a painful suffusion in them which glistened when the light caught it. A claret-jug was on the table and a single glass. He had dined late, after being out all day, and was worn out

by the sickness of hope deferred, and the heaviness of disappointment. There was a little fire smouldering in the grate, but he had thrown the window open with an irritable impatience of the close small shut-up room. The distant sounds of the streets still came in, though the full tide of traffic was over. There was still a roll and murmur of distant carriages and voices, the hum of that sea which calls itself London. The old lord paid no attention. He was going over ideas which he had pondered again and again, anxiously, but with a certain languor and hopelessness in his heart. If he heard the carriage stop below, the sound of the opening door, he took no notice. What was it to him? Carriages stopped continually all through the evening. People were always coming and going. What could it matter to him—a stranger, alone?

He sat facing the door—it was a habit he had fallen into since he came here—not with any expectation, but only in case—for, to be sure, some visitor might come, some one with news might come, though he did not look for anything. Even the sound of steps and voices coming up-stairs did not excite him, it was so usual. All at once, however, he roused himself. The door was thrown wide open, without any preliminary, and Lady Eskside walked straight in, her old eyes shining, her figure dilating with triumph, like a figure in a procession. The sight of her startled her husband beyond expression, yet not so much as did the other figure behind her. "You, Catherine, you? and you've got him!" he cried; for there was a certain general resemblance in height and form between Dick and Val. "I've got him!" said Lady Eskside, standing aside with that extraordinary air of triumph, to show to her husband the figure of a timid

young man, respectful and hesitating, who looked at him with blue eyes, half deprecating, half apologetic. Lord Eskside's heart, which had jumped high, sank down in his breast. He gave but one look at the stranger whom, at first, he had taken for Valentine. "Good Lord! do you mean to drive me mad? My lady! is this what you bring me for Val?" he cried; and turned his back upon the new-comer with feverish irritability, feeling the disappointment go to his very heart.

"Oh, my dear, forgive me!" cried Lady Eskside; "I was not thinking of Val for the moment. Look at him, look at him! look at the boy again!"

"You were not thinking of Val? In the name of heaven, who else was there to think of?" said her husband. He was almost too angry to speak—and so sick with his disappointment, that he could have done something cruel to show it, had the means been in his way.

"Forgive me!" said my lady, putting her hand upon his arm; "but there's news of Val. I have brought you news of him. He's ill—in his bed with fever; oh! when I think of it, I am half frantic to find how long it takes, with all their bonnie railways! But he's safe. It had been more than he could bear. My poor boy!—he's been ill since the day he left us. What ails you? what ails you, my old man?"

"Nothing," he said, fumbling, with his hands clasped, his shaggy eyebrows concealing any gleam of the light underneath, his lips quivering—"nothing." It took him a minute to recover himself, to get over the sudden stilling of the storm within him, and the sudden calm that came after so much trouble. The change seemed to stop his breath, but not painfully, and rolled off loads as of Atlas himself—more

than the world—from his shoulders. "Wait a moment," said Lord Eskside, his eyebrows gradually widening; "what did you say it was? I did not catch it clearly; ill, in his bed?"

"But nothing to be frightened about—nothing to alarm us——"

"I am not alarmed, I am not alarmed!" said the old lord. To tell the truth, he was giddy with the sudden cessation of pain. "There, Catherine! it's you I ought to think of, after such a journey," he added, quickly coming to himself. "Sit down and rest; no doubt you're very tired. Ill—in his bed? Then it's all accounted for; and God be thanked!" said Lord Eskside. He said this under his breath, and drew a chair close to the smouldering fire, and put his old wife into it, grasping her by both the arms for a moment, which was his nearest approach to an embrace.

"But you have not given a look or a thought to—him I brought with me," said the old lady, grasping him in her turn with a forcible yet tremulous hold.

"Him you've brought with you?" Lord Eskside turned round, with a scowl from under his shaggy eyebrows, which meant no harm, but was one of his devices to conceal emotion. He saw a fair-haired timid young man standing irresolute near the door, evidently very uneasy to find himself there, and not knowing what to do. He had Lady Eskside's shawl on his arm, and a helpless, apologetic, deprecating look on his face. The old lord did not know what to make of him. Was it a new servant, he asked himself for a moment? But the stranger did not look like a servant. "Here is somebody waiting," he said, in as quiet a tone as possible, for he did not want to show the impatience he felt.

"Is that all you say?" cried my

lady, in keen tones of disappointment. "Oh, look at him—look at him again!"

"Sit down," said the old lord, abruptly. "It is clear Lady Eskside means you to stay, though she is too tired to introduce you. I ask your pardon for not knowing your name. My lady, as you and I have much to say to each other, and the night is far on, could not this business wait?"

"Oh," cried Lady Eskside with a groan, "is that all—is that all you say?"

"My lady," said Dick, emboldened to the use of this title by hearing it used by no less a personage than Lord Eskside himself, "I beg your pardon; but isn't it best for me to go? I will come back for you in the morning before the train starts. I would rather go, if you don't mind." Dick had never felt himself so entirely out of his element, so painfully *de trop*, in his life. He was not used to this feeling, and it wounded him mightily—for he, too, had some pride of his own. And he had not come seeking any favour, but rather conferring one, taking a great deal of trouble, voluntarily, of his own will, for what was no advantage to him. And then Dick had been made much of these two days—he had found himself elevated into a vague region of mystery, where he met with nothing but kind interested looks, phrases full of meaning which he could not penetrate, but which all tended to make him feel himself of importance. He seemed now for the first time to come down to common life after this curious episode, and the shock was rude. He did not like it; he felt less inclined than usual to put up with anything that was disagreeable. He felt angry even, though he did not wish to show it. What was this old lord to him that he should linger

about like a servant, waiting for a word?

"Oh, hush, hush!" said the old lady; "look at him again! You don't think I would come all this way for nothing—me that have not travelled for years. Look at him—look at him again."

"Do you call Valentine nothing? or have you gone out of your wits?" said the old lord, pettishly. "I think the young man is very sensible. Let him come back to-morrow. We have plenty to think of and plenty to talk of to-night."

Lady Eskside was so deeply disappointed that her courage failed her; she was very tired, and so much had happened to take away her strength. The tears came into her eyes, and it was all she could do to keep herself from mere feeble crying in her weakness. "Sit down, Richard," she said. "Oh, my dear, my dear, this is not like you! Can you see nothing in him to tell the tale? I have it all in my hands. Listen to me: I know where she is; I am going to find her: I can make everything all clear. It's salvation for us all—for Val, God bless him! and for this one——"

"For what one?" cried Lord Eskside hoarsely under his breath.

"Oh!" cried Lady Eskside, almost with violence, thrusting her husband away from her, "can you not see? must I summer it and winter it to you—and can you not see? Richard, my man," she added, rising up suddenly, and holding out both her hands to Dick, "you're full of sense, and wiser than I am. Don't stay here to be stared at, my dear, but go to your bed, and get a good night's rest. The woman told me there was a room for you. See that you have everything comfortable; and good-night! We'll go down to my boy in the morning, you and me; and God bless you, my good

lad! You'll be a comfort to all of us, father and mother, and your grandparents, though they may not have the sense to see. Good-night, Richard, my man—good-night!"

"What does all this mean, my lady!" said Lord Eskside. He had watched her proceedings with growing excitement, impatience, and an uncomfortable sense of something behind which he did not understand. "You're not a foolish woman to torment me with nonsense at such a moment. What does it mean?"

"If you had ever looked at the boy, you would have seen. It is Richard himself come back," cried the old lady: "Richard, not what he is now, as old a man as you and me, and tashed and spotted with the world; but my son as he was, when he was the joy of our hearts, before this terrible marriage, before anything had happened, when he was just too good, too kind, too stainless—or so at least you said; for me, I never can see, and never will see," cried Lady Eskside, indignantly, "that it is not a man's crown and glory, as well as a woman's, to be pure."

"My lady! my lady!" said the old lord. He was walking about the small room in his agitation; his under lip thrust out, his eyebrows in motion, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. "What do you mean?" he cried. "Have you any foundation, or is it all a wild fancy about a likeness? A likeness!—as if in anything so serious you could trust to that."

"Do you mean to tell me you did not see it?" she said.

"Oh, see it! My lady," said the old lord, ungenerously, with a snort of contempt, "you saw a likeness in Val when he came, a dark boy, with eyes like black diamonds, and curly brown hair, to Richard. You said he was his father's image." The

old man ended with an abrupt, short laugh. "Catherine, for heaven's sake, no more fancies! Have you any foundation? and the lad not even a gentleman," he added under his breath.

"If you go by the clothes and the outside," cried the old lady, contemptuous in her turn, "how could he be a gentleman? That poor creature's son—nothing but a tramp—a tramp! till the fine nature in him came out, and he stopped his wandering and made a home for his mother. Was that like a gentleman or not? He's told me everything, poor boy," she went on, her tone melting and softening, "without knowing it—every particular; and I am going to find her to clear it all up. When Val gets well, there shall be no more mystery. We'll take his mother home in the eye of day. She must be a changed woman—a changed woman! He's told me everything, in his innocence—how she would sit and watch Val in his boat, but never said a word. God bless her! for she's been faithful to what light she had."

"What is all this you are saying?" said Lord Eskside. He was utterly subdued. He drew a chair close to hers and sat down, humbly putting his hand on her arm. "Catherine, you would not speak to me so if there was not something in it," he said.

The old pair sat up together far into the night. She told him everything she had found out, or thought she had found out; and he told her what he had been doing, and something of the things he had been thinking—not all, for my lady had never had those fears of Val's courage and strength which had undermined the old lord's confidence. But when she told him, weeping and smiling, of the alliance between the two boys, so unwitting of their close relationship, and of the mother's

speechless adoration at a distance of the child she had given up, Lord Eskside put his hand over his face, and his old wife, holding his other hand, felt the quiver of emotion run through him, and laid her head upon his shoulder, and wept there, sweet tears; as when they were young and happiness sought that expression, having exhausted all others. "My dear, we'll have to die and leave them soon," she said, sobbing, in his ear.

"Ay, Catherine! but we'll go together, you and me," said the old lord, pressing the hand that had held his for fifty years; and they kissed each other with tremulous lips; for was not the old love, that outlasted both sorrow and joy, more sacred, more tender, than any new?

Dick presented himself next morning in time for the train; but he was not quite like himself. He had been put on the defensive, which is not good even for the sweetest nature. Lady Eskside had bewildered him, he felt, with mysterious speeches which he could not understand—making him, in spite of himself, feel something and somebody, he could not tell why; and by so doing had put him in a false position, and subjected him to unjust slight and remark. He had not wanted to thrust himself, a stranger, into the interview between my lord and my lady. She had made him follow her against his will, and Dick felt aggrieved. It was not his doing. "Why did she drag me in where I was not wanted?" he said to himself. He was too faithful and loyal not to keep his appointment with her, though the idea of leaving a note and hurrying away to his work did cross his mind. His work, after all, was the thing that was most important. *That* would not deceive him, as the ladies most likely would, old and young, who

had established a claim upon Dick's services, he knew not how. What were ladies to him? He must go back to his work. It was with this sentiment clouding his face that he presented himself next morning, having breakfasted half-sulkily by himself. It is hard for the uninitiated to tell which is virtuous melancholy and which is sulkiness, when an early access of that disorder comes on; Dick felt very sad, and did not suspect himself of being sulky; he knocked very formally at the door of Lord Eskside's little sitting-room. The old lord himself, however, came forward to meet him, with a changed countenance. He held out his hand, and looked him in the face with an eager interest, which startled Dick. "Come in, come in," said Lord Eskside; "my lady is getting ready. We are all going together." The old man held his hand fast, though Dick was somewhat reluctant. "I was startled last night, and could not understand you—or rather I could not understand *her*. But you must not bear me any malice," he said, with a strange sort of agitated smile, which was bewildering to the young stranger.

"I don't bear any malice," said Dick, brightening up; "it would not become me—and to you that are—that belong to Mr Ross."

"Yes, I belong to Mr Ross—or Mr Ross to me, it doesn't much matter which," said Lord Eskside. "You'll understand better about that by-and-by; but, Richard, my lady's old, you know, though she has spirit for twenty men. We must take care of her—you and me."

"Surely," said Dick, bewildered; and then my lady herself appeared, and took a hand of both, and looked at them, her bright old eyes shining. "I can even see another likeness in him," she said, looking first at Dick and then at Lord Eskside;

and the old lord bent his shaggy eyebrows with a suppressed snort, and shook his head, giving her a look of warning. "Time enough," he said—"time enough when we are there." Dick went in the same carriage with them, and was not allowed to leave them, though his own idea was that he ought to have travelled with Harding, who had accompanied Lady Eskside; and they talked over him in a strain full of strange allusions, which made him feel that he did not know what was going to happen—speaking of "her" and "them," and giving glances at Dick which were utterly bewildering to him. "Here is a packet Richard left for me, though I have never had the heart to look at it," Lord Eskside said—"the certificate of their birth and baptism." "And that reminds me," said my lady, "where is Richard? did he go to you? did you see him? I would not wonder but he is passing his time in London, thinking little of our anxiety. God send that he may take this news as he ought."

Richard! there was then another Richard, Dick thought. He had been roused, as was natural, by the sound of his own name, but soon perceived, with double bewilderment, that it was not to him, but some other Richard, that the conversation referred.

"You are doing him injustice," said Lord Eskside; "he came yesterday, but I did not see him. I was out wandering about like an old fool. He left this and a note for me, and said he was going to Oxford. To be sure, it was to Oxford he said; so we'll see him, and all can be cleared up, as you say, at once."

"To Oxford!" cried Lady Eskside, a sudden pucker coming into her forehead. "I mind now—that was what he said to me too. Now, what could *he* be wanting at Oxford?" said the old lady with an impatient look. She said no more during the journey, but sat looking out from the window with that line of annoyance in her forehead. It felt to her somehow unjustifiable, unnecessary, that Richard should be there, in the way of finding out for himself what she had found out for him. The thought annoyed her. Just as she had got everything into her hands! It was not pleasant to feel that the merest chance, the most trivial incident, a meeting in the streets, a word said, might forestall her. My lady was not pleased with this suggestion. "Talk of your railways," she said—"stop, stopping, every moment, and worrying you to death with waiting. A post-chaise would be there sooner!" cried Lady Eskside.

THE CATO OF LUCAN.

HAD it been my lot to write myself "*Civis Romanus*" in the eventful times immediately preceding the dissolution of the great Republic, I am afraid that, however much I might have admired the virtues of Cato, especially if I had been on his side of the question in politics, I should not have cared much for his society. The epithets applied to him by the Roman poets, "*rigidus*," "*durus*," "*severus*," "*atrox*," and the like, though compatible with all excellence as a citizen and a patriot, hardly suggest to us a character then, or now, socially attractive. They indicate a certain amount of compelled respect, but little enough of personal affection.

One taste, indeed, usually social, inherited possibly from his great-grandfather, the Censor, he seems to have indulged to a degree beyond moderation. The elder Cato is reported to have warmed and fortified his virtue with an occasional glass; but there is no imputation, so far as I know, upon his habitual temperance. But we read that his more famous descendant, surnamed of Utica, "in process of time came to *love drinking*, and would sometimes spend the whole night over his wine." One may almost question, nevertheless, whether a man, with whose whole life and character the idea of austerity is so indissolubly associated, could have been genial and jovial in his cups; or whether, more probably, to borrow the happy phraseology of the modern Frenchman, "*il avoit le vin triste*" on such occasions. "What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong," wrote unhappy Eustace Budgell, ere he committed suicide. Curiously enough, there was this other thing that Cato did and

Addison approved (in his later practice at any rate); but I never heard of the classical five-bottle man who thought of quoting their consentient authority as an argument in defence of hard drinking.

With a due amount of sober censure for this unfortunate propensity, —with the righteous indignation of the moralist at the famous, or infamous, transaction by which "his friend Hortensius" was accommodated for five years with the undisturbed loan of Marcia (the mother of the "*virtuous Marcia*" of Addison's "*stately but frigid*" play), —with a strict critical raking-up and catalogue of occasional political shortcomings or vacillations, and a few smart reviewer-like sentences depreciating his abilities as a military commander, —it might not be difficult to present a picture of Cato the Younger which should fall a good deal short of that perfection of goodness and greatness which it has been for ages the fashion to associate with his name.

Rehabilitation is the present fashion; and even Judas has of late found more than one apologist. I am not about to undertake so ungracious a task as that of pulling down Cato from his pedestal. My business is simply literary, with Cato as his most flattering painter has portrayed him.

∴ The other day a casual quotation set me to "*chew upon*" — (the phrase which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of such a man as Brutus may be not unfitly applied to such a subject as Cato) — the not-easily-to-be-translated epithet of Horace —

"*Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.*"

(Lord Lytton, with Flaccus in his

mind, in his "Richelieu," the noblest acting play of our century, has—

"All, all but"—"What?"—"The indomitable soul
Of Armand Richelieu!"

but "atrox" is indomitable, and something more.) It struck me that the character of Cato, as drawn by Lucan, might be the best illustration of Horace's passage, and that it was a long time since I had looked into my Lucan. And, as I read, I was moved to attempt one more "doing into English" of the five great speeches which the poet puts into his mouth. They may haply be still not without interest for old-fashioned "gentlemen and scholars." Few people nowadays are familiar with Rowe's version of "The Poet of the Republic;" fewer still (save, of course, all the staff of professional Reviewers) with the earlier rendering of Thomas May.

Here they are, with some brief introduction for those whose memory of the

"Bella per Æmathios plusquam civilia campos"

may have grown rusty by disuse.

We meet with Cato, first, in the second book of the poem. Brutus, in quest of his guiding counsel, seeks his modest home ("atria non ampla"), and craves his judgment on the choice of a leader in the impending contest. He himself avows no great inclination for either party, but expatiates on the horrors of civil war, and hints that Cato might do best to bury himself in that philosophic seclusion he loves. In any case, he, Brutus, professes himself the partisan neither of Cæsar nor Pompey; but the enemy of whoever proves victor, if such victor proves dangerous to liberty. Cato answers him:—

ii. 286.

"True is it, Brutus, that the worst of crimes
"Is civil war;—but, where the Fates command
"Virtue may follow, conscience-clear of fault:—
"Or, if the Gods will have me guilty too,
"Be theirs the blame. What man could see the stars
"Dashed from their orbits 'mid a falling world
"And know no touch of terror? Who,—when Heaven
"Collapsing on the staggered earth confounds
"In chaos all this universal bulk—
"Stand calm with folded hands? Shall lands unknown—
"Shall kings, who reign 'neath other stars than ours,
"Athwart the seas that part us—flock to share
"Hesperia's frenzy 'mid the ranks of Rome,
"And Cato only leisurely look on?—
"Spare me at least that baseness, O ye Gods!
"Nor in Rome's fall, a spectacle to wring
"The barbarous breast of Dahan or of Gete,
"Let me alone sit safe and unconcerned!
"Even as some sire, by death bereft of sons,
"Holds in his grief the long funeral pomp,
"And to the high-piled fabric of the pyre
"Himself applies the smoking torch, and bathes
"His hands in pious duty 'mid the flames,—
"So none shall drag me from the tomb of Rome
"Till in a last embrace I clasp her corse,
"And honour with all reverent rites of death,

" O Liberty ! thy name and empty shade.
 " So be it ! Let the ruthless Gods exact
 " To the last jot from Rome what penalties
 " She owes them : nor of one red drop of blood
 " Cheat we the war. I would the powers of Heaven
 " And Erebus might be content to doom
 " This head a sacrifice to expiate
 " The guilt of all !—Devoted Decius died
 " Pierced by a thousand foes :—I would that so
 " Betwixt the swords of both contending ranks
 " I too might fall,—or let the barbarous hosts
 " Of Rhine at me aim only ! I would stand
 " The mark of all the weapons of the world,
 " Bear all the wounds of all the war, so thus
 " My blood redeemed the people, so my death
 " Paid the full ransom of the sins of Rome !
 " Why should a herd that, ready for the yoke,
 " Would gladly seat some tyrant on a throne,
 " Thus perish ? Better every sword were turned
 " On me alone, yet champion, though in vain,
 " For violated rights and trampled laws !
 " This throat shall purchase for Hesperia's sons
 " Peace and an end of broils !—when Cato dies,
 " Who seeks to reign may reign without a war.
 " But, for the nonce, what leader should we choose
 " Save Pompey and the standards of the state ?
 " Even he—too well we know it—if he fight
 " With Fortune's favour, for his prize may claim
 " The empire of the world :—then let him fight
 " With Cato by his side, nor dare to think,
 " So aided, that he conquers for himself ! "

At the conclusion of this speech, which of course puts an end to the hesitation of Brutus, the poet makes Marcia, fresh from the funeral of Hortensius, knock at Cato's door, requesting, in a set speech certainly neither bashful nor repentant, to be readmitted to her former bed and board. Cato re-establishes her as his wife, but—as well he may—without any of the ceremonies usually observed at wedding festivals. The gods and Bru-

tus are the only witnesses of the reunion. But the lady is restored (says the poet) to little more than her husband's unimpassioned esteem, and the right to call herself once more "*Catonis Marcia*." The Stoic is in no mood for the indulgence of the softer emotions. Lucan takes the occasion to sum up the more salient points of his character in a few epigrammatic lines, which I may as well give in the original Latin :—

" Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
 " Secta fuit, servare modum, finemque tenere,
 " Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vitam ;
 " Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.
 " Huic epulæ, vicisse famem : magnique penates,
 " Submovisse hiemem tecto : pretiosaque vestis,

"Hirtam membra super, Romani more Quiritis,
 "Induxisse togam. Venerisque huic maximus usus,
 "Progenies : Urbi pater est, ubique maritus :
 "Justitiae cultor, rigidi servator honesti :
 "In commune bonus : nullosque Catonis in actus
 "Subrepsit, partemque tulit, sibi nata voluptas."

—ii. 380-390.

We hear but little more of Cato till the ninth book of the poem of which he is the almost deified hero. The great battle of Pharsalia has been fought and lost. Pompey has fled and been murdered. Cato is safe, for the time, in Africa, where the widowed Cornelia and her sons, Cneius and Sextus, have joined him. Such maimed funeral rites as yet can honour and soothe the mighty shade of him whose corpse lies far

away, entombed by humble but faithful hands on the shores of perfidious Egypt, are paid amid universal lamentation, not unmixed with accusation of the unjust gods who allowed such an ending to such a life. But more grateful, says the poet, to the ghost of Magnus than all such expressions of public indignation with Heaven, were the few eulogistic words of Cato, coming as they did "from a heart full of truth."

ix. 190.

"In Pompey Rome hath lost a citizen
 "Less apt, it may be, than his sires of old
 "To brook the curb of Law :—but, to an age
 "Like ours, to reverent sense of Justice dead,
 "Of service past all count. The liberty
 "Of Rome with him, all-potent as he was,
 "Was safe assured : and, with the ready crowd
 "Ripe for his yoke, he, subject to himself
 "Alone, preferred, a private citizen,
 "To sway the Senate while the Senate swayed
 "The world beside. Nothing he coveted
 "That must be won by war :—What honours Rome
 "Had will to give, she must be free to grant
 "Or to deny.—His wealth was measureless,
 "But in the service of the State he spent
 "More than he saved. A soldier, prompt to draw
 "His blade, he knew the time to lay it by.
 "The sword to him was dearer than the gown :
 "Yet most, when armed for war, he saw and loved
 "The worth of Peace :—To him 'twas joy alike
 "Or to assume command or to resign.
 "His house was simple, chaste, to no excess
 "Corrupted by the fortune of its lord.
 "His name a title, famous, full of awe
 "In foreign ears, whose very mention oft
 "Hath turned the scale for Rome.* True Liberty

Compare—

* "Multum nostrae quod proderet urbi."

"I'll humbly signify what in *his name*,
 "That magical word of war, we have effected."

—Aut. and Cleop., iii. 1.

" Was done to death long since when Rome recalled
 " Sylla and Marius ; now, our Pompey's death
 " Kills even her lying semblance. He who dares
 " To mount a throne may find his pathway clear,
 " Nor blush to tread it. Tyranny, unveiled
 " By specious forms, may trample absolute
 " Upon a prostrate Senate. O ! thrice blest
 " To whom defeat came hand in hand with Death !
 " Who found in Pharian treachery the sword
 " To strike the coveted blow ! Thou else hadst lived
 " Perchance to see thy sire-in-law a king !
 " The first best boon and privilege that Heaven
 " Can grant to man is the free choice of death ;
 " Its second, death compelled.* If Fate for me
 " Reserve subjection to another's power,
 " Fortune ! let Juba be my Ptolemy,
 " And, if he keep me for a show to feast
 " Mine enemy's eyes, why he may shew my corpse
 " And welcome, so he first do take its head !"

And so, with those few words, was more honour done to the noble shade of Pompey than if all the Rostra in the Forum of Rome had resounded with orations in his praise.

But Cato's followers are not all animated by the lofty resolution of their leader. Tarchondimotus, a Cilician captain, heads a revolt of many already weary of warfare, and further dispirited by the news of Pompey's death. The mutineers hurry to their ships, and are actually on board and hoisting sail : but the voice of Cato can yet reach their chief from the shore. "What!" he says bitterly—"now that Pom-

pey, the scourge of piracy, is dead, must you, with the restless lawlessness of your race, turn again to a pirate's life?" One of the crew answers him : "Forgive us, Cato ; we did not fight for love of war but for love of Pompey. Pompey is dead. He who, while Pompey lived, was but the Second, is now the First. I was faithful to Pompey, but he who has conquered Pompey is invincible. Civil warfare is no longer fidelity ; it has become a crime. There is no safety save under Cæsar ; no choice but to follow the standard of Rome : and Cæsar, who bears it, is her Consul." Then Cato breaks forth :—

ix. 256.

" Were ye too like the rest ? Had all the vows
 " Ye pledged, the fields ye fought, no nobler aim

* Or, if the reader prefers it more shortly,

" Death is man's blessing, most when free-embraced,
 " Next when enforced."

I had at first rendered it—

" Heaven's first best boon is to know how to die ;
 " Its next, that die we must ;"—

a sense which I think the words of Lucan will bear : but reflection convinces me that the ultra-stoical sentiment is what the poet intended to express ; and that "scire mori" is something more than merely "to know how to die."

"Than to secure a Master? Did ye list
 "For war, the band of Pompey, not of Rome?
 "What! when your service rears no tyrant's throne,—
 "When for yourselves, not for your generals,
 "Ye live and die, nor win for any One
 "The empire of the world,—when fear is lost
 "Lest victory enslave ye,—do ye shrink
 "From war, and bow the ready neck to wear
 "A servile yoke, nor, save beneath a king,
 "Know how to suffer?—'Tis a cause, to-day
 "That claims ye, worth all peril man can dare.
 "Pompey had haply but abused your blood
 "Had Pompey triumphed. Now, when liberty
 "Waits but your winning, to your country's cause
 "Ye grudge your swords and bosoms!—Of the Three
 "That were your Masters, Fortune leaves but one.
 "O shame! that Nilus' Palace, and the shafts
 "Of Parthia's archers more should serve the laws
 "Of Rome, than Rome's own sons!—Degenerate souls
 "That know or care not how to use the boon
 "That Ptolemy's dagger gave ye!—Who henceforth
 "Will think to charge with any guilt of blood
 "Such hands as yours?—What else should Cæsar deem
 "But that your coward backs were easily turned?
 "What else but that from red Philippi's field
 "Ye were the first to fly?—Hence! and be safe!
 "Cæsar, your Judge, will give you leave to live,
 "Nor punish subjects won without the cost
 "Of battle or of siege. Base household slaves!
 "Your Lord is dead:—be quick to court his Heir!
 "Nay—why not win at once a larger boon
 "Than life and pardon?—Drag across the seas
 "Great Pompey's hapless wife, Metellus' child,
 "Bound, with her captive sons! Outbid the bribe
 "Of Ptolemy!—Bethink ye, he who bears
 "This hated visage to the Tyrant's sight
 "Will earn no scanty guerdon. Up! and teach
 "Your comrades, by the price of Cato's head,
 "How profitable 'twas to follow him!
 "Strike! and by murder merit thanks and fee!
 "To be mere cowards is but barren guilt."

The mutineers are shamed by the reproof, and, disembarking, return to their standards. Their only punishment is immediate and incessant employment upon the fortifications of Cyrene. After a while Cato resolves upon an attempt to reach the dominions of Juba, where he hopes to find friends and assistance.

The fleet, under the command of Pompey's son, runs terrible risk in passing the Syrtes, of which the poet, at some length, describes the dangers. Cato determines to prosecute his march across the desert, and before starting addresses his troops:—

ix. 379.

" O ye that, faithful to my standard found,
 " With Cato choose the one assurance yet
 " Of safety left—the privilege to die
 " With necks unshackled by a Despot's yoke,—
 " Behoves ye now your manliest fortitude
 " For valour's hardest trial. Hence we start
 " Across Earth's barrenest tract, a desert burned
 " By sun too constant, where but rarely springs
 " The fount, where swarm o'er all the thirsty waste
 " Serpents whose bite is death ! No easy path !
 " Yet here, through Libya's heart, by ways unknown,
 " For all who love their falling country's laws
 " It rests to seek them :—but for those alone
 " Who nurse no thought of shrinking,—those content
 " To march, whate'er the road. I seek not—I—
 " To cheat you with disguises, would not mask
 " The peril, or mislead a blinded crowd :—
 " Be those my comrades whom the danger's self
 " Allures, who think it noble, Roman-like,
 " With Cato for their witness, to endure
 " All ills that Fate can send. If here there be
 " One so in love with life as to demand
 " A sponsor for his safety, let him seek
 " A master elsewhere by an easier road.
 " Upon yon sands my foot shall be the first :—
 " Upon this head yon blazing heavens shall pour
 " Their earliest fires :—the foremost serpent prove
 " Upon these limbs his venom :—by my fate
 " Yourselves shall see what dangers ye affront.
 " Let him who sees me drink repine at thirst :—
 " Who sees me seek the shade, the while himself
 " Sweats in the sun, may murmur at the heat :—
 " Who sees me horsed before my men on foot,
 " Or by distinction of commodity
 " Twixt Cato and himself can tell if I
 " Be general or be trooper, be he free
 " To falter, flag, desert me ! Serpents, thirst,
 " The desert's blinding glare and choking sand,
 " Are valour's welcome trials. Patience loves
 " The exercise of hardship. Honour won
 " Is nobler held the dearer that it cost.
 " And but in Libya now, with all the plagues
 " She breeds encountered, lies your chance to prove
 " Ye were no cowards though ye fled elsewhere ! "

Here follows a long description of Libya, and of the difficulties and dangers of the journey across the Desert, including an episode known to many who never read the *Phar-*

salia.' The whole host is tortured by thirst. A soldier lights upon a tiny and turbid rivulet ("maligna vena"), and, with difficulty scooping up a few drops of the fluid in a

helmet, proffers them to his general. Cato dashes it wrathfully to the ground, with a short and (as it seems to me) uncalled-for rebuke to the "degenerate" bringer, for supposing his commander less capable of endurance than those whom he leads, and a hint at a punishment which the poor wretch hardly deserved, even if he *had* taken the opportunity of first privately moistening his own parched lips. Doubtless, Cato was right not to drink ;—but he might have declined the draught with less stoical bluster and clap-trap indignation :—(and, whenever I read the story, my memory takes a leap

over sixteen centuries to the field of Zutphen, and the nobler and more gentle self-denial of the suffering Sidney—"Friend! thy necessity is even greater than mine.") After some time the army arrives at the Oasis whereon stands the world-famous temple of Jupiter Ammon ; and Cato's lieutenant, Labienus, urges him, with a good deal of compliment to his personal favour with the gods, to seize the opportunity of consulting the Oracle as to the ultimate fate of Caesar and of the war, and what course it will be best for himself to pursue. But Cato wants no guidance, and thus refuses :—

ix. 566.

"What question, Labienus, of the God
 "Wouldst have me ask ?—if better 'tis to die
 "In arms and free, than subject to a king ?—
 "If life, at longest, be a thing of naught ?—
 "If years its worth enhance ?—if violence
 "Can hurt the good ?—if Fortune waste her threats
 "Against opposing virtue ?—if enough
 "It be to will the right, nor by success
 "To measure honour ?—Why, to these ourselves
 "Can give reply :—the answer's in our hearts,
 "Nor Ammon's self can grave it clearer there.
 "We are fast-bound to the Gods, and needs must serve :
 "And, though no temple speaks, all human act
 "Works but the prompting of the will supreme,
 "That needs not speak with voice articulate
 "To teach us more. What knowledge man may claim
 "The Maker's self inspired him with at birth,
 "Nor chose these barren sands to teach at times
 "Some few, and in the Desert bury Truth.
 "What is God's seat but Earth and Sea and Air
 "And Heaven and Virtue ? Wherefore should we seek
 "For Deity beyond ? Wherever eye
 "Can reach, wherever foot can turn, is Jove !
 "Leave to poor timid souls, irresolute
 "In face of doubtful fortune, to inquire
 "Of priest and augur :*— me no Oracle
 "Makes certain, but the certainty of Death !
 "The coward and the brave must die alike :—
 "So Jove hath said, and so hath said enough."

* Compare, "You know that I am no believer in auguries"; I do not seek after oracles; I place no reliance on dreams. It is not from auguries, but from faith, that I learn that the decrees of Providence cannot fail of accomplishment."—Speech of John Sobieski to the Diet, 1688.

And so, save in a few more lines descriptive of his heroic endurance of the labours and privations of the terrible desert-journey, the great figure of Cato disappears from the unfinished Epic of Lucan. Those who care to see the last touch put to his poetical portrait must turn to the tragedy of Addison; a "piece" which, whatever its merits, no longer excites the enthusiastic admiration with which it was hailed by its author's contemporaries. "Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair," would hardly now provoke "the universal peal" which from pit, boxes, and gallery, greeted the appearance of Barton Booth. I am not going to quote here the dying soliloquy familiar to the student of our literature, and which "every schoolboy" of fifty years ago was taught to spout by heart: or to weary the reader with any attempt to settle, at this time of day, the poetical claims and rank of Addison. If we accept the concurrent testimony of the eight "eminent hands" who prefixed their commendatory verses to the earlier editions of 'Cato,' there never was such a masterpiece penned. But the poetical thermometer has fluctuated a good deal since then. The mercury rarely stands above "temperate," and has been known to fall even to "freezing." The praise, when it comes, is fainter; and the censure which would have sounded like blasphemy in the ears of the eighteenth century, ventures ever and anon to

speak in tones certainly little reverent, and, I think I may say, not altogether just. I conclude by appending two specimens, one in either kind, not unamusing by their contrast, which the older and more careful readers of this Magazine may remember to have met with in its pages. "The language," says the earlier writer, "may be rather too stilted; but it is classical, and not seldom in itself stately: the sentiments are always dignified and often noble. . . . 'Cato' elevates the mind, even in perusal, if not 'above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call Earth,' at least up among its more elevated regions and purer atmosphere." ('Blackwood's Magazine,' xxxvi. 165.)

"Addison's 'Cato,'" says a five-years' later critic, "is poor enough, and spouts like a village schoolmaster in his fifth tumbler: and virtuous Marcia towers above her sex like a matron of the penitentiary." ('Blackwood's Magazine,' xlv. 248.)

There are days when, after a good breakfast, we go lightly forth into the highways of the world, and see everything *couleur de rose*:—all the men we meet look cheerful, and all the women pretty. There are others, when a rotten egg, a burnt-up chop, or a rack of flabby toast, will blacken the whole face of creation for the next dozen hours. There is room for an essay "On the Influence of Digestion on Criticism."

H. K.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PART IX.—CHAPTER XLVI.

IN those old times of heavy pounding, scanty food, and great hardihood, when war was not accounted yet as one of the exact sciences, and soldiers slept, in all sorts of weather, without so much as a blanket round them, much less a snug tent overhead, the duties of the different branches of the service were not quite so distinct as they are now. Lieutenant Lorraine—for the ladies had given over rapid promotion when they called him their "brave captain"—had not rejoined his regiment long before he obtained acknowledgment of his good and gallant actions. Having proved that he could sit a horse, see distinctly at long distance, and speak the Spanish language fairly—thanks to the two young Donnas—and possessed some other accomplishments (which would now be tested by paper work), he received an appointment upon the Staff, not of the Light Division, but at Headquarters, under the very keen eyes of "the hero of a hundred fights."

If the brief estimate of his competitors is of any importance to a man of powerful genius—as no doubt it must be, by its effect on his opportunities—then the Iron Duke, though crowned with good luck (as everybody called each triumph of his skill and care), certainly seems to have been unlucky as to the date of his birth and work. "Providence in its infinite wisdom"—to use a phrase of the Wesleys, who claim the great general as of kin to their own courageous founder—produced him at a time, no doubt, when he was uncommonly needful;

but when (let him push his fame as he would, by victory after victory) there always was a more gigantic, because a more voracious, glory marching far in front of him. Our great hero never had the chance of terrifying the world by lopping it limb by limb and devouring it; and as real glory is the child of terror (begotten upon it by violence), the fame of Wellington could never vie with Napoleon's glory.

To him, however, this mattered little, except that it often impaired his means of discharging his duty thoroughly. His present duty was to clear the Peninsula of Frenchmen; and this he would perhaps have done in a quarter of the time it cost, if his own country had only shown due faith in his abilities. But the grandeur of his name grew slowly (as the fame of Marcellus grew), like a tree in the hidden lapse of time; and perhaps no other general ever won so many victories before his country began to dream that he could be victorious.

Now this great man was little, if at all, inferior to his mighty rival in that prime necessity of a commander—insight into his material. He made a point of learning exactly what each of his officers was fit for; and he seldom failed, in all his warfare, to put the "right man in the right place." He saw at a glance that Lieutenant Lorraine was a gallant and chivalrous young fellow, active and clever in his way, and likely to be very useful on the Staff after a little training. And so many young Aids had fallen lately, or were upon the sick-list, that the

Quartermaster-General was delighted with a recruit so intelligent and zealous as Hilary soon proved himself. And after a few lessons in his duties, he set him to work with might and main to improve his knowledge of "colloquial French."

With this Lorraine, having gift of tongues, began to grow duly familiar; and the more so perhaps because his knowledge of "epistolary English" afforded him very little pleasure just now. For all his good principles and kind feelings must have felt rude shock and shame, when he read three letters from England which reached him on the very same day at Valladolid. The first was from his Uncle Struan; and after making every allowance for the rector's want of exercise in the month of August, Hilary (having perhaps a little too much exercise himself) could not help feeling that the tone was scarcely so hearty as usual. The letter was mainly as follows:—

"WEST LORRAINE, 20th Aug. 1812.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW, — Your father and myself have not been favoured with any letters from you for a period of several months. It appears to me that this is neither dutiful nor affectionate; although we know that you have been wounded, which increased our anxiety. You may have been too bad to write, and I wish to make all allowance for you. But where there is a will, there is a way. When I was at Oxford, few men perhaps in all the University felt more distaste than I did for original Latin composition. Yet every Saturday, when we went to hall to get our battel-bills—there was my essay, neatly written, and of sound Latinity."—"Come, come," cried Lorraine; "this is a little too cool, my dear uncle. How many times have I heard you boast what you used to pay your scout's son per line!"

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"I cannot expect any young man, of course," continued the worthy parson, "to make such efforts for conscience' sake, as in my young days were made cheerfully. But this indolence and dislike of the pen '*furcâ expellendum est*'—must be expelled with a knife and fork. Perhaps you will scarcely care to hear that your aunt and cousins are doing well. After your exploits your memory seems to have grown very short of poor folk in old England. Your birthday falling on a Sunday this year, I took occasion to allude in the course of my sermon to a mural crown, of which I remember to have heard at school. Nobody knew what I meant; but many were more affected than if they did. But, after all, it requires, to my mind, quite as much courage, and more skill, to take a dry wall properly, when nobody has been over it, than to scramble into Badajos. Alice will write to you by this post, and tell you all the gossip of the sad old house, if there is any. There seems to be nobody now with life enough to make much gossip. And all that we hear is about Captain Chapman, (who means to have Alice,) and about yourself.

"About you it is said, though I cannot believe it, and must be ashamed of you when I do so, that you are making a fool of yourself with a Spanish lady of birth and position, but a rank, idolatrous, bigoted Papist! The Lorraines have been always sadly heterodox in religious matters, from age to age receiving every whim they came across of. They have taken to astrology, Mahomet, destiny, and the gods of Greece, and they never seem to know when to stop. The only true Church, the Church of England, never has any hold of them; and if you would marry a Papist, Hilary, it would be a judgment.

"Your father, perhaps, would be very glad of any looseness of mind and sense that might have the power to lead you astray from my ideas of honour. I have had a little explanation with him; in the course of which, as he used stronger language than I at all approve of, I ventured to remind him that from the very outset I had charged him with what I call this low intention, this design of working upon your fickle and capricious temper, to make you act dishonourably. Your poor father was much annoyed at this home-truth, and became so violent and used such unbecoming language, that I thought it the more clerical course to leave him to reflect upon it. On the following Sunday I discoursed upon the third chapter of the Epistle of St James; but there was only Alice in the Coombe pew. I saw, however, that she more than once turned away her face with shame, although I certainly did not discover any tears. It is to be hoped that she gave Sir Roland an accurate summary of my discourse; none of which (as I explained to your dear aunt after the service) was intended for my own domestic hearth. Since that time I have not had the pleasure of meeting Sir Roland Lorraine in private life.

"And now a few words as to your own conduct. Your memory is now so bad that you may have forgotten what I did for you. At a time when my parish and family were in much need of my attention, and two large coveys of quite young birds were lying every night in the corner of the Hays, I left my home in extremely hot weather, simply to be of use to you. My services may have been trifling; but at that time you did not think so. It was not my place to interfere in a matter which was for your father's decision. But I so far committed myself, that if you

are fool enough and knave enough—for I never mince language, as your father does—to repudiate your engagement with a charming and sensible girl for the sake of high-flying but low-minded Papists, much of the disgrace will fall on me.

"And what are those Spanish families (descended perhaps from Don Quixote, or even Sancho Panza) to compare with Kentish landowners, who derive their title from the good old Danes? And what are their women when they get yellow—as they always do before twenty-five—compared with an Englishwoman, who generally looks her best at forty? And not only that (for after all that is a secondary question, as a man grows wise), but is a southern foreigner likely to make an Englishman happy? Even if she becomes converted from her image-worship (about which they are very obstinate), can she keep his house for him? Can she manage an English servant? can she order a dinner? does she even know when a bed is aired? can a gentleman dine and sleep at her house after a day's hunting, without having rheumatism, gout, and a bilious attack in the morning? All this, you will think, can be managed by deputy; and in very large places it must be so. But I have been a guest in very large places—very much finer than Coombe Lorraine, however your father may have scoffed at me; and I can only say that I would rather be the guest of an English country squire, or even a parson, with a clever and active wife at the head of his table, than of a duke with a grand French cook, and a duchess who never saw a dust-pan.

"And if you should marry a Spaniard, where are you to get your grand establishment? Your father never saves a farthing, and you are even less likely to do so. And as

for the lady, she of course will have nothing. 'My blood is blue because I have no breeches,' says one of their poets, feelingly; and that is the case with all of them. Whereas I have received a little hint, it does not matter how or where, that Mabel Lovejoy (who is much too good for any fickle jackanapes) is down for a nice round sum in the will of a bachelor banker at Tonbridge. Her father and mother do not know it, neither do any of her family; but I did not pass my very pleasant holiday in that town for nothing. Every one seemed to understand me, and I was thoroughly pleased with all of them.

"But I shall not be pleased at all with you, and in good truth you never shall darken my door, if you yield yourself bound hand and foot to any of those Dulcineas, or rather Dalilahs. I have known a good many Spaniards, when Nelson was obliged to take them prisoners; they are a dirty, lazy lot, unfit to ride anything but mules, and they poison the air with garlic.

"Your aunt and cousins, who have read this letter, say that I have been too hard upon you. The more they argue the more I am convinced that I have been far too lenient. So that I will only add their loves, and remain, my dear nephew, your affectionate uncle,

"STRUAN HALES.

"P.S.—We expect a very grand shooting season. Last year, through the drought and heat, there was not a good turnip-field in the parish. Birds were very numerous, as they always are in hot seasons, but there was no getting near them. This season the turnips are up to my knees. How I wish that you were here, instead of popping at the red legs! Through the great kindness of young Steenie Chapman I am to have free warren of all Sir Remnant's vast estates! But I

like the home-shooting best; and no doubt your father will come to a proper state of mind before the first. Do not take amiss, my dear boy, whatever I may have said for your good. *Scribe cito. Responde cras.*—Your loving uncle, S. H."

All this long epistle was read by Hilary in the saddle; for he had two horses allowed him now—whenever he could get them—and now he was cantering with an order to an outpost of the advanced-guard tracking the rear of Clausel. They knew not yet what Clausel was,—one of the few men who ever defied, and yet escaped from Wellington. The British Staff was weak just now, though freshly recruited with Hilary, or haply the Frenchman might not have succeeded in his brilliant movement.

"He must be terribly put out," said young Lorraine, meaning neither Clausel, nor Wellington, nor Napoleon even, but his Uncle Struan; "there is not a word of any paragon dog, nor the horses he has bought or chopped, nor even little Cecil. He must have had a great row with my father, and he visits it on this generation. How can he have heard of angelic Claudia, and connect her with garlic? My darling, I know what you are, though heavy-seated Britons fail to soar to such perfection! Now for Alice, I suppose. She will know how to behave, I should hope. Why, how she begins, as if I were her thirty-second cousin ten times removed! And how precious short it is! But what a beautifully clear firm hand!"

"MY DEAR HILARY,—My father, not having any time to spare just now, and having received no letter from you which he might desire to answer, has asked me to say that we are quite well, and that we are very glad to hear that you seem to have

greatly distinguished yourself. To hear this must always be, as you will feel, a pleasure and true pride to us. At the same time we have been very anxious, because you have been returned in the 'Gazette' as heavily wounded. We hope, however, that it is not so, for we have been favoured with a very long letter from Major Clumps of your regiment to my grandmother's dear friend, Lady de Lampnor, in which you were spoken of most highly; and since that he has not spoken of you, as he must have done, if you were wounded. Pray let us hear at once what the truth is. Uncle Struan was very rude to my father about you the other day, and used the most violent language, and preached such a sermon against himself on Sunday! But he has not been up to apologise yet; and I hear from dear Cecil that he means to tell you all about it. He is most thoroughly good, poor dear; but allowances must be made for him.

"He will tell you, of course, all the gossip of the place; which is mainly, as usual, about himself. He seems to attach so much importance to what we consider trifles. And he does the most wonderful things sometimes.

"He has taken a boy from the bottom of our hill—the boy that stole the donkey, and lived upon rags and bottles—and he has him at the rectory, every day except Sunday, to clean knives and boots. The whole of the village is quite astonished; the boy used to run for his life at the sight of dear Uncle Struan, and we cannot help thinking that it is done just because we could never encourage the boy.

"Papa thinks that you are very likely to require a little cash just now, for he knows that young officers are poorly paid, even when they can get their money, which is

said to be scarce with your brave army now; therefore he has placed £100 to your credit with Messrs Shotman, for which you can draw as required; and the money will be replaced at Christmas. And Grandmamma begs me to add that she is so pleased with your success in the only profession fit for a gentleman, that she sends from her own purse twenty guineas, through the hands of Messrs Shotman. And she trusts that you will now begin to cultivate frugality.

"With these words I must now conclude, prolonging only to convey the kind love of us all, and best desires for your welfare, with which I now subscribe myself, your affectionate sister, ALICE LORRAINE."

"P.S.—Darling Brother,—The above has been chiefly from that Grandmamma. I have leave to write to you now myself; and the rest of this piece of paper will hold not a hundredth part of what I want to say. I am most unhappy about dear papa, and about you, and Uncle Struan, and Captain Chapman, and everybody. Nothing goes well; and if you fight in Spain, we fight much worse in England. Father is always thinking, and dwelling upon his thoughts, in the library. He knows that he has been hard upon you; and the better you go on, the more he worries himself about it. Because he is so thoroughly set upon being just to every one. And even concerning a certain young lady—it is not as Uncle Struan fancies. You know how headlong he is, and he cannot at all understand our father. My father has a justice such as my uncle cannot dream of. But dear papa doubts your knowledge of your own mind, darling Hilary. What a low idea of Uncle Struan, that you were sent to Spain to be tempted! I did not like what happened to you in Kent last summer,

any more than other people did. But I think that papa would despise you—and I am quite sure that I should—if you deceived anybody after leading them to trust you. But of course you could not do it, darling, any more than I could.

"Now do write home a nice cheerful letter, with every word of all you do, and everything you can think of. Papa pretends to be very quiet; but I am sure that he is always thinking of you; and he seems to grow so much older. I wish all his books were at Hanover! I would take him for a good ride every day. Good-bye, darling! If you make out this, you will deserve a crown of crosses. Uncle Struan thought that he was very learned; and he confounded the mural with the civic crown! Having earned the one, earn the other by saving us all, and your own LALLIE."

Hilary read this letter twice; and then put it by, to be read again; for some of it touched him sadly. Then he delivered the orders he bore, and made a rough sketch of the valley, and returning by another track, drew forth his third epistle. This he had feared to confront, because his conscience went against him so; for he knew that the hand was Gregory's. However, it must be met sooner or later; it was no good putting off the evil day; and so he read as follows:—

"MID. TEMPLE, 11th g. 22^d, 1812.

"MY DEAR LORRAINE,—It is now many months since I heard from you, and knowing that you had been wounded, I have been very anxious about you, and wrote three several times to inquire, under date May 3^d, June 7th, and July 2^d. Of course none of these may have come to hand, as they were addressed to your regiment, and I do not at all understand how you manage

without having any post-town. But I have heard through my friend Capper, who knows two officers of your regiment, that you were expected to return to duty in July, since which I have vainly expected to hear from you by every arrival. No one, therefore, can charge me with haste or impatience in asking, at last, for some explanation of your conduct. And this I do with a heavy heart, in consequence of some reports which have reached me from good authority."

"Confound the fellow!" cried the conscious Hilary; "how he beats about the bush! Will he never have it out and be done with it? What an abominably legal and cold-blooded style! Ah, now for it!"

"You must be aware that you have won the warmest regard, and indeed I may say the whole heart, of my sister Mabel. This was much against the wishes and intentions of her friends. She was not thrown in your way to catch the heir to a title, and a rich man's son. We knew that there would be many obstacles, and we all desired to prevent it. Even I, though carried away by my great regard for you, never approved of it. If you have a particle of your old candour left, you will confess that from first to last the engagement was of your own seeking. I knew, and my sister also knew, that your father could not be expected to like it, or allow it for a very long time to come. But we also knew, that he was a man of honour and integrity, and that if he broke it off, it would be done by fair means, and not by foul. Everything depended upon yourself. You were not a boy, but a man at least five years older than my sister; and you formed this attachment with your eyes open, and did your utmost to make it mutual."

"To be sure I did," exclaimed the young officer, giving a swish to

his innocent horse, because himself deserved it; "how could I help it? She was such a dear! How I wish I had never seen Claudia! But really, Gregory, come now, you are almost too hard upon me!"

"And not only this," continued that inexorable young barrister; "but lest there should be any doubt about your serious intentions, you induced, or at any rate you permitted, your uncle, the Rev. Struan Hales, to visit Mabel and encourage her, and assure her that all opposition would fail, if she remained true and steadfast."

"Mabel has remained true and steadfast, even to the extent of disbelieving that you can be otherwise. From day to day, and from week to week, she has been looking for a message from you, if it were only one kind word. She has felt your wound, I make hold to say, a great deal more than you have done. She has taken more pride than you can have taken in what she calls your 'glory.' She watches every morning for the man who goes for the letters, and every evening she waits and listens for a step that never comes.

"If she could only make up her mind that you had quite forgotten her, I hope that she would try to think that you were not worth grieving for. But the worst of it is that she cannot bring herself to think any ill of you. And until she has it under your own hand that you are cruel and false to her, she only smiles at and despises those who think it possible.

"We must put a stop to this state of things. It is not fair that any girl should be kept in the dark and deluded so; least of all such a girl as Mabel, so gentle, and true, and tender-hearted. Therefore I must beg you at once to write to my sister or to me, and to state honestly your intentions. If your intention is to desert my sister, I ask you as a last favour to do it as rudely and roughly as possible; so that her pride may be aroused and help her to overget the blow. But if you can give any honourable explanation of your conduct, no one will be more delighted, and beg your pardon more heartily and humbly, than your former friend,

"GREGORY LOVEJOY."

CHAPTER XLVII.

Lorraine set spurs to his horse as soon as he got to the end of this letter. It was high time for him to gallop away from the one idea, —the bitter knowledge that out of this he could not come with the conscience of a gentleman. He was right in fleeing from himself, as hard as ever he could go; for no Lorraine had been known ever to behave so shabbily. In the former days of rather low morality and high feudalism, many Lorraines might have taken fancies to pretty girls, and jilted them. But never as he had done; never approaching a pure maid as an equal, and pledg-

ing honour to her, and then dishonourably deserting her.

"I am sure I know not what to do," he cried, in a cold sweat, while his nag was in a very hot one. "Heaven knows who my true love is. I am almost sure that it must be Mabel; because when I think of her I get hot; and when I think of Claudia, I get cold."

There may have been some sense in this; at any rate it is a question for a meteorologist. Though people who explain—as they always manage to do—everything, might without difficulty declare that they understood the whole of it. That

a young man in magnetic attitude, towards two maidens widely distinct, one positive and one negative, should hop up and down, like elder-pith, would of course be accounted for by the "strange phenomena of electricity." But little was known of such things then; and every man had to confront his own acts, without any fine phraseology. And Hilary's acts had left him now in such a position—or "fix" as it is forcibly termed nowadays—that even that most inventive Arab, the Sheikh of the Subterfuges, could scarcely have delivered him.

But, after all, the griefs of the body (where there is perpetual work) knock at the door of the constitution louder than those of the mind do. And not only Hilary now, but all the British army found it hard to get anything to eat. As for money—there was none, or next to none, among them; but this was a trifling matter to men who knew so well how to help themselves. But shoes, and clothing, and meat for dinner, and yellow soap for horny soles, and a dram of something strong at night before lying down in the hole of their hips,—they felt the want of these comforts now, after spending a fortnight in Madrid. And now they were bound to march every day fifteen to twenty English miles, over very hard ground, and in scorching weather, after an enemy offering more than affording chance of fighting.

These things made every British bosom ready to explode with anger; and the Staff was blamed, as usual, for negligence, ignorance, clumsiness, inability, and all the rest of it. These reproaches entered deeply into the bruised heart of Lorraine, and made him so zealous that his chief very often laughed while praising him. And thus in the valley of the Arlanzan, on the march

towards Burgos, he became a gallant captain, with the goodwill of all who knew him.

Lorraine was royally proud of this; for his nature was not self-contained. He contemplated many letters, beginning "Captain Lorraine presents his compliments to so and so;" and he even thought at one time of thus defying his Uncle Struan. However, a little reflection showed him that the wisest plan was to let the rector abide a while in silence. It was out of all reason—though not, perhaps, entirely beyond precedent—that he, the least injured of all the parties, should be the loudest in complaint; and it would serve him right to learn from the hostile source of Coombe Lorraine the withering fact, that his recreant nephew was a captain in the British army.

To Alice, therefore, the captain wrote at the very first opportunity, to set forth his promotion, and to thank his father and grandmother for cash. But he made no allusion to home-affairs, except to wish everybody well. This letter he despatched on the 17th of September; and then, being thoroughly stiff and weary from a week spent in the saddle, he shunned the camp-fires and the cooking, and slept in a tuft of plantain-grass, to the melody of the Arlanzan.

On the following day our army, being entirely robbed of fighting by a dancing Frenchman (who kept snapping his fingers at Lord Wellington), entered in no pleasant humour into a burning city. The sun was hot enough in all conscience, roasting all wholesome Britons into a dirty Moorish colour, without a poor halt and maimed soldier having to march between burning houses. A house on fire is full of interest, and has become proverbial now as an illustration of bright success. But the metaphor—whether derived or

not from military privileges—proceeds on the supposition that the proper people have applied the torch. In the present case this was otherwise. The Frenchmen had fired the houses, and taken excellent care to rob them first.

Finding the heat of the town of Burgos almost past endurance, although the fire had now been quenched, Hilary strolled forth towards sunset for a little change of air. His duties, which had been so incessant, were cut short for a day or two; but to move his legs, with no horse between them, seemed at first unnatural. He passed through narrow reeking streets, where filthy people sprawled about under overlapping eaves and coignes, and then he came to the scorched rough land, and looked back at the citadel. The garrison, now that the smoke was clearing from the houses below the steep (which they had fired for safety's sake), might be seen in the western light, training their guns upon the city, which swarmed with Spanish guerillas.

These sons of the soil were plundering with as good a grace as if themselves had taken a hostile city; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, or from force of habit perhaps, some of them gladly lent a hand in robbing their own houses. But the British soldiers grounded arms, and looked on very grimly; for they had not carried the town by storm, and their sense of honesty prevailed. All this amused Lorraine, who watched it through his field-glass, as he sat on a rocky mound outside the city, resting himself, for his legs were stiff, and feeling quite out of his element at being his own master. But presently he saw that the French, who were very busy in the castle, were about to treat both Spaniards and Britons to a warm salute of shells; and he rose at once to give them

warning, but found his legs too stiff for speed. So he threw a half-dollar to a Portuguese soldier, who was sauntering on the road below, and bade him run at his very best pace, and give notice of their danger.

But before his messenger had passed the gate, Hilary saw a Spanish chief, as in the distance he seemed to be, come swiftly out of a side street, and by rapid signals recall and place quite out of the line of fire all the plundering Spaniards. This man, as Hilary's spy-glass showed him, was of very great breadth and stature, and wore a slouch-hat with a short black feather, a green leather jerkin, and a broad white sash; his mighty legs were encased above mid-thigh in boots of undressed hide; and he was armed with a long straight sword and dagger. Having some experience of plunderers, Hilary was surprised at the prompt obedience yielded to this guerilla chief, until he was gratified by observing a sample of his discipline. For two of his men demurring a little to the abandonment of their prey, he knocked them down as scientifically as an English pugilist, handed their booty to others, and had them dragged by the heels round the corner. Then having his men all under cover, he stood in a calm and reflective attitude, with an immense cigar in his mouth, to see a fine group of thirsty Britons (who were drinking in the middle of the square), shot or shelled, as the case might be. And when Hilary's messenger ran up in breathless haste to give the alarm, and earn his half-dollar honestly, what did that ruthless fellow do, but thrust forth a long leg, trip him up, and hand him over with a grin to some brigands, who rifled his pockets and stopped his mouth. Then came what Hilary had expected, a roar, a plunge, a wreath of smoke, and nine

or ten brave Englishmen lay shattered round the fountain.

"That Spaniard is a very queer ally," said Hilary, with a shudder. "He knew what was coming, and he took good care that it should not be prevented. Let me try to see his face, if my good glass will show it. I call him a bandit and nothing else. *Purtidas* indeed! I call them cut-throats."

At that very moment, the great guerilla turned round to indulge in a hearty laugh, and having a panel of pitched wall behind him, presented his face (like a portrait in an ebony frame) towards Hilary. The collar of the jerkin was rolled back, and the great bull throat and neck left bare, except where a short black beard stood forth, like a spur of jet to the heavy jaws. The mouth was covered with a thick moustache; but haughty nostrils and a Roman nose, as well as deep lines of face, and fierce eyes hung with sullen eyebrows, made Hilary cry, "What an ugly fellow!" as he turned his glass upon something else.

Yet this was a face such as many women dote upon and almost adore. Power is the first thing they look for in the face of a man; or at least it is the very first thing that strikes them. And "power" of that sort is headstrong will, with no regard for others. From mental power it so diverges, that very few men have embodied both; as nature has kindly provided, for the happiness of the rest of us. But Captain Lorraine, while he watched that Spaniard, knew that he must be a man of mark, though he little dreamed that his wild love Claudia utterly scorned his own comely self, in comparison with that "ugly fellow."

But for the moment the sight of that brigand, and slaughter of good English soldiers, set Hilary (who, with all his faults, was vigorously patriotic) against the whole

race of Spaniards, male or female, or whatever they might be. Being driven by nature, as usual, rather with a spur than bridle, he made a strong dash at a desperate fence which for months had been puzzling him. Horses unluckily do not write, although they talk, and laugh, and think, and may tell with their eyes a great deal more than most of us who ride them. Therefore this metaphor must be dropped, for Lorraine pulled out his roll of paper, pen, and ink, (which he was bound to carry), and put up his knees, all still and creaking, and on that desk did what he ought to have done at least three months ago. He wrote to his loving Mabel; surely better late than never.

"MY DARLING MABEL,—I know that I have not behaved to you kindly, or even as a gentleman. Although I was not allowed to write to you, I ought to have written to your brother Gregory long ago, and I am ashamed of myself. But I am much more ashamed of the reason, and I will make no sham excuses. It is difficult to say what I want to say; but my only amends is to tell the whole truth, and I hope that you will try to allow for me.

"And the truth is this. I fell in love; not as I did with you, my darling, just because I loved you. But because—well I cannot tell why, although I am trying for the very truth; I cannot tell why I did it. She saved my life, and nursed me long. She was not bad-looking; but young and good.

"I hope that it is all over now. I trust in the Lord that it is so. I see that these Spaniards are cruel people, and I work night and day to forget them all. When I get any sleep, it is you that come and look upon me beautifully; and when I kick up with those plague-some insects, the face that I see is a

Spanish one. This alone shows where my heart is fixed. But you have none of those things at Old Appplewood.

"And now I can say no more. I write in the midst of roaring cannon, and perhaps you will say, when you see my words, that I had better

have died of my wounds, than lived to disgrace, as I have done, your

"HILARY.

"P.S.—Try to think the best of me, darling. If anybody needs it, I do. Gregory wrote me such a letter that I am afraid to send you any—anything!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Pessimists who love to dwell on the darker side of human nature, and find (or at any rate colour) that perpetually changing object to the tone of their own dull thoughts, making our whole world no better than the chameleon of themselves; who trace every act and word, and thought, either to very mean selfishness, or exceedingly grand destiny—according to their own pet theory,—let those gloomy spirits migrate in as cheerful a manner as they can manage to the back side of the moon, the side that neither shines on earth, nor gathers any earth-shine. But even if they will not thus oblige inferior mortals, let them not come near a scene where true love dwells, and simple faith, and pleasant hours are spent in helping nature to be kind to us.

Where the rich recesses of the bosomed earth brim over with variety; where every step of man discloses some new goodness over him; and every hour of the day shows different veins of happiness; the light in sloping glances looking richer as the sun goes down, and showing with a deeper love its own good works and parentage; the children of the light presenting all their varied joy to it; some revolving, many bending, all with one accord inclining softly, sweetly, and thankfully,—can any man, though of the lowest order, wander about at a time like this, with the power of the sunset over him, and walk down

the alleys of trees, and think, and ponder the grand beneficence, without putting both hands into his pockets, and tapping the band of his small-clothes?

If any man could be so ungrateful to the Giver of all good things, he was not to be found in the land of Kent, but must be sought in some northern county where they grow sour gooseberries. Master Martin Lovejoy had, in the month of October 1812, as fine a crop of pears as ever made a fountain of a tree.

For the growers did not understand the pruning of trees as we do now. They were a benighted lot altogether, proceeding only by rule of thumb, and the practice of their grandfathers, never lopping the roots of a tree, nor summer pinching, nor wiring it, nor dislocating its joints; and yet they grew as good fruit as we do! They had no right to do so; but the thing is beyond denial. Therefore one might see a pear-tree rising in its natural form, tall, and straight, and goodly, hanging its taper branches like a chandelier with lustrous weight, tier upon tier, the rich fruit glistening with the ruddy sunstreaks, or with russet veinage mellowing. Hard thereby the Golden Noble, globular and stainless, or the conical King Pippin, pencilled on its orange fulness with a crimson glow, or the great bulk of Dutch codlin, oblong, ribbed and overbearing. Here was the place and

the time for a man to sit in the midst of his garden, and feel that the year was not gone in vain, nor his date of life lessened fruitlessly, and looking round with right good will, thank the Lord, and remember his father.

In such goodly mood and tenour, Master Martin Lovejoy sat, early of an October afternoon, to smoke his pipe and enjoy himself. He had finished his dinner—a plain but good one; his teeth were sound, and digestion stanch; he paid his tithes and went to church; he had not an enemy in the world, to the utmost of his knowledge; and his name was good for a thousand pounds from Canterbury to Reigate. His wheat had been fine, and his hops pretty good, his barley by no means below the mark, the cherry and strawberry season fair, and his apples and pears as you see them. Such a man would be guilty of a great mistake if he kept on the tramp perpetually. Fortune encouraged him to sit down, and set an arm-chair and a cushion for him, and mixed him a glass of Schiedam and water, with a slice of lemon, and gave him a wife to ask how his feet were, as well as a daughter to see to his slippers.

"Now you don't get on at all," he said, as he mixed Mrs Lovejoy the least little drop, because of the wind going round to the north; "you are so abstemious, my dear soul; by-and-by you will pay out for it."

"I must be a disciplinarian, Martin," Mrs Lovejoy replied, with a sad sweet smile. "How ever the ladies can manage to take beer, wine, gin, bitters, and brandy, in the way they do, all of an afternoon, is beyond my comprehension."

"They get used to it," answered the Grower, calmly; "and their constitution requires it. At the same

time I am not saying, mind you, that some of them may not overdo it. Moderation is the golden rule; but you carry it too far, my dear."

"Better too little than too much," said Mrs Lovejoy, sententially. "Whatever I take, I like just to know that there is something in it, and no more. No, Martin, no—if you please, not more than the thickness of my thumb-nail. Well, now for what we were talking about. We can never go on like this, you know."

"Wife, I will tell you what it is;" here Martin Lovejoy tried to look both melancholy and stern, but failed; "we do not use our duties right; we do not work up in the position to which it has pleased God to call us. We don't make our children see that they are—bless my heart, what is the word?"

"'Obligated' is the word you mean. 'Obligated' they all of them are."

"No, no; 'bounden' is the word I mean; 'bounden' says the Catechism. They are bounden to obey, whether they like it or no, and that is the word's expression. Now is there one of them as does it?"

"I can't say there is," his wife replied, after thinking of all three of them. "Martin, no; they do their best, but you can't have them quite tied hand and foot. And I doubt whether we should love them better if we had them always to order."

"Likely not. I cannot tell. They have given me no chance of trying. They do what seems best in their own eyes, and the fault of it lies with you, mother."

"Do they ever do anything wrong, Martin Lovejoy? Do they ever disgrace you anywhere? Do they ever go about and borrow money, or trade on their name, or anything? Surely you want to voke me, Martin, when you to revile my children."

"Well," said the Grower, blowing smoke, in the manner of a matrimonial man, "let us go to something else. Here is this affair of Mabel's now. How do you mean to settle it?"

"I think you should rather tell me, Martin, how you mean to settle it. She might have been settled long ago, in a good position and comfortable, if my advice had been heeded. But you are the most obstinate man in the world."

"Well, well, my dear, I don't think that you should be hard upon any one in that respect. You have set your heart upon one thing, and I upon another; and we have to deal with some one perhaps more obstinate than both of us. She takes after her good mother there."

"After her father, more likely, Martin. But she has given her promise, and she will keep it, and the time is very nearly up, you know."

"The battle of Trafalgar, yes. The 21st of October, seven years ago, as I am a man! Lord bless me, it seems but yesterday! How all the country up and wept, and how it sent our boy to sea! There never can be such a thing again; and no one would look at a drumhead savoy!"

"Plague upon the market, Martin! I do believe you think much more of your growings than your gainings. But she fixed the day herself, because it was a battle; didn't she?"

"Yes, wife, yes. But after all, I see not so much to come of it. Supposing she gets no letter by to-morrow-night, what comes of it?"

"Why, a very great deal. You men never know. She puts all her foolish ideas aside, and she does her best to be sensible."

"By the spread of my measure, oh dæry me! I thought she was bound to much more than that. She gives up him, at any rate."

"Yes, poor dear, she gives him up, and a precious cry she will make of it. Why, Martin, when you and I were young we carried on so differently."

"What use to talk about that?" said the Grower; "they all must have their romances now. Like tapping a cask of beer, it is. You must let them spit out at the top a little."

"All that, of course, needs no discussion. I do not remember that, in our love-time, you expected to see me 'spit out at the top!' You grow so coarse in your ideas, Martin; the more you go growing, the coarser you get."

"Now, is there nothing to be said but that? She gives him up, and she tries to be sensible. The malting season is on, and how can Elias come and do anything?"

"Martin, may I say one word? You keep so perpetually talking that I scarcely have a chance to breathe. We do not want that low Jenkins here. How many quarters he soaks in a week is nothing, and cannot be anything to me. A tanner is more to my taste a great deal, if one must come down to the dressers. And there one might get some good ox-tails. I believe that you want to sell your daughter to get your malt for nothing."

The Grower's indignation at this despicable charge was such, that he rolled in his chair, like a man in a boat, and spread his sturdy legs, and said nothing, for fear of further mischief. Then he turned out his elbows, in a manner of his own, and Mrs Lovejoy saw that she had gone too far.

"Well, well," she resumed, "perhaps not quite that. Mr Jenkins, no doubt, is very well in his way; and he shall have fair play, so far as I am concerned. But mind, Dr Calvert must have the same; that was our bargain, Martin. All the days

of the week to be open to both, and no difference in the dinner."

"Very well, very well!" the franklin murmured, being still a little wounded about the malt. "I am sure I put up with anything. Calvert may have her, if he can cure her. I can't bear to see the poor maid so pining. It makes my heart ache many a time; but I have more faith in barley-corn than jalap; though I don't want neither of them for nothing."

"We shall see, my dear, how she will come round. The doctor prescribes carriage exercise for her. Well, how is she to get it, except in his carriage? And she cannot well have his carriage, I suppose, before she marries him."

"Carriage exercise? Riding on wheels, I suppose, is what they mean by it. If riding on wheels will do her any good, she can have our yellow gig five times a-week. And I want to go round the neighbourhood too. There's some little bits of money owing me. I'll take her for a drive to-morrow."

"Your yellow gig! To call that a carriage! A rough sort of exercise, I doubt. Why, it jerks up, like a Jack-in-a-box, at every stone you come to. If that is your idea of a carriage, Martin, pray take us all out in the dung-cart."

"The old gig was good enough for my mother; and why should my daughter be above it? They doctors and women are turning her head, worse than poor young Lorraine did. Oh, if I had Elias to prune my trees—after all I have taught him—and Lorraine to get up in the van again; I might keep out of the bankrupt court after all; I do believe I might." Here the Grower fetched a long sigh through his pipe. He was going to be bankrupt every season; but never achieved that glory.

"I'm tired of that," Mrs Lovejoy

said. "You used to frighten me with it at first, whenever there came any sort of weather—a storm, or a frost, or too much sun, or too much rain, or too little of it; the Lord knows that if you have had any fruit, you have got it out of Ilim by grumbling. And now you are longing, in a heathenish manner, to marry your daughter to two men at once! One for the night-work, and one for the day. Now, will you, for once, speak your mind out truly?"

"Well, wife, there is no one that tries a man so badly as his own wife does. I am pretty well known for speaking my mind too plainly, more than too doubtfully. I can't say the same to you, as I should have to say to anybody else; because you are my wife you see, and have a good right to be down upon me. And so I am forced to get away from things that ought to be argued. But about my daughter, I have a right to think my own opinion; while I leave your own to you, as a father has a right with a mother. And all I say is commonsense. Our Mabel belongs to a time of life when the girls are always dreaming. And then you may say what you like to them mainly; and it makes no difference. Now she looks very pale, and she feels very queer, all through that young sort of mischief. But let her get a letter from Master Hilary—and you would see what would come over her."

"I have got it! I have got it!" cried a young voice, as if in answer, although too sudden of approach for that. "Father, here it is! Mother, here it is! Long expected, come at last! There, what do you think of that now?"

Her face was lit with a smile of delight, and her eyes with tears of gladness, as she stood between her astonished parents, and waved in the air an open letter, fluttering less

(though a breeze was blowing) than her true heart fluttered. Then she pressed the paper to her lips, and kissed it, with a good smack every time; and then she laid it against her bosom, and bowed to her father and mother, as much as to say—"You may think what you like of me, I am not ashamed of it!"

The Grower pushed two grey curls aside, and looked up with a grand amazement. Here was a girl, who at dinner-time even would scarcely say more than "yes," or "no;" who started when suddenly spoken to, and was obliged to clear her mind to think; who smiled now and then, when a smile was expected, and not because she had a smile,—in a word, who had become a dull, careless, unnatural, cloudy, depressed, and abominably inconsistent Mabel—a cause of anxiety to her father, and of recklessness to herself—when lo, at a touch of the magic wand, here she was, as brave as ever!

The father, and the mother also, knew the old expression settled on the darling face again; the many family modes of thinking, and of looking, and of loving, and of feeling out for love, which only a father and a mother dearly know in a dear child's face. And then they looked at one another; and in spite of all small variance, the husband and the wife were one, in the matter of rejoicing.

It was not according to their

schemes! and they both might still be obstinate. But by a stroke their hearts were opened—wise or foolish, right or wrong,—what they might say outside reason, they really could not stop to think. They only saw that their sweet good child, for many long months a stranger to them, was come home to their hearts again. And they could have no clearer proof than this.

She took up her father's pipe, and sniffed with a lofty contempt at the sealing-wax (which was of the very lowest order) and then she snapped it off, and scraped him (with a tortoise-shell handled knife of her own) a proper place to suck at. And while she was doing that, and most busy with one of her fingers to make a draught, she turned to her mother with her other side, as only a very quick girl could do, and tucked up some hair (which was slipping from the string, with a palpable breach of the unities) and gave her two tugs, in the very right place to make her of the latest fashion; and then let her know, with lips alone, what store she set on her opinion. And the whole of this business was done in less time than two lovers would take for their kissing!

"You have beaten me, Popsy," said Mrs Lovejoy, fetching up an old name of the days when she was nursing this one.

"Dash me," cried the Grower, "you shall marry Old Harry, if you choose to set your heart on him."

CHAPTER XLIX.

Peradventure the eyes and the heart, as well as the boundless charity of true love, were needed to descry what Mabel at a glance discovered, the "grand nobility" of Hilary's conduct, and the "pathetic beauty" of his self-reproach. Perhaps at first sight the justice of

the latter would be a more apparent thing; but love (when it deserves the name) is as generous as well as a jealous power; especially in the tender gush of renewal and reassurance. And Lorraine meant every word as he wrote it, and indeed for a good while afterwards; so that

heart took pen to heart, which is sometimes better than the wings of speech. Giving comfort thus, he also received the same from his own conscience and pure resolutions; and he felt that his good angel was, for the present at least, come back to him. How long she would stop was another question.

And he needed her now in matters even more stirring than the hottest love-affairs. For though he had no chance of coming to the front in any of the desperate assaults on the castle of Burgos, being far away then with despatches, he was back with his chief when the retreat began; a retreat which must have become a rout under any but the finest management. For the British army was at its worst towards the month of November 1812. Partly from intercourse with *partidas*, partly perhaps from the joys of Madrid, but mainly no doubt from want of cash, the Britons were not as they had been. Even the officers dared to be most thoroughly disobedient, and to follow the route which they thought best, instead of that laid down for them. But Wellington put up with insolent ignorance, as a weaker man could not have deigned to do: he had to endure it from those above him; and he knew how to bear with it all around him; and yet to be the master. His manifold dealings with everybody and everything at this time (with nobody caring to understand him, and his own people set against him; with the whole world making little of him, because he hated flash-work; and perhaps his own mind in some doubt of its powers, because they were not recognised)—these, and the wearisome uphill struggle to be honest without any money, were beginning to streak with grey the hair that had all the hard brain under it.

Here again was a chance for Hilary; and without thinking he worked it well. In his quick, and perhaps too sudden, way of taking impression of every one, he had stamped on his mind the abiding image of his great commander. The General knew this (as all men feel the impression they are making, as sharply almost as a butter-stamp), and of course he felt goodwill towards the youth who so looked up at him. It was quite a new thing for this great Captain, after all his years of conquest, to be accounted of any value; because he was not a Frenchman.

Being, however, of rigid justice, although he was no Frenchman, Lord Wellington did not lift Captain Lorraine over the heads of his compeers. He only marked him (in his own clear and most tenacious mind) as one who might be trusted for a dashing job, and deserved to have the chance of it.

And so they went into winter quarters on the Douro and Aguada, after a great deal of fighting, far in the rear of their storms and sieges and their many victories; because the British Government paid whole millions right and left to rogues, and left its own army to live without money, and to be hanged if it stole an onion. And the only satisfaction our men had—and even in that they were generous—was to hear of the Frenchmen in Russia freezing as fast as could well be expected.

Now, while this return to the frontier, and ebb of success created disgust in England and depression among our soldiers, they also bore most disastrously on the fortunes of a certain gallant and very zealous Staff officer. For they brought him again into those soft meshes, whence he had wellnigh made good his escape without any serious damage; but now there was no such deliver-

ance for him. And this was a very hard case, and he really did deserve some pity now ; for he did not return of his own accord, and fall at the feet of the charmer ; but in the strictest course of duty became an unwilling victim. And it happened altogether in this wise.

In the month of May 1813, when the British commander had all things ready for that glorious campaign which drove the French over the Pyrenees, and when the British army, freshened, strengthened, and sternly redisciplined, was eager to bound forward—a sudden and sad check arose. By no means, however, a new form of hindrance, but one only too familiar, at all times and in all countries—the sinews of war were not forthcoming. The military chest was empty. The pay of the British troops was far in arrear, and so was their bounty-money ; but that they were pretty well used to by this time, and grumble as they might, they were ready to march. Not so, however, the Portuguese, who were now an important element ; and even the Spanish regulars in Andalusia would do nothing until they had handled dollars.

This need of money had been well foreseen by the ubiquitous mind of Wellington ; but what he had not allowed for, and what no one else would have taken into thought, so soon after Nelson's time, was the sluggishness of the British navy. Whether it were the fault of our Government, or of our Admiral on the station, certain it is that the mouth of the Tagus (which was the mouth of the whole British army) was stopped for days and even weeks together by a few American privateers. And ships containing supplies for our army (whether of food, or clothing, or the even more needful British gold), if they escaped at all, could do it

only by running for the dangerous bar of the Douro, or for Cadiz.

In this state of matters, the "Generalissimo" sent for Captain Lorraine one day, and despatched him on special duty.

"You know Count Zamora," said Lord Wellington, in his clear voice of precision ; "and his castle in the Sierra Morena."

Hilary bowed, without a word, knowing well what his Chief was pleased with.

"You also know the country well, and the passes of the Morena. Colonel Langham has orders to furnish you with the five best horses at hand, and the two most trusty men he knows of.—You will go direct to Count Zamora's house, and deliver to him this letter. He will tell you what next to do. I believe that the ship containing the specie, which will be under your charge, was unable to make either Lisbon or the port of Cadiz, and ran through the Straits for Malaga. But the Count will know better than I do. Remember that you are placed at his disposal, in all except one point—and that is the money. He will provide you with Spanish escort, and the Spaniards are liable for the money, through Andalusia, and the mountains, until you cross the Zujar, where a detachment from General Hill will meet you. They begged me not to send British convoy (beyond what might be needful, to authorise the delivery to them), because their own troops are in occupation.

"Never mind that ; be as wide awake as if every farthing was your own, or rather was part of your honour. I seldom place so young a man in a position of so much trust. But the case is peculiar ; and I trust you. There will be £100,000 in English gold to take care of. The Spaniards will furnish the transport, and Count Zamora

will receive half of the specie, on behalf of the Junta of Seville, for the pay of the Spanish forces, and give you his receipt for it. The remainder you will place under the care of General Hill's detachment, and rejoin us as soon as possible. I have no time more. Colonel Langham will give you your passes, and smaller directions. But remember that you are in a place of trust unusual for so young an officer. Good-bye, and keep a sharp look-out."

Lord Wellington gave his hand, with a bow of the fine old type, to Hilary. And he from his proper salute recovered, and took it as one gentleman takes the courtesy of another. But as he felt that firm, and cool, and muscular hand for a moment, he knew that he was treated with extraordinary confidence; and that his future as an officer, and perhaps as a gentleman, hung on the manner in which he should acquit himself of so rare a trust. In the courtyard he found Colonel Langham, who gave him some written instructions, and his passes and credentials, as well as a good deal of sound advice, which the General had no time to give. And in another hour Hilary Lorraine was riding away in the highest spirits, thinking of Mabel, and of all his luck; and little dreaming that he was galloping into the ditch of his fortunes.

Behind him rode two well-trying troopers, as thoroughly trained to their work as the best hereditary butler, gamekeeper, or even pointer. There could be found no steadier men in all the world of steadiness; one was Sergeant-major Bones, and the other was Corporal Nickles. Each of them led a spare horse by the soft brown twist of willow-bark, steeped in tan and fish-oil, so as to make a horse think much of it. And thus they rode through the brilliant night, upon a fine old Roman road, with beautiful change,

and lovely air, and nobody to challenge them. For the French army lay to the east and north, the Portuguese were far in their rear, and the Spanish forces away to the south, except a few guerillas, who could take nothing by meddling with them. But the next day was hot, and the road grew rough, and their horses fell weary; and, haste as they might, they did not arrive at Monte Argento till after sunset of the second day.

The Count of Zamora felt some affection, as well as much gratitude, towards Lorraine, and showed it through the lofty courtesy with which he received him. And Hilary, on his part, could not help admiring the valour, and patriotism, and almost poetic dignity, of this chieftain of a time gone by. For being of a simple mind, and highly valuing eloquence, the Count nearly always began with a flourish as to what he might have done for the liberation of his country; if he had been younger. Having exhausted this reflection, he was wont to proceed at leisure to the military virtues of his sons. Then, if anybody showed impatience, he always stopped with a lofty bow; otherwise, on he went, and the further he went, the more he enjoyed himself. Hilary, a very polite young man, and really a kind-hearted one, had grown into the Count's good graces—setting aside all gratitude—by truly believing all his exploits, and those of his father and grandfathers, and best of all those of his two sons,—and never so much as yawning.

"You are at my orders!" said the Count, with a dry smile on his fine old face. "It is well, my son; it is glorious. Our great commander has so commanded. My first order is that you come to the supper; and rest, and wear slippers, for the three days to follow."

"Shall I take those instructions in writing," asked Hilary; "and under the seal of the Junta?"

"The Junta is an old woman," said his host; "she chatters, and she scolds, and she locks up the money. But enter, my son, enter, I pray you. You are at the very right moment arrived—as is your merit; or I should not be here. We have a young boar of the first nobility; and truffles are in him from the banks which you know. You shall carve him for us; you are so strong, and you Englishmen so understand sharp steel. My sons are still at the war; but my daughters—how will they be pleased to see you!"

At the smell of the innocent young roaster—for such he was in verity,—light curtains rose, and light figures entered; for all Spanish ladies know well what is good. Camilla and Claudia greeted Hilary, as if they had been with him all the morning; and turned their whole minds to the table at once. And Hilary, thoroughly knowing their manners, only said to himself, how well they looked!

In this he was right. The delicate grace and soft charm of Camilla set off the more brilliant and defiant beauty of young Claudia. Neither of them seemed to care in the least what anybody thought of her; or whether any thought at all occurred to anybody, upon a subject so indifferent, distant, and theoretical. Captain Lorraine was no more to them than a friar, or pilgrim, or hermit. They were very much obliged to him for cutting up the pig; and they showed that they thought it a good pig.

Now, as it happened, these were not the tactics fitted for the moment. In an ordinary mood, Lorraine might have fallen to these fair Parthians; but knowing what danger he was running into—without any chance

of avoiding it—he had made up his mind, all along the road, to be severely critical. Mabel's true affection (as shown by a letter in answer to his) had moved him; she had not hinted at any rival, or lapse of love on his part; but had told with all her dear warm heart the pleasure, the pride, and the love she felt. Hilary had this letter in his pocket; and it made him inclined to be critical.

Now it may, without any less-majesty of the grand female race, be asserted, that good and kind and beautiful and purely superior as they are, they are therewith so magnanimous to men, that they abstain, for the most part, from exhibiting mere perfection. No specimen of them seems ever to occur that is entirely blameless, if submitted to rigid criticism; which, of course, they would never submit to. Therefore it was wrong of Hilary, and showed him in a despicable light, that because the young ladies would not look at him much, he looked at them with judicial eyes. And the result of his observation, over the backbone of the pig, was this.

In "*physique*"—a word which ought to be worse than *physic* to an Englishman—there was no fault of any sort to be found with either of these young ladies. They were noble examples of the best Spanish type, tall, and pure yet rich of tint, with most bewitching eyes, and classic flexure of luxuriant hair, grace in every turn and gesture, and melody in every tone. Yet even in the most expressive glance, and most enchanting smile, was there any of that simple goodness, loyalty, and comfort, which were to be found in an equally lovely but less superb young woman?

Herewith the young captain began to think of his uncle Struan's advice, and even his sister's words on the matter; which from so

haughty a girl—as he called her, although he knew that she was not that—had caused him at first no small surprise, and at the same time produced no small effect. And the end of it was that he gave a little squeeze to Mabel's loving letter, and said to himself that an English girl was worth a dozen Spanish ones.

On the following day, the fair young Donnas changed their mode of action. They vied with each other in attention to Hilary, led him through the well-known places, chattered Spanish most musically, and sang melting love-songs, lavished smiles and glances on him, and nothing was too good for him. He was greatly delighted, of course, and was bound in gratitude to flirt a little; but, still on the whole, he behaved very well. For instance, he gave no invidious preference to either of his lovely charmers; but paid as much heed to poor Camilla

(whose heart was bounding with love and happiness) as he did to Claudia, who began to be in earnest now, that her sister might not conquer him. This was a dangerous turn of events for Hilary; and it was lucky for him that he was promptly called away. For his host got despatches which compelled him to cut short hospitality; and Captain Lorraine, with great relief, set forth the next morning for Malaga. Sergeant Bones and Corporal Nickles had carried on handsomely downstairs, and were most loath to come away; but duty is always the guiding-star of the noble British Corporal. Nickles and Bones, at the call of their country, cast off all domestic ties, and buckled up their belly-bands. Merrily thus they all rode on, for their horses were fresh and frolicsome, to the Spanish headquarters near Cordova; and thence again to Malaga.

CHAPTER L.

At this particular time there was nothing so thoroughly appreciated, loved, admired, and begged, borrowed, or stolen in every corner of the Continent, as the good old English guinea. His fine old face and his jovial colour made him welcome everywhere; one look at him was enough to show his purity, substance, and sterling virtue, and prove him sure to outlast in the end the flashy and upstart "Napoleon." Happily for the world, that poor, weak-coloured, and adulterated coin now called the "sovereign," was not the representative of English worth at that time, otherwise Europe might have been either France or Russia for a century.

And though we are now in the mire so low—through time-servers, hucksters, and demagogues—that the voice of England is become no

more than the squeak of a half-penny shoe-black, we might be glad to think of all our fathers did, at our expense, so grandly and heroically, if nations (trampled on for years, and but for England swept away) would only take it as not a mortal injury that through us they live. At any rate, many noble Spaniards in and round about Malaga condescended to come and see the unloading of the British corvette, "*Cleopatra-cum-Antonio*." She was the nimblest little craft (either on or off a wind) of all ever captured from the French; and her name had been reefed into "*Clipper*" first, and then into "*Clipper*," which still holds way. And thus, in spite of all her money, she had run the gauntlet of Americans and Frenchmen, and lay on her keel discharging.

Lorraine regarded this process with his usual keen interest.

The scene was so new, and the people so strange, and their views of the world so original, that he could not have tried to step into anything nobler and more refreshing. There was no such babel of gesticulation as in a French harbour must have been; but there was plenty of little side-play, in and out among the natives, such as a visitor loves to watch. And the dignity with which the Spaniards took the money into their charge was truly gratifying to the British mind. "They might have said 'Thank you,' at any rate," thought Hilary, signing the bill of delivery, under three or four Spanish signatures. But that was no concern of his.

One hundred thousand British guineas, even when they are given away, are not to be made light of. Their weight (without heeding the iron chests, wherein they were packed in Threadneedle Street) would not be so very much under a ton; and with the chests would be nearly two tons. There were ten chests, thoroughly secured and sealed, each containing ten thousand guineas, and weighing about 4 cwt. All these were delivered by the English agent to the deputy of Count Zamora, who was accompanied by two members of the Junta of Seville, and the Alcalde of Cordova; and these great people, after no small parley, and with the aid of Spanish officers, packed all the consignment into four mule-carts, and sent them under strong escort to headquarters near Cordova. Here the Count met them, and gave a receipt to Hilary for the Spanish subsidy, which very soon went the way of all money among the Spanish soldiers. And the next day the five less lucky mules, who were dragging the pay of the British army, went on with the five remain-

ing chests—three in one cart and two in the other—still under Spanish escort, towards the slopes of the Sierra Morena.

Hilary, as usual, adapted himself to the tone and the humour around him. The Spanish officers took to him kindly, and so did the soldiers, and even the mules. He was in great spirits once more, and kindly and cordially satisfied with himself. His conscience had pricked him for many months concerning that affair with Claudia; but now it praised him for behaving well, and returning to due allegiance. He still had some little misgiving about his vows to the Spanish maiden; but really he did not believe that she would desire to enforce them. He was almost sure in his heart that the lovely young Donna did not care for him, but had only been carried away for the moment by her own warmth and his stupid fervour. Tush! he now found himself a little too wide awake, and experienced in the ways of women, to be led astray by any of them. Claudia was a most beautiful girl, most fascinating, and seductive; but now, if he only kept out of her way, as he meant most religiously to do—

"The brave and renowned young captain," said the Count of Zamora, riding up in the fork of the valley where the mountain-road divided, and one branch led to his house, "will not, of course, disdain our humble hospitality for the night."

"I fear that it cannot be, dear senhor," answered Lorraine, with a lift of his hat in the Spanish manner, which he had caught to perfection; "my orders are to make all speed with the treasure until I meet our detachment."

"We are responsible for the treasure," the Count replied, with a smile of good-humour, and the slightest touch of haughtiness, "until you have crossed the river upon

the other side of our mountains. Senhor, is not that enough? We have travelled far, and the mules are weary. Even if the young captain prefers to bivouac in the open air, it is a proverb that the noble English think more of their beasts than of themselves. And behold, even now the sun is low; and there are clouds impending! The escort is under my orders as yet. If you refuse, I must exercise the authority of the Junta."

What could Hilary do but yield? He was ordered to be at the Count's disposal; and thus the Count disposed of him. Nevertheless he stipulated that the convoy should pursue its course, as soon as the moon had risen; for the night is better than the day for travelling, in this prime of the southern year.

So the carts were brought into a walled quadrangle of the Monte Argento; and heavy gates were barred upon them, while the mules came out of harness, and stood happily round a heap of rye. The Spanish officers, still in charge, were ready to be most convivial; and Hilary fell into their mood, with native compliance well cultivated. In a word, they all enjoyed themselves.

One alone, the star of all, the radiant, brilliant, lustrous one, the admired of all admirers, that young Claudia, was sorrowful. Hilary, in the gush of youthful spirits and promotion; in the glow of duty done and lofty standard satisfied; through all the pride of money paid by the nation he belonged to; and even the glory of saying good things in a language slightly known to him;—Hilary caught from time to time those grand reproachful eyes, and felt that they quite spoiled his dinner. And he was not to get off like this.

For when he was going, in the driest manner, to order forth his

carts, and march, with the full moon risen among the hills, the daintiest little note ever seen came into his hand as softly as if it were dropped by a dove too young to coo. He knew that it came from a lady of course; and in the romantic place and time his quick heart beat more quickly.

The writing was too fine for even his keen eyes by moonlight; but he managed to get to a quiet lamp, and then he read as follows: "You have forgotten your vows to me. I must have an explanation. There is no chance of it in this house. My nurse has a daughter at the 'bridge of echoes.' You know it, and you will have to cross it, within a league of your journey. If I can escape I shall be on that bridge in two hours' time. You will wait for me there, if you are an English gentleman."

This letter was unsigned, but of course it could only come from Claudia. Of all those conceited young Spanish officers, who had been contradicting Lorraine, and even daring to argue with him, was there one who would not have given his right hand, his gilt spurs, or even his beard, to receive such a letter and such an appointment from the daughter of the Count of Zamora?

Hilary fancied, as he said farewell, in the cumbrous mass of shadows and the foliage of the moonlight, that Donna Camilla (who came forth with a white mantilla fluttering) made signs, as if she longed with all her heart to speak to him. But the Count stood by, and the guests of the evening, and two or three mule-drivers cracking whips; and Hilary's horse turned on his tail, till the company kissed their hands to him. And thus he began to descend through trees, and rocks, and freaks of shadowland, enjoying the fresh-

ness of summer night, and the tranquil beauty of moonlit hills. Nickles and Bones, the two English troopers, rode a little in advance of him, each of them leading a spare horse, and keeping his eyes fixed stubbornly on the treasure-carts still in the custody of the Spanish horsemen. For the Englishmen had but little faith in the honesty of "them palavering Dons," and regarded it as an affront and a folly that the treasure should be in their charge at all.

In this order they came to the river Zujar, quite a small stream here at the foot of the mountains, and forming the boundary of the Count's estates. According to the compact with the Spaniards, and advices that day received, the convoy was here to be met by a squadron of horse from Hill's division, who at once would assume the charge of it, and be guided as to their line of return by Captain Lorraine's suggestions. At the ford, however, there was no sign of any British detachment, and the trumpeters sounded a flourish in vain.

Hilary felt rather puzzled by this ; but his own duty could not be in doubt. He must on no account allow the treasure-carts to pass the ford, and so quit Spanish custody, until placed distinctly under British protection. And this he said clearly to the Spanish colonel, who quite agreed with him on that point, and promised to halt until he got word from Lorraine to move into the water. Then Bones and Nickles were despatched to meet and hurry the expected squadron ; for the Spanish troopers were growing impatient, and their discipline was but fortuitous.

Under these circumstances young Lorraine was sure that he might, without any neglect, spare just a few minutes to do his duty elsewhere as a gentleman. He felt

that he might have appeared perhaps to play fast and loose with Claudia, although in his heart he was pretty certain that she was doing that same with him. And now he intended to tell her the truth, and beg to be acquitted of that vow whose recall was more likely to galling than to grieve her.

The "bridge of echoes" was about a furlong above the ford where the convoy halted. It was an exceedingly ancient bridge, supposed to be even of Gothic date, and patched with Moorish workmanship. It stood like a pack-saddle over the torrent, which roared from the mountains under it ; and it must have been of importance once, as commanding approach to the passes. For, besides two deep embrasures wherein defenders might take shelter, it had (at the south or Morena end) a heavy fortalice beetling over, with a dangerous portcullis. And the whole of it now was in bad repair, so that every flood or tempest worked it away at the top or bottom ; and capable as it was of light carts or of heavy people, the officers were quite right in choosing to send the treasure by the ford below.

Hilary proved that his sword was free to leap at a touch from its scabbard, ere ever he set foot on that time-worn, shadowy, venerable, and cut-throat bridge. The precaution perhaps was a wise one. But it certainly did not at first sight exhibit any proof of true love's confidence in the maiden he was come to meet. It showed the difference between a wise love and a wild one ; and Hilary smiled as he asked himself whether he need have touched his sword in coming to meet Mabel. Then, half ashamed of himself for such very low mistrust of Claudia, he boldly walked through the crumbling gateway, and up the steep rise of the bridge.

On the peaked crown of the old arch he stood, and looked both up and down the river. Towards the mountains there was nothing but loneliness and rugged shadow; scarred with clefts of moonlight, and at further distance fringed with mist. And down the water and the quiet sloping of the lowlands, everything was feeding on the comfort of the summer night; the broad delicious calm of lying under nature's womanhood, when the rage of the masculine sun is gone, and fair hesitation has followed it.

Hilary looked at all these things, but did not truly see them. He took a general idea that the view was beautiful; and he might have been glad, at another time, to stand and think about it. For the present, however, his time was short, and he must make the most of it. The British detachment might appear at the ford at any moment, and his duty would be to haste thither at once, and see to the transfer of the convoy. And to make sure of this, he had begged that the Spanish trumpets might be sounded, and kept his own horse waiting for him, and grazing kindly where the grass was cold.

The shadow of the old keep and the ivy-mantled buttress fell along the roadway of the bridge, and lay in scollops there. Beyond it, every stone was clear (of facing or of parapet), and the age of each could be guessed almost, and its story and its character. Even a beetle or an earwig must have had his doings traced if an enemy were after him. But under the eaves of the lamp of night, and within all the marge of the glittering, there lay such darkness as never lies in the world where the moon is less brilliant. Hilary stood in the broad light waiting; and out of the shadow came Claudia.

"I doubted whether you would

even do me the honour to meet me here," she said. "Oh, Hilary, how you are changed to me!"

"I have changed in no way, senhorita; except that I know when I am loved."

"And you do not know—then you do not know—it does not become me to say it, perhaps. Your ways are so different from ours, that you would despise me if I told it all. I will not weep. No, I will not weep."

With violent self-control, she raised her magnificent eyes to prove her words; but the effort was too much for her. The great tears came, and glistened in the brilliance of the moonlight; but she would not show them, only turned away, and wished that nobody in the world should know the power of her emotions.

"Come, come!" said Hilary (for an Englishman always says "come, come," when he is taken aback), "you cannot mean half of this, of course. Come, Claudia; what can have made you take such a turn? You never used to do it!"

"Ah, I may have been fickle in the days gone by. But absence—absence is the power that proves

"Hark! I hear a sound down the river! Horses' feet, and wheels, and clashing——"

"No; it is only the dashing of the water. I know it well. That is why this bridge is called the 'bridge of echoes.' The water makes all sorts of sounds. Look here; and I will show you."

She took his hand, as she spoke, and led him away from the parapet facing the ford to the one on the upper side of the bridge, when suddenly such a faintness seized her, that she was obliged to cling to him, as she hung over the low and crumbling wall. And how lovely she looked in the moonlight, so

pale, and pure, and perfect, and at the same time so intensely feminine and helpless!

"Let me fall," she murmured; "what does it matter, with no one in the world to care for me? Hilary, let me fall, I implore you."

"That would be nice gratitude to the one who nursed me, and saved my life. Senhorita, sit down, I pray you. Allow me to hold you. You are in great danger."

"Oh no, oh no!" she answered faintly; as he was obliged to support her exquisite, but, alas! too sensitive figure. "Oh, I must not be embraced. Oh, Hilary, how can you do such a thing to me?"

"How can I help doing it, you mean? How very beautiful you are, Claudia!"

"What is the use of it? Alas! what is the use of it, if I am? When the only one in all the world——"

"Ah! There I heard that noise again. It is impossible that it can be the water,—and I see horses, and the flash of arms."

"Oh, do not leave me! I shall fall into the torrent. For the sake of all the saints, stay one moment! How can I be found here? What infamy!—at least, at least, swear one thing."

"Fifty, if you please. But I must be gone. I may be ruined in a moment."

"And so may I. In the name of the Saviour, swear not to tell that I met you here. My father would kill me. You cannot even dream——"

"I swear that no power on earth shall induce me to say a word about this scene."

"Oh, I faint, I faint! Lay me there in the shadow. No one will see me. It is the last time. Oh, how cruel, how cold, how false! how bitterly cruel you are to me!"

"Is it true," he whispered tremulously, for he was in great excite-

ment and hurry, and he heard the Spanish trumpets sound as he carried her towards the shadow of the keep, and there for an instant leaned over her; "is it true that you love every me, Claudia?"

"With my whole, whole——" and he thought that she glanced at the corner timidly; "oh, do not go, for one moment, darling!—with atom of my poor——"

"Heart," she was going to say, no doubt, but was spared the trouble; for down fell Hilary, stunned by a crashing blow from the dark corner; and in a moment Alcides d'Alcar had him by the throat with gigantic hands, and planted one great knee on his breast.

"Did I do it well?" whispered Claudia, recovering all her energies. "Oh, don't let him see me. He never must know it."

"Neither that nor anything else shall he know," muttered the brigand, with a furious grasp, till poor Hilary's blue eyes started forth from their sockets. "You did it too well, my fair actress; so warmly, indeed, that I am quite jealous. The bottom of the Zujar is his marriage-couch."

"Loosen his throat, or I scream with all my power. You promised me not to hurt him. He shall not be hurt more than we can help, although he has been so faithless to me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the great brigadier; "there is no understanding the delicate views of the females. But you shall be obeyed, beloved one. He will come to himself in about ten minutes; these Englishmen have such a thickness of head. Search him; be quick; let me have his despatch-book. You know where your lovers keep their things."

Senseless though Hilary lay, the fair maiden kept herself out of the

range of his eyes, as her nimble fingers probed him. In a moment she drew from an inner breast-pocket his private despatch-book, and Mabel's letter. That last she stowed away for her own revenge, after glancing with great contempt at it; but the book she spread open to her lover.

"It is noble!" he cried, as the brilliant moonlight shone upon the pages. "What could be more fortunate? Here are the blank forms with the heading, and the flourish prepared for his signature. There is his metal pencil. Now write as I tell you in Spanish, but with one or two little barbarisms; such as you know him given to. 'The detachment is here. I am holding them back. They are not to cross the water. Send the two carts through; but do not come yourselves. Good-night, and many thanks to you. May we soon meet again. (Signed) Hilary Lorraine.' You know how very polite he is."

"It is written, and in his own hand, most clearly. He has been my pupil, and I have been his. Poor youth, I am very sorry for him. Now let me go. Have I contented you?"

"I will tell you at the chapel to-morrow night. I shall have the cleverest and most beautiful bride in all Iberia. How can I part with you till then?"

"You will promise me not to hurt him," she whispered through his beard, as he clasped her warmly; while Hilary lay at their feet, still senseless.

"By all the saints that ever were, or will be, multiplied into all the angels! One kiss more, and then adieu, if it must be."

The active young Claudia glided away; while the great brigadier proceeded, with his usual composure, to arrange things to his liking.

He lifted poor Hilary, as if he were a doll, and bound him completely with broad leather straps, which he buckled to their very tightest; and then he fixed over his mouth a scarf of the delicate wool of the mountains; and then he laid him in the shade; for he really was a most-honourable man, when honour came into bearing. And though (as far as his own feelings went) he would gladly have pitched this Captain Lorraine into the rush of the Zujar, he had pledged his honour to Claudia. Therefore he only gagged and bound him, and laid him out of the moonlight; which, at the time of year, might have maddened him. After this, Don Alcides d'Alcar struck flint upon punk, and lit a long cigar.

The whole of that country is full of fleas. The natives may say what they like; but they only damage their credit by denying it, or prove to a charitable mind their own insensibility. The older the deposit or the stratum is, the greater is the number of these active insects: and this old bridge, whether Moorish or Gothic, or even Roman (as some contended), had an antiquarian stock of them.

Therefore poor Hilary, coming to himself—as he was bound to do by-and-by—grew very uneasy, but obtained no relief, through the natural solace of scratching. He was strapped so tightly that he could only roll; and if he should be induced to roll a little injudiciously, through a gap of the parapet he must go to the bottom of the lashing water. Considering these things, he lay and listened; and though he heard many things which he disliked (and which bore a ruinous meaning to him for the rest of his young life, and all who loved him), he called his high courage to his help; and being unable to talk to himself (from the thickness of the

wool between his teeth, which was a most dreadful denial to him), he thought in his inner parts—"Now, if I die, there will be no harm to say of me." He laid this to his conscience, and in contempt of all insects he rolled off to sleep.

The uncontrollable outbreak of day, in the land where the sun is paramount, came like a cataract over the mountains, and scattered all darkness with leaps of light. The winding valley, and the wooded slope, the white track of water, and the sombre cliffs, all sprang out of their vaporous mantle; and even the bridge of echoes looked a cheerful place to lounge on.

"A bad job surely!" said Corporal Nickles, marching with his footsteps counted, as if he were a pedometer. "Bones, us haven't searched this here ramshackle thing of a Spanish bridge. Wherever young Cap'en can be, the Lord knows. At the bottom of the river, I dessay."

"Better if he never was born," replied Bones; "or leastwise now to be a dead one. Fifty thousand guineas in a sweep! All cometh of trusting them beggarly Dons. Corporal, what did I say to you?"

"Like a horacle, you had foreseen it, sergeant. But, we'm all

right, howsomever it be. In our favour we has the hallerby."

Hilary, waking, heard all this, and he managed to sputter so through the wool, that the faithful non-commissioned officers ran to look for a wild sheep coughing.

"Is it all gone?" he asked pretty calmly, when they had cut him free at last, but he could not stand from stiffness. "Do you mean to say that the whole is gone?"

"Captain," said Bones, with a solemn salute, which Nickles repeated as junior, "every guinea are gone, as clean as a whistle; and the Lord knows where 'em be gone to."

"Yes, your honour, every blessed guinea;" said Nickles, in confirmation. "To my mind it goes against the will of the Lord to have such a damned lot of money."

"You are a philosopher," answered Lorraine; "it is pleasing to find such a view of the case. But as for me, I am a ruined man. No captain, nor even 'your honour,' any more."

"Your honour must keep your spirits up. It mayn't be so bad as your honour thinks," they answered very kindly, well knowing that he was a ruined man, but saluting him all the more for it.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

CHINESE TARTARS.

Just after I had managed to get the better of my illness, but was still in danger from it, and confined to my cot, Mr Pagell arrived, having been recalled from a place in Spiti, ten days' journey off, by the letter which his wife forwarded to him. I found the Moravian missionary to be a strong, active, and cheerful man; no great scholar, perhaps, but with a considerable knowledge of English, able to speak Tibetan fluently, acquainted with the Lama religion, well liked by the people of the country, and versed in the arts which were so necessary for a man in his isolated and trying position. He had been established, with Mrs Pagell, at Pú for about ten years; and, before that, had spent some years in the Moravian mission at Kaelang, in Lahaul, where also Tibetan is spoken. The house he had constructed for himself, or, at least, had supervised the construction of, was small, but it was strongly built, the thick beams having been brought from a distance, and was well fitted to keep out the cold of winter, though not so agreeable as a summer residence. There was a small chapel in his compound, in which service was conducted on Sundays for the benefit of the few Christians, and of any strangers or people of the place who might choose to attend. Christianity has not made much progress at Pú, but this is to be attributed to the entire contentment of the people with their own religion, rather than to any want of zeal or ability on the part of the missionary. Besides himself and his wife, two or three men, with their families, constituted the entire

Christian community; and of these one was the hereditary executioner of Kunáwar, the office having been abolished during the lifetime of his father; while of another, a true Tibetan, who acted as a house servant, Mrs Pagell said that he was a *schande*, or scandal, to the Christian name, from his habits of begging and borrowing money right and left. The good lady's opinion of the people among whom she dwelt, whether Christians or Búdhists, was lower than that of her husband; and, in particular, she accused them of being very ungrateful. I saw a little to show me that they were so—and even Mr Pagell admitted that; but, as a rule, he was inclined to take their part, to regard them in a kindly manner, and to find excuses for their faults—even for their polyandry—in the circumstances of their life. A youth, christened Benjamin, who accompanied us for some days on our further journey, seemed the best of the Christians, and I think he was glad to get away for a time in order to escape from the hateful practice which Mrs Pagell compelled him to undergo, of washing his hands and face every morning. In language, dress, religion, and manners, the people are thoroughly Tibetan; and though they are nominally subject to the Rajah of Bussahir, yet their village is so difficult of access that they pay little regard to his commands. Mr Pagell estimated the population at about 600, but I should have thought there were more, and perhaps he meant families. There is so much cultivation at Pú that the place must be tolerably wealthy. During

my stay there most of the men were away trading in Chinese Tibet and Ladak, and I could not but admire the wonderful industry of the women. There were some fields before my tent in which they worked literally day and night, in order to lose no time in getting the grain cut, and in preparing the ground for a second crop, one of buckwheat. Besides labouring at this the whole day, they returned to their fields after dinner in the evening, and worked there, with the aid of torches of resinous pine-wood, until one or two in the morning. The enormous flocks of blue pigeons must have caused great loss in the grain harvest. There are vines at Pú, and very good tobacco, but when prepared for smoking it is not properly dried, and remains of a green colour. I found that this tobacco when well sieved, so as to free it from the dust and pieces of stalk, afforded capital smoking material, and I prefer it to Turkish tobacco.

Mr Pagell's society assisted me in recovery, and I was soon able to sit up during the day in front of my tent in an easy-chair, with which he furnished me; and on the 30th of July I was able to visit his house. But I knew that my recovery would go on much more rapidly if I could get up to some of the heights above the Sutlej valley. Though Pú is about 10,000 feet high, it is in the Sutlej valley, and has not a very healthy climate in August, so I was anxious to leave it as soon as at all possible. Seeing my weak state, Mr Pagell kindly offered to accompany me for a few days, and I was glad to have his companionship. On the afternoon of the 5th August we set off for Shipki, in Chinese Tibet, with the design of reaching it in four easy stages. Three hours and a half took us to our first camping-

place, on some level ground beyond Dabbling, and underneath the village of Dúbling—places the names of which have been transposed by the Trigonometrical Survey. To reach this, we had to descend from Pú to the Sutlej, and cross that river upon a *sangpa*, or very peculiar kind of wooden bridge. The Sutlej itself is here known to the Tibetans usually by the name of *Sang-po*, or "the river;" and I notice that travellers and map-makers are apt to get confused about these words, sometimes setting down a bridge as "the Sangpa bridge," and a river as "the Sangpo river." I have called the Namtú bridge, as it is named, beneath Pú peculiar; because, though about 80 feet above the stream, which is there over 100 feet across, it is only about three or four feet broad in the middle, is very shaky, and has no railing of any kind to prevent one going over it, and being lost in the foaming torrent below. A Pú yak once survived a fall from this bridge, being swept into a backwater there is a little way down the stream; but that was a mere chance, and the *Bos grunniens* can stand a great deal of knocking about. These bridges are constructed by large strong beams being pushed over one another, from both sides, until they approach sufficiently to allow of the topmost beams being connected by long planks. So rapid is the river below this bridge that Gerard was unable to fathom it with a 10-lb. lead. The path from it towards the Chinese frontier kept up the left bank of the Sutlej, and not far above it, over tolerably level ground. The pieces of rock in the way were unpleasant for dandy-travelling; but it would take little labour to make a good road from beneath Pú to opposite the junction of the Sutlej and the Spiti river, there being a kind of

broad ledge all the way along the left bank of the former stream, but, for the most part, a few hundred feet above it. Though easier for travelling, yet the Sutlej valley became wilder than ever as we advanced up it, though not so chaotic as lower down. On the side opposite to us there were almost perpendicular precipices thousands of feet in height, and the clay and mica-schist strata (interspersed here and there with granite) were twisted in the most grotesque manner. Shortly before, a Pi hunter had been killed by falling over these cliffs when in search of ibex. Above this precipice-wall high peaks were occasionally visible, but in our neighbourhood there was nothing but rocks and precipices, the foaming river, mountain torrents crossing the path, and a few edible pines, junipers, and tufts of fragrant thyme.

On the next day to Khalb, a short journey of four hours, the Sutlej gorge appeared still deeper and narrower. Quartz-rock became more plentiful, and, curiously enough, we passed a vein of very soft limestone. Some of the mountain streams were rather difficult to pass, and one of them had to be crossed on two poles thrown over it, though to have fallen into the torrent would have been utter destruction. At Khalb there is a most picturesque camping-ground, amid huge granite boulders, and well shaded by pines and junipers. It is opposite and immediately above one of the most extraordinary scenes in the world—the junction of the Sutlej, and the Lee or Spiti river. You cannot get near the junction at all, and there are few points from which you can even see it, so deeply is it sunk between close mural precipices; but you can look down towards it and see that the junction must be there. These two rivers have

all the appearance of having cut their way down through hundreds of feet of solid rock strata. Even below the great precipices they seem to have eaten down their way and made deep chasms. I do not venture to say positively that such has been the case; but the phenomena presented are well worthy of the special attention of geologists; because, if these rivers have cut the passages which they appear to have cut, then a good deal more effect may be reasonably ascribed than is usually allowed to the action of water in giving the surface of our globe its present shape. But, though not positive, I am inclined to believe that the Lee and the Sutlej have cut a perpendicular gorge for themselves from a little below Khalb down to the present level of their waters—a distance, roughly speaking, of about 1200 feet, and this becomes more credible on considering the structure of the rock. Gerard fell into the mistake (pardonable in his day) of calling it “stratified granite.” Across the Chinese border the mountains are rolling plains of quartz and whitish granite, and probably contain great gold deposits; but at the confluence of the Spiti river and the Sutlej, the rock is slate and schist strata containing veins and detached blocks of granite and quartz, and also various zeolites. These slates and schists are for the most part rather soft, and the whole strata have been so much disturbed by the process of elevation that they are peculiarly open to the action of disintegrating influences. The weather has broken it down greatly wherever there is an exposed surface, and extremely rapid rivers might eat their way down into it with considerable ease. Even the veins and blocks of solid granite and quartz which are interspersed among the strata, are calcu-

lated to aid rather than to hinder such a process. Though the Himá-liya are at once the highest and the most extensive mountains in the world, yet there is some reason to believe that they are among the youngest; and this explains the present state of their narrow deep valleys. Their rivers carry out from them an immense amount of solid matter every year, but the process has not continued long enough to allow of the formation of broad valleys. Hence we have little more in the Himáliya than immense ravines or gorges. A valley there is something like the interior of the letter V, only the farther down you go, the more nearly perpendicular are its sides, while above 12,000 feet there is some chance of finding open, rounded, grassy slopes. There are also some comparatively open or flat valleys to be found above 12,000 feet; for at that height, where everything is frozen up during great part of the year, there are no large rivers and no great action of water in any way.

At this junction of the two rivers there is an outstanding end of rock wall, which is pretty sure in course of time to cause a cataclysm similar to what occurred on the Sutlej in the year 1762 below Kunáwar province, when a shoulder of a mountain gave way and fell into the gorge, damming up the stream to a height of 400 feet above its normal level. Similar events have occurred in the upper Indus valley, but these were caused by avalanches of snow or ice. In the case to which I allude, and as will be the case at the junction of the Lee and Sutlej, the fall of a portion of the mountain itself caused the cataclysm; and when the obstruction gave way, which it did suddenly, villages and towns were destroyed by the tremendous rush of water. The Lee is almost as inaccessible and furious

as the Sutlej, but it has calm pools, and its water is of a pleasant greenish hue, which contrasts favourably with the turbid, whitish-yellow of the latter stream. I may mention that I have written of the Spiti river as the Lee, or Lí, because it has got by that name into the maps; but it is not so called by the people of the country, and the name has probably arisen from a confused localising of it with the village of Lí, or Lío, which is to be found a short way above the confluence. On both sides of the Chinese border they call the Spiti river the *Mapzja Jzazholmo*. The former of these words means a peacock, but what the connection is I do not know. It must be admitted, however, that *Mapzja Jzazholmo* are not sounds well fitted to make their way with the general public, so I shall continue to speak of the Lee or Spiti river. I may also be excused from calling the Sutlej the *Lamghhen-khabad*, or "elephant-mouth-fed" river, which General Cunningham asserts is the Tibetan name for the Sutlej; though all the Tibetans I questioned on the subject spoke of it either as the Sangpo, or as the Singi Sangpo. In fact there seem to be numerous local names for the rivers in that part of the world, and it would be hazardous to insist on any one in particular.

From Khalb there are two ways of getting to Shipki; the one over the Kúng-ma Pass, which is 16,000 feet high, and the other up the gorge of the Sutlej, across the face of its precipitous cliffs, and over the dreaded Oopung Gorge. The latter road is never used when the snow will at all allow of the high pass being crossed; and—judging from what I saw of it afterwards, from the mountain Lío Porgyúl on the opposite side of the river—it must be nearly as bad as the path from Shaso to Pú. The cliffs, however,

on which the path runs must be interesting to the geologist. They are often of a bluish and of a purple colour; they present a brilliant and dazzling appearance from the zeolites with which they abound, and probably have other and rarer minerals. But the Kúng-ma Pass, above the height of Mont Blanc though it be, is the only tolerable way of crossing into Chinese Tibet from Pí; and to toil over a 16,000 feet pass in one day is not desirable for an invalid, even though starting from a height of about 10,000 feet. So, after procuring yaks and coolies, for the passage into Tartary, from the villages of Khalb and Namgea, we resolved to camp some way up on the pass and to take two days to the business. This can easily be done, because at the height of about 12,500 feet there are a few terraced fields belonging to Namgea, and called Namgea Rizhing, with sufficient room to pitch a small tent upon, and with plenty of water and bushes fit for firewood.

At this height the air was very pure and exhilarating, but the sun beat upon our tents in the afternoon so as to raise the thermometer within them to 82° Fahrenheit; but, almost immediately after the sun sank behind the Spítí mountains, the thermometer fell to 60°. I do not think it got much lower, however, for at daybreak it was 54°. Evening brought also a perfect calm, which was most welcome after the violent wind of the day; but the wind rose again during the night, which fortunately does not usually happen in the Himáliya, otherwise existence there in tents would be almost insupportable. From the little shelf on which we camped, as also, to some extent, from Khalb and Namgea beneath, the view was savage and grand beyond description. There ~~was~~ a mountain before us, visible in all

its terrific majesty. The view up the Spítí valley had a wild beauty of its own, and ended in blue peaks, at this season nearly free from snow; but the surprising scene before us was on the left bank of the Spítí river, and on the right of the Sutlej, or that opposite to which we were. A mountain rose there almost sheer up from the Sutlej, or from 9000 feet to the height of 22,183 feet, in gigantic walls, towers, and *aiguilles* of cream-coloured granite and quartz, which had all the appearance of marble. At various places a stone might have rolled from the summit of it down into the river, a descent of over 13,000 feet. In appearance it was something like Milan Cathedral divested of its loftiest spire, and magnified many million times, until it reached the height of 12,000 feet; and I either noticed or heard several great falls of rock down its precipitous sides, during the eight days I was on it or in its immediate neighbourhood. Here and there the white rock was streaked with snow, and it was capped by an enormous citadel with small beds of *névé*; but there was very little snow upon the gigantic mass of rock, because the furious winds which for ever beat and howl around it allow but little snow to find a resting-place there. At Shipki they told us that even in winter Lío Porgyíl, as this mountain is called, presents much the same appearance as it had when we saw it. Half of it rests on Chinese Tartary, and the other half on Hangrang, a province which was ceded by the Chinese less than a century ago to the Rajah of Bussahir; so that Lío Porgyíl might well be regarded as a great fortress between Iran and Turan, between the dominions of the Aryan and the Tartar race. Even more remarkably than the Kailas, it suggested an inaccessible dwelling-place of the gods;

a fortress shaped by hands, but not by human hands. And if the scene was impressive by day, it was absolutely overpowering at night, when the orb of night was slowly rising behind the dark precipices on which we midway stood. While itself unseen, the moon's white light illuminated the deep gorges of the Spiti river, and threw a silvery splendour on the marble-like towers and battlements of Lio Porgyül. It did not at all appear as if any external light were falling, but rather as if this great castle of the gods, being transparent as alabaster, were lighted up from within, and shone in its own radiance, throwing its supernatural light on the savage scenes around.

The word *ma* in Chinese means a horse, and it is possible that the Kúng-ma may mean the Horse Pass, in contradistinction to the path across the cliffs of the Sntlej along which horses cannot go; but I am by no means sure of this derivation. Be that as it may, horses or some animals are needed on the stiff pull up to the top of it, in a highly rarefied air. Here we found the immense advantage of our yaks, and "the comfort" of riding upon them. They grunted at almost every step, and moved slowly enough, but on they went steadily, seldom stopping to rest. Chota Khan, who had not been provided with a yak, was extremely indignant at the exertion which his large body had to make, and I regretted not having been more liberal towards him. As we got up towards the 16,000 feet summit, the effect of the rarefied air compelled him to pause at every step, and quite bewildered him. He and one or two other of our people, also, began bleeding at the nose. These phenomena, together with the novel sight of a glacier hanging above us near the top of the pass, had such

an effect upon the bold Afghan, that, at one point, he sat down and cried, lamenting his fate and cursing everybody and everything in general, the word *Sheitun*, or "devil," being especially conspicuous in his language. That was only a momentary weakness, however; for on getting down the Chinese side of the pass he quite recovered his spirits; he went down rollicking and singing, and was the first to enter the dreaded Shipki, where some Tartar young women speedily brought him to his bearings and threw him into a state of great perplexity.

It took us nearly ten hours to reach Shipki from Namgea Fields, and we started at four in the morning in order to escape the full effect of the sun's rays when ascending the pass, which involved no rock-climbing, but a continuous and very steep ascent up a cork-screw path, which was the best I had seen since leaving Pangay. Though the air, generally speaking, is quite cool and invigorating at these great elevations, yet the reflected and radiating rock-heat is sometimes exceedingly oppressive; and so powerful are the rays of the sun in summer, that exposure to them, or even to a good reflection of them, will destroy the skin of the hands or face of a European in five minutes or even less. We were all a little ill after crossing this pass, and I ascribe that not so much to the exertion it required, or to the rarefied air, as to the tremendous heat and glare of the sun on the south-east slope down to Shipki, which involves rather more than a mile of perpendicular descent.

A short way before reaching the extreme summit of the pass, we rested for a little on an open brow of the mountain covered with grass and flowers. The view over the Spiti ranges to the north-west was very extensive and striking; for,

though it was a land of desolation on which we gazed, it was under an intensely dark-blue sky; it was beautifully coloured with snow and cloud, and variegated rock, and presented vast ranges of picturesquely shaped peaks, between two of which the 18,000 feet Manerung Pass could easily be discerned. Westward, over sections of the Sutlej valley, near Rarang and Pangay, the great peaks and snows of the Indian Kailas mingled with the clouds of the Indian monsoon, which were arrested on its southern side. Behind us, and overhanging us, were glaciers and snowy peaks. Then came the summit of the Kúng-ma Pass; and to the north-east the vast citadel of Ló Porgyül. Though the view was limited on one side, yet it was much more extensive than any I have seen from any other Hímalíyan pass,—even from the Shinkal, which is at least 2000 feet higher. An enormous semicircle was visible of grand precipices, high mountain peaks, and snowy summits over 20,000 feet high. Resting on the grass, looking on that beautiful yet awful scene—on the boundless wild of serrated ridges, rock-needles, mountain battlements, storm-scathed precipices, silvery domes, icy peaks, and snowy spires—and breathing the pure, keen, exhilarating air,—it almost seemed as if, during my illness at Pú, I had indeed passed from the torturing life of earth, and had now alighted upon a more glorious world. But the Namgea women dispelled the illusion by bringing me blue Alpine flowers, reminding me that I was still upon the sad star, the loveliness of which is marred by the dark shadow which hangs over all its sentient and conscious beings. "Our life is crowned with darkness;" and it becomes not those who aspire to be worthy

of that crown to seek it prematurely, while those the inclination of whose natures must draw them from the purgatory of earth to a lower and darker world, if there existence is to be continued at all, instinctively cling to the happiest life they can hope to know. But even earthly life, under certain conditions, has its intense enjoyments. It was an immense relief for me, after the Sutlej valley and its shadow of death, to feel my feet on the springy turf of rounded slopes—to find that I had room to move and breathe—and to see the lights and shadows chasing each other over the flowery grass.

Before the last ascent, we passed, beneath a considerable glacier, into a small but deep ravine, just above which there was a camping-place for travellers, but no wood and no water visible, though a stream from the glacier might be heard moving underneath the ground. This camping-place marks the boundary between Kunáwar and the Chinese territory; and from there a gentle ascent, difficult only from the great rarity of the air, took us up to the extreme summit of the Kúng-ma Pass, where there are the ruins of a Tartar guard-house, at which formerly travellers attempting to cross the Chinese frontier used to be stopped; but as a European traveller makes his appearance at this gate of entrance only once in ten or fifteen years, it was obviously quite unnecessary to keep a permanent guard up there at the inconvenient height of 16,000 feet—and so the congenial business of stopping his advance has been deputed to the people of the large village of Shipki, which lies immediately, but nearly 6000 feet, below. Fortunately there was hardly any wind; for at these great heights exposure to a high wind for a few minutes may be fatal, so rapidly does it make the body inanimate. From this

guard-house the view towards Tartary was perfectly unclouded and clear. It presented to our view a great expanse of bare and rounded but smooth-looking hills fading away into the elevated rolling plains beyond. The appearance of Tartary is quite different from that of Kunáwar and Spiti, and of the Western Himáliya in general. Except down at Shipki not a tree was visible, and there were no high peaks or abrupt precipices. No snow was visible in Tartary beyond Lío Porgyúl, though the Shífrang mountain, over which the road to Gartop goes, must be about 18,000 feet high. The furze on these mountain plains was here and there of a dark-brown colour; and when Alexander Gerard, a native of Aberdeenshire, saw it from a neighbouring pass in 1818, he was at once struck by the resemblance of the furze to Scotch heather. Even "Caledonia stern and wild," however, has no scenes which could afford any notion of the wild sterility of these Tartar plains, or of the tremendous mass of Lío Porgyúl which flanked them on the immediate left. There is no descent in Scotland either to compare in utter wearisomeness to that of the 6000 feet from the top of the Kúng-ma down to the great village of Shipki, though, to do the Chinese justice, they must have expended not a little labour on the rude path which connects the two points. This path was too steep for riding down *comfortably* on a yak; and even Chota Khan, despite his bleeding at the nose, declined the offer which I made him of the use of mine. So I had to endure more than the usual amount of bumping, in my dandy, and of being let fall suddenly and violently on the stony ground, owing to the two coolies in front occasionally coming down by the run. I did, however, manage to get carried

down, there being literally no help for it; but the dandywallahs came to Mr Pagell next day and pathetically showed that gentleman the state of their shoulders.

Chota Khan and one or two more of our servants had gone on in advance to Shipki, with some of the coolies, in order to have the little mountain tents ready for us on our arrival; but that was not to be accomplished so easily as they expected. Instead of tents, a most amusing scene presented itself when we at last got down. But, in order to understand it, the reader must bear in mind that Shipki is situated on the very steep slope of a hill above a foaming river, and that it is by no means a place abundant in level ground. In fact there is no level ground at Shipki except the roofs of the houses, which are usually on a level with the streets, and the narrow terraced fields, the entrances to which are guarded by prickly hedges or stone walls, or *chevaux-de-frise* of withered gooseberry branches. You cannot pitch a tent on a slope, covered with big stones, at an angle of about 45°. Neither were the roofs of the houses desirable, because on the roof of every house there was a ferocious Tibetan mastiff, roused to the highest pitch of excitement by our arrival, and desiring nothing better than that some stranger should intrude upon his domain. Consequently the terraced fields presented the only available places for our tents, and they were clearly available, many of them being in stubble, while there was no immediate intention of digging up the ground. Of course a terraced field was the place, but here was the difficulty which threw Chota Khan into a state of amazement, perplexity, and wrath. A band of handsome and very powerful young Tartar women, —clad in red or black tunics, loose

trousers, and immense cloth boots, into which a child of five years' old might easily have been stuffed—had constituted themselves the guardians of these terraced fields, and whenever Chota Khan or any of his companions attempted to enter, they not only placed their bulky persons in the way, but even showed determined fight. Woman to man, I believe these guardian angels could have given our people a sound thrashing; and I afterwards found it to be a most useful goad for lagging coolies to remark that one Shipki woman could beat two men of Spiti or Lahaul, as the case might be. These angels in big boots were very good-humoured, and seemed to enjoy their little game immensely; but not the less on that account were they pertinacious, and even ferocious, when any attempt was made to get past them. If catching a Tartar be a difficult operation, I should like to know what catching a Tartar young woman must be. When we arrived, Mr Pagell reasoned with them eloquently in fluent Tibetan, and they allowed the force of his argument to the extent of admitting that there was no spot for us at Shipki on which to pitch our tents, except a terraced field; but they parried the obvious conclusion by reminding him that there was a very nice little piece of camping-ground about half-way up the six thousand feet we had just come down, and that it was little past the middle of the day. I myself tried gently to pass between them, with the most admiring smiles and affectionate demeanour I could summon up for the occasion, and in the circumstances; but though this seemed to amuse them much, it did not at all induce them to allow me to pass; and when we tried other fields, either the same women or a fresh band opposed our entrance. Mean-

while, groups of men, on the roofs of houses and elsewhere, watched the operations without interfering. It really looked as if the intention was to compel us to go back from Shipki without allowing us to stay there even for a night. There was much ingenuity in this plan of setting the Tartar damsels to prevent our camping. Had we used force towards these young persons, there would have been a fair reason for the men of the place falling upon us in a murderous manner; and Mr McNab, the superintendent of the hill states, had told me that one of his predecessors in office who tried either to camp at Shipki, or to go further, very nearly lost his life there. Had I been alone I do not know what might have happened, for, in my weak state, I was beginning to get irritated; and it was fortunate I was accompanied by Mr Pagell, who took the matter quite easily, and said it would be necessary to respect the wishes of the people of the country. Fortunately, too, at this juncture, he recognised a Lama, for whom he had formerly done some medical service, and the Lama not only took our part generally, but also offered us a narrow field of his own on which to pitch our tents. There was a disposition on the part of the young Tartars to resist this also, but they were a little too late in making up their minds to do so; for whenever the priest showed my friend the wall which was at the end of his field, our servants and coolies, appreciating the exigency of the occasion, made a rush over it and took immediate possession.

We remained at Shipki that afternoon, the whole of the next day, and the greater part of the day after, making unavailing attempts to provide for further progress into Chinese Tibet. We should have been glad to go very lightly

burdened, but none of the coolies or yakmen from Kunáwar would accompany us a step further. They said that their duty to their own State had compelled them to take us across the frontier to Shipki, at great inconvenience to themselves, for it was their season of harvest, and many of the men of their villages were away travelling on commercial ventures; but that there was no duty resting on them to take us any further, and they were afraid to do so, because they well knew that if they persisted in advancing with us, the Tartars would either fall upon them and kill them then, or do so on some future occasion when their business might take them across the frontier. We had no hold upon the Kunáwar people for a further journey; it would have been most cruel and unjustifiable to have attempted to force them to accompany us, and they would listen to no offers of increased monetary recompense. The Tartars, on the other hand, were still more impracticable. They openly derided the idea of our going on into their country, and would not give us any supplies either of carriage or of food. On the whole they were anything but civil, and at times it looked as if they only wanted a pretext for falling upon us; but at other times they condescended to reason on the matter. They said that they were under express orders from the Lassa Government not to allow any Europeans to pass, and that it would be as much as their possessions and their heads were worth to allow us to do so. Death itself would not be the worst which might befall them, as there were certain dreadful modes of death, which I shall presently describe, to which they might be subjected. On my referring to the Treaty of Tientsin, which gives British subjects a right to travel within the dominions of

the Celestial Emperor, and mentioning that I had travelled a great deal in China itself, they first said that they had no information of any such treaty having been concluded; and then they ingeniously argued that, though it might allow foreigners to travel in China Proper, yet it did not apply to Tibet, which was no part of China, and only loosely connected with that country. When we pressed them for the reasons of this exclusive policy, they answered that they were not bound to give reasons, having simply to obey orders; but that one obvious reason was, that wherever Englishmen had been allowed entrance into a country they had ended in making a conquest of it. We had landed peaceably on the coast of India, and immediately proceeded to conquer the coast. We then took a little more and a little more, always pretending, in the first instance, to be peaceable travellers and merchants, until we got up to the country of Runjit Singh, and the next thing heard there was that we had taken Runjit Singh's dominions. Now we wanted to travel in the country of the Sacred Religion (Iamaism); but the Tibetans knew better than that, and that the only safe course for them, if they wished to preserve their country to themselves, was to keep us out of it altogether. On this we remarked that China had brought trouble on itself by attempting to exclude Europeans, whereas matters had gone smoothly after admitting them, and referred to Japan as an instance of a long-secluded country which had found advantage (I am not sure very much) from admitting Europeans; but they seemed to interpret this as a threat, and replied boisterously, that they might as well be killed fighting us as be killed for letting us pass—there would be some amusement in that;

and if ever war came upon them, they were quite willing to engage in war, because, having the true religion, they were certain to conquer. This argument struck the Moravian missionary as especially ridiculous, and in another way it might have done so to an artillery officer, for a couple of mountain-guns could easily destroy Shipki from the Kúng-ma Pass; but it was not ridiculous in the mouths of these wild Tartar mountaineers, who firmly believe in their extraordinary religion, and whose only experience of warfare has been matchlock-skirmishing on their lofty frontiers with the men of Kunaíwar, for whom they have the greatest contempt.

It was curious to find these rude men reasoning thus ingeniously, and it struck me forcibly that though the voice was the voice of the rough Tartar Esau, yet the words were the words of the wily Chinese Jacob. There was something peculiarly Chinese-like also, and far from Tartar, in the way in which they shirked responsibility. Personally they were not at all afraid of being uncivil; but when it came to the question as to who was who, and on whose responsibility they acted, then they became as evasive as possible. Thus, in the matter of supplies, though they at first refused point-blank to let us have any, yet, after a little, they adopted different and still more unpleasant tactics. They said they would let us have a sheep—a small one—for five rupees, which was about double its value. On our agreeing to give five, no sheep appeared; and on our inquiring after it, a message was sent back that we might have it for six rupees. On six being agreed to, the price was raised to seven, and so on, until it became too apparent that they were only amusing themselves with us. And whenever we reasoned on this sub-

ject with an ugly monster who had been put forward—and had put himself forward with a great profession of desire for our comfort—as the official corresponding to the *múkea* or *lambadar*, who looks after the wants of travellers,—he promptly disclaimed all pretensions to having anything to do with such a function, and pointed to another man as the veritable *múkea* to whom we ought to apply. This other man said it was true he was a relative of that functionary, and he would be happy to do anything for us if the headmen of the village would authorise it, but the veritable *múkea* was up with the sheep on the Kúng-ma, and if we found him there on our way back he would, no doubt, supply all our wants. In this way we were bandied about from pillar to post without getting satisfaction, or finding responsibility acknowledged anywhere. On the matter being pressed, we were told that the headmen of Shipki were deliberating upon our case; but it was impossible to get any one to acknowledge that he was a headman, or to find out who and where they were. I think they did supply us with some firewood, and they sold a lamb to Phooleyram and Nurdass, that these Kunaits might have it killed as their religion requires, not by having the throat cut, but the head cut or hacked off from above, at the neck-joint. That was all they would do, however; and they impounded one of our yaks, on a doubtful charge of trespassing, and only released it on payment of a small sum.

I was particularly anxious to find some official to deal with; but though there were Tartar soldiers about, one of whom we came upon by surprise, it was impossible to get any one to acknowledge that he was an official, or to unearth one anywhere. In an unguarded moment

some of the villagers told us that they were ordered by the Tzong-pon, or "commander of the fort" (*Tzong* meaning a fort, and *pon* a general or chief*), not to let us pass; but no fort was visible, or general either; and when we inquired further about this officer, they affected not to know what we were talking about. But the Tzong-pon at Shipki means the Tzong-pon of D'zabrun, the governor of the district. (This place is the Chaprang of Montgomerie's map: it has a fort, and is said to be about eight marches distant from Shipki.) But no one would undertake to forward a letter to the Tzong-pon, or produce any authority from him for refusing to allow us to proceed further.

For all this I was in a manner prepared, because several attempts had previously been made in vain to enter Chinese Tibet by this door. My object in going to Shipki was simply to see for myself how the frontier matter stood, and to have a look at Chinese Tartary and Tartars. I never supposed for a moment that, on a first experience of Himáliyan travel, and without a basis of operations near the frontier, I could penetrate for any distance into Chinese Tibet; and at the utmost contemplated only the possibility of making a few days' journey across the frontier, though I should have been quite ready to go on all the three months' journey from Shipki to Lassa had the way been at all open. It struck me there was a chance of getting over the frontier difficulty by going back to Kunáwar, purchasing yaks there, and then recrossing the Kúng-ma and passing Shipki by night; but the time I could have afforded for this experiment had been consumed during the month of my illness at

Pú, and I had the alternative before me of either not making such an attempt, or of relinquishing all hope of reaching Kashmir before it was closed for the season, or even of seeing much of the Himáliya. I had no hesitation in preferring to go on to Kashmir. It was not as if I were going back in doing so. In point of fact, to go to the Valley of Flowers by the route I selected and followed out, was to plunge into a still more interesting stretch of mountain country, and into remote Tibetan provinces, such as Zanskar, situated at what may fairly be called the very "back of beyont," and practically as secluded from the world and as unknown to the public as the dominion of the Grand Lama itself. It was also very doubtful how far it would be possible to advance into Chinese Tibet by having yaks of one's own and passing Shipki by night, because a few miles beyond that village the road crosses the Suttlej, and the only way of passing that river there is over a bridge which is guarded by Tartar troops. The Kunáwar men told us of this, and they know the country well; for the objection to the entrance of Europeans does not apply to themselves, and in summer they are in the habit of trading some way into the interior of Chinese Tibet with blankets, sugar, tobacco, and wool, bringing back rock-salt, shawl-wool, and borax. They also mentioned that a few days' journey beyond the frontier, they were exposed to much danger from mounted robbers, there being hardly any villages or houses until they get to D'zabrun, or to Gartop, except a small village within sight of Shipki; and one of them showed us deep scars upon his head, which had been severely cut

* So also *mak-pon*, a general of troops; *del-pon*, the commander of a boat; *tsik-pon*, an architect; *chir-pon*, a superintendent of stables; and *zol-pon*, a head-cook.

by these robbers. In travelling among the Himáliya, one must necessarily keep to the roads, such as they are, and the only way of crossing the deep-cut furious rivers is by the bridges which have been thrown across them; so that a bridge with a guard of soldiers would in all probability be an impassable obstacle, except to an armed force. But, once past the Suttlej and on the rolling hills of Tartary it would be possible to wander about freely in many directions. The Shipki people told us that if we persisted in going on without their assistance, they would use force to prevent us, defending this by their favourite argument that they might as well be killed fighting us as be killed letting us pass. Could we have procured even very limited means of conveyance, I, for my part, should have tested this; but I was scarcely able at the time to walk at all; and I have not the least doubt, from their demeanour, that they would have carried out their threat, and would even have been delighted to do so; for it more than once looked as if they only wanted the slightest pretext in order to fall upon us, and were chiefly prevented from doing so by their respect for Mr Pagell as a teacher of religion and a dispenser of medicines. We might safely conclude, then, that the soldiers at the bridge would be equally intractable; and it is difficult to say what one might meet with in the country beyond—how soon one might be robbed of everything, and find one's head adorning the pole of a nomad's tent. The Abbé Desgodins, who lived for some time in the Lassa territory towards the Chinese frontier, asserts that the Tartar of that country takes great pleasure, when he has an enemy, in persuading that enemy that he is quite reconciled to him, in asking him to a

generous dinner, and in suddenly firing a bullet into his enemy's stomach, when that deluded individual is supposed to have reached the moment of repletion. If such be the way in which the inhabitants of the country of the Sacred Religion treat their friends, it can easily be imagined that, when they fell in with a stranger, they would not even be at the expense of providing a good dinner for him, unless that were absolutely necessary to throw him off his guard. No doubt it is only a portion of the population which are in the habit of indulging in such hospitality; but the difficulty would be to distinguish between that portion and the more respectable inhabitants. Two or three years ago the tribute which is annually sent up from Nepal to Lassa, was seized and appropriated by Tartars on the way; and on their being told that it was for the Lassa Government, they replied that they did not care for any government. Possibly such rovers might be afraid to meddle with Europeans, but that could not be relied on; and it would be almost impossible for one or two travellers to secure themselves against a night attack.

Hence, if the explorer gets beyond Shipki, and beyond the bridge over the Suttlej, it does not necessarily follow that he will reach D'zablung or anywhere else; but I expect the bridge will be his main difficulty, and I have heard of an amusing story connected with a bridge—of an officer who attempted to enter Chinese Tibet at some other point. He managed to give the guard on the frontier the slip at night, and was happily pursuing his way next morning, congratulating himself on having entered into the forbidden land, when he was overtaken by a portion of the guard, who politely intimated that, since they saw he

was determined to go, they would make no more objection to his doing so, only they would accompany him, in order to protect him from robbers. This arrangement worked very well for a few hours, until they came to a deep-sunk river and a rope bridge—one of those bridges in which you are placed in a basket, which is slung from a rope, and so pulled along that rope by another and a double rope, which allows of the basket being worked from either side. Over this river some of the Tartars passed first, in order to show that the conveyance was warranted not to break down; and then our traveller himself got into the basket, and was pulled along. So far everything had gone on well; but, when he had got half-way across the river, his protectors ceased to pull, sat down, lighted their pipes, and looked at him as they might at an interesting object which had been provided for their contemplation. "Pull!" he cried out, "pull!" on which they nodded their heads approvingly, but sat still and smoked their pipes. "D——n it, pull, will you? *pull!*" he cried out again, becoming weary of the basket; and then he tried all the equivalents for "pull" in all the Eastern languages he knew; but the more he cried out, the more the Tartars smoked their silver pipes and nodded their heads, like Chinese porcelain mandarins. They interfered, however, to prevent his pulling himself one way or another; and, after keeping him suspended in the basket till night, and he was almost frozen to death, they made an agreement, through a Tibetan-speaking attendant, that they would pull him back if he would promise to recross the frontier.

If half the stories be true which Mr Pagell has heard from Lamas of the punishments inflicted in Chinese

Tibet, it is no wonder that the people of that country are extremely afraid of disobeying the orders of the Government whenever they are so situated as to be within the reach of Government officers. Crucifying, ripping open the body, pressing and cutting out the eyes, are by no means the worst of these punishments. One mode of putting to death, which is sometimes inflicted, struck me as about the most frightful instance of diabolical cruelty I had ever heard of, and worse than anything portrayed in the old chamber of horrors at Canton. The criminal is buried in the ground up to the neck, and the ground is trampled on round him sufficiently to prevent him moving hand or foot, though not so as to prevent his breathing with tolerable freedom. His mouth is then forced open, and an iron or wooden spike sharpened at both ends, is carefully placed in it so that he cannot close his mouth again. Nor is the torture confined to leaving him to perish in that miserable condition. Ants, beetles, and other insects are collected and driven to take refuge in his mouth, nostrils, ears, and eyes. Can the imagination conceive of anything more dreadful? Even the writhing caused by pain, which affords some relief, is here impossible except just at the neck; and a guard being placed over the victim, he is left to be thus tortured by insects until he expires. The frame of mind which can devise and execute such atrocities is almost inconceivable to the European; and we must hope that a punishment of this kind is held *in terrorem* over the Tibetans, rather than actually inflicted. But I am afraid it is put in force; and we know too much of Chinese and Tartar cruelties to think there is any improbability in its being so. It is certain that the Turanian race is remarkably obtuse-nerved and

insensible to pain, which goes some way to account for the cruelty of its punishments; but that cannot justify them. In other ways, also, Tartar discipline must be very rigorous. Gerard was told that where there is a regular horse-post—as between Lassa and Gartop—"the bundle is scaled fast to the rider, who is again sealed to his horse; and no inconvenience, however great, admits of his dismounting until he reaches the relief-stage, where the seal is examined!" I heard something about men being scaled up this way for a ride of twenty-four hours; and if that be true, the horses must have as much endurance as the men.

The question arises why it is that the Lassa authorities are so extremely anxious to keep all Europeans out of their country. The Tibetans lay the blame of this on the Chinese Mandarins, and the Mandarins on Lamas and the people of Tibet; but they appear all to combine in insuring the result. This is the more remarkable, because the Lama country is not one with which Europeans are in contact, or one which they are pressing on in any way. It is pretty well *défendu* naturally, owing to the almost impassable deserts and great mountains by which it is surrounded; and it has by no means such an amount of fertile land as to make it a desirable object of conquest as a revenue-bearing province. The reason assigned, by letter, in 1870 to the Abbé Desgodins, by the two legates at Lassa—the one representing the Emperor of China, and the other the Grand Lama—for refusing to allow him to enter Tibet, was as follows: "Les contrées tibétaines sont consacrées aux supplications et aux prières; la religion jaune est fondée sur la justice et la droite raison; elle est adoptée depuis un grand nom-

bre de siècles; on ne doit donc pas prêcher dans ces contrées une religion étrangère; nos peuples ne doivent avoir aucun rapport aux les hommes des autres royaumes." This, however, is evasive; and, though they are different in the east of Tibet, the Lamas at Shipki made not the least objection to Mr Pagell preaching as much as he liked; they argued with him in quite an amicable manner, and afforded us protection.

Is it possible that the gold—or, to speak more generally, the mineral—deposits in Tibet may have something to do with the extreme anxiety of the Chinese to keep us out of that country? They must know that, without some attraction of the kind, only a few adventurous missionaries and travellers would think of going into so sterile a country, which can yield but little trade, and which is in many parts infested by bands of hardy and marauding horsemen. But the Mandarins have quite enough information to be well aware that if it were known in Europe and America that large gold-fields existed in Tibet, and that the *auri sacra fames* might there, for a time at least, be fully appeased, no supplications, or prayers either, would suffice to prevent a rush into it of occidental rowdies; and that thus an energetic and boisterous white community might soon be established to the west of the Flowery Land, and would give infinite trouble, both by enforcing the right of passage through China, and by threatening it directly.

That there is gold in Chinese Tibet does not admit of a doubt; and, in all probability, it could be procured there in large quantities were the knowledge and appliances of California and Australia set to work in search of it. In the Sutlej valley, it is at the Chinese border that the clay-slates, mica-schists,

and gneiss give way to quartz and exceedingly quartzose granite—the rocks which most abound in gold. The rolling hills across the frontier are similar in structure to those which lead to the Californian Sierra Nevada, and are probably composed of granite gravel. In our *Himāliya*, and in that of the native states tributary to us, there is not much granito or quartz, and gneiss is the predominant rock of the higher peaks and ranges. But granite (and, to a less degree, trap) has been the elevating power. There has been a considerable outburst of granite at Gangotri and Kiddernath, and the consequence is that gold is found, though in small quantities, in the streams beneath. Among this great range of mountains there are various rivers,

“Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold.”

The district of Gunjarat in the Hindú Kūsh, north-east of the Chittral valley, is named on account of its gold. Kaliristan, in the same direction, produces gold, which is made into ornaments and utensils. Badakshan is celebrated for its veins of the precious metal, as well as for its rubies and lapis lazuli. Also at Fauladut, near Bamān, and in the hills of Istalif north of Kaubul, gold is found. It is washed out of the upper bed of the Indus in certain parts where that bed is accessible, and also from the sands of the Indus immediately after it emerges at Torbēla on to the Panjāb plain. We have it, too, in the bed of the Chayok river. Gold is also washed out of the bed of the Suttlej, a little below Kotghar, where the people can get down to that bed. Now, where does that latter gold come from? We may go a long way up the Suttlej before finding rocks likely to produce any of that metal, unless in

the minutest quantities; but advance up that river to the Chinese frontier and we come upon a stretch of country which is extremely likely to be the matrix of vast gold deposits. Great quantities of gold may be washed out of that region by the Suttlej, and yet not much of it finds its way below Kotghar, because so heavy a metal soon sinks into the bed of the stream. Nor does this supposition depend entirely upon my unsupported geological conjecture; because it is well known to the Kunāwar people that gold is found in Tibet, not very far from Shipki. The largest of these gold-fields are at Shok Jalung, the Thok Jalung of Major Montgomerie, which is in lat. $32^{\circ} 24'$, and long. $81^{\circ} 37'$, at a height described as about 16,000 feet. But there are many more of them, especially about Damū, near the Suttlej, not far from its source, and at Gartop, close to the Indus. The fact that not only gold-washings but even gold-mines are reported to exist in that part of the country between the two rivers, affords pretty conclusive proof, when taken in connection with the geological aspect of the hills, so far as can be seen from the Kūng-ma Pass, that the western part at least of Chinese Tibet has important gold-fields. Of course the people there have no means of working their mines effectually, and the Lama religion does not encourage the search for precious metals; but it would be very different if the appliances of civilisation were brought to bear on the matter. Besides gold, Chinese Tibet possesses silver, mercury, iron, cinnabar, nitre, lapis lazuli, borax, and rock-salt. The quantity of turquoises which it can turn out appears to be almost unlimited, and the women of all the *Himāliya* richly ornament their hair and dress with these gems—those about the size of a hazel-nut being the most

common. It is doubtful, however, whether the metals enumerated above are to be found in the country to any great extent, though there is no reason to suppose that some of them may not be so. A most serious want is that of fuel. It is quite unlikely that there is any coal, and wood is extremely scarce. On the east side there are great forests here and there; but, on the elevated plains of the west, the Tartars have to depend for their fires almost entirely on furze and the droppings of their flocks. This must create a serious obstacle in the way of working mines, and of a mining population existing at such a height; but if only gold exists up there in great abundance, it is an obstacle which might be profitably overcome by the resources of modern science.

There is no less reason to believe that Eastern Tibet abounds in the precious metals. The Abbé Desgodins writes that "*le sable d'or se trouve dans toutes les rivières et même dans les petits ruisseaux du Thibet oriental;*" and he mentions that in the town of Bathan, or Batan, with which he was personally acquainted, about twenty persons were regularly occupied in secretly washing for gold, contrary to the severe laws of the country. At other places many hundreds engaged in the same occupation. He also mentions five gold-mines and three silver-mines as worked in the Tchong-tien province in the upper Yang-tse valley; and in the valley of the Mey-kong river there are seven mines of gold, eight of silver, and several more of other metals. He also mentions a large number of other districts, in each of which there is quite a number of gold and silver mines, besides mines of mercury, iron, and copper. It is no wonder, then, that a Chinese proverb speaks of Tibet as being at

once the most elevated and the richest country in the world, and that the Mandarins are so anxious to keep Europeans out of it. If the richest mineral treasures in the world lie there, as we have so much reason to suppose, there is abundant reason why strangers should be kept out of it, and why it should be kept sacred for the Yellow Religion, for supplications and prayers.

The area of Tibet is partly a matter of conjecture, and the best geographers set it down as between six and seven hundred thousand square miles, with a very conjectural population of ten millions. With Mongolia on the north; Turk-estan, Kunáwar, and the mountainous dependencies of Kashmir on the west; Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhotan, with their Himáliya, on the south; and the Chinese province of Yunnan on the east,—it is about as well lifted out of and defended from the world as any country could be; and although Lassa is about the same latitude as Cairo and New Orleans, yet the great elevation of the whole country (which may be roughly called a table-land of from 15,000 to 16,000 feet high) gives it almost an arctic climate. The great cluster of mountains called the Thibetan Kailas (the height of which remains uncertain, and some of the peaks of which may be even higher than Gaurisankar) well deserves to be called the centre of the world. It is, at least, the greatest centre of elevation, and the point from whence flow the Sutlej, the Indus, and the Brahmaputra; while to Tibet, meaning by that word the whole country in which Tibetan is spoken, we may ascribe most of the rivers of the Panjáb, and also the Jumna, the Ganges, the Irrawaddi, the Yang-tse, and even the Hoang-Ho, or great Yellow River. The pass at Shipki, over which I crossed, is one of the lowest of the passes into

Chinese Tibet. There is another and more difficult pass close to it, about 12,500 feet high; but the others are of great height, and the Mana Pass, between Tibet and Gurwhal, is 18,570 feet. Though Lassa is the capital of the whole country, Teshu Lambu, said to have a population of about 50,000, is the capital of the western division of Chinese Tibet, and is the residence of the Bogda Lama, the highest spiritual authority after the Grand Lama.

The young persons of Shipki had none of the shamefacedness of the women of India. They would come and sit down before our tents and laugh at us, or talk with us. It was quite evident that we were a source of great amusement to them. They were certainly rather robust than beautiful; but one girl, who had come from the other side of Lassa, would have been very good-looking had she been well washed. This Tartar beauty had a well-formed head, regular features, and a reddish-brown complexion. She was expensively adorned, and was probably the relative of some official who thought it best to keep in the background. In fact, she was very handsome indeed, lively and good-humoured; but there was the slight drawback that her face had never been washed since the day of her birth. Another young girl belonging to Shipki tempted some of our Namgea men into a mild flirtation; but whenever they offered to touch her it was a matter of tooth and nails at once. Mr Pagell's conversation with the people on the subject of religion was well enough received, though his statements were not allowed to go uncontroverted, and his medical advice was much preferred. In talking with us, the men were rather rude in their manner, and, after staying for a little, they would suddenly go

away, laughing, and slapping their persons in a way that was far from respectful.

Both men and women wore long tunics and loose trousers, a reddish colour being predominant, and also large cloth Tartar boots; but during the heat of the day many of both sexes dispensed with the boots, and some of the men appeared with the upper part of their bodies entirely naked. All the men had pig-tails, and they wore caps like the ordinary Chinese skull-caps, though, from dirt and perspiration, the original colour and ornamentation were not distinguishable. The women had some pig-tails, some plaits, and were richly ornamented with turquoises, opals, pieces of amber, shells (often made into immense bracelets), corals, and gold and silver amulets; while the men had metal pipes, knives, and ornamented daggers stuck in their girdles. The oblique eye and prominent cheek-bones were noticeable, though not in very marked development; and though the noses were thick and muscular, they were sometimes straight or aquiline. The bodies were well developed, large, and strong; but the men struck me as disproportionately taller than the women. The weather being warm, hardly any one appeared in sheepskins, and most of their garments were of thick woollen stuff, though the girl from beyond Lassa wore a tunic of the ordinary thick, glazed, black, Chinese-made flaxen cloth. We did not obtain permission to enter any of their houses, which were strongly built and roofed of stone, but saw sufficient to indicate that these were dark uncleanly habitations, almost devoid of furniture.

Shipki is a large village in the sub-district of Rongchúng, with a number of terraced fields, apricot-trees, apple-trees, and gooseberry-

bushes. It is watered by streams artificially led to it from the glaciers and snow-beds to the southwest of the Kúng-ma Pass, where there are great walls of snow and snowy peaks about 20,000 feet high. Twenty-four of its zemindars, or proprietors of land, pay a tax amounting to £5 yearly to the Government, and the remainder pay smaller sums. The population numbers about 2000, and they have not exactly the typical Tartar countenance, though with clearly-marked Tartar characteristics, and there were two or three strangers among them whose features were purely Turanian. The people of Shipki have a striking resemblance to the country Chinese of the province of Shantung, and they were large, able-bodied, and rather brutal in their manners,—not a trace of Chinese formality or politeness being apparent. The village is separated into several divisions; the houses are not close together, and the steep paths between them are execrable, being little more than stairs of rock with huge steps. The gooseberry-bushes, however, gave a pleasant appearance to the place, and the unripe berries promised to reach a considerable size. Of course the whole district is almost perfectly rainless, and the air is so dry as to crack the skin of Europeans. It must get very little sun in winter, and be excessively cold at that season; but in summer the climate is mild, and hottish during the day. The thermometer outside my tent was 56° at sunrise; but it was 84° Fahr. at 2 P.M. inside the tent, with a breeze blowing through. The bed of the Sutlej near Shipki is about 9500 feet high, which is a remarkable elevation for so large a river.

Finding it hopeless to pass Shipki, at all events without going back to Kunáwar, and purchasing yaks of my own, I determined to

proceed to Kashmir, high up along the whole line of the Western Himáliya; and, indeed, I did not manage to reach that country a day too soon, for I narrowly escaped being snowed up for the winter in the almost unknown province of Zanskar. Mr Pagell also acknowledged the hopelessness of attempting to proceed farther into the dominions of the Grand Lama, so we left Shipki on the afternoon of the 10th August; and though the thermometer had been at 82° in our tents shortly before starting, we camped that night with it at 57° before sunset in a pure bracing atmosphere at the Shipki Rízhing, or Shipki Fields, about 2500 feet higher up on the Kúng-ma Pass, but on the eastern side of it, and still within the Chinese border. Here we had a remarkable example of the courage and ferocity of the Tartars. On leaving the outskirts of Shipki, our coolies had plucked and taken away with them some unripe apples; and at the Shipki Rízhing, where there are no houses, only an empty unroofed hut or two for herdsmen, a solitary Tartar made his appearance, and observing the apples, declared that they were his, and, abusing the coolies for taking them, straightway fell upon the man in possession of them, tore that individual's hair, and knocked him about in the most savage manner. Though there were over twenty of the Kunáwar men looking on, and several of them were implicated in the theft, if such it might be called, yet none of them ventured to interfere; and their companion might have received serious injury, had not Chota Khan, who was always ready for a fray of the kind, gone in and separated the two. Now this was between two and three thousand feet above the village, and I doubt if there were any other Tartars about the spot, except one other man who had come

to see us off the premises. Ferocity is much admired in Chinese Tibet; and in order to create it, the people are fond of eating what they ironically call "still meat," or meat with maggots in it. We heard also that, to the same end, they give a very curious pap to their infants. Meat, cut into thin slices, is dried in the sun and ground into powder; it is then mixed with fresh blood and put into a cotton cloth, and so given to the *enfant terrible* to suck. Mixtures such as this, combined with half-raw flesh, sun-dried flesh, and, where there is cultivation, with girdle-cakes of wheat, buckwheat, and barley, must make a pretty strong diet even for the seniors, and one well fitted to produce endurance and courage. It is to be hoped the milk (of mares and other animals) which the nomad Tartars so largely imbibe, may have some effect in mollifying the ferocity of their spirits. It is very extraordinary that the Chinese, who are a Tartar people and must have descended at one time from the "Land of Grass," should so entirely eschew the use of milk in every shape. For long there was a difficulty in getting even a sufficiency of that liquid for the use of the foreigners at the open ports in China; and I have heard of a ship captain at Whampoa, on blowing up his *comprador* for not having brought him any milk, receiving the indignant answer—"That pig hab killa, that dog hab weillo (run away), that woman hab catchee cheillo—how then can catchee milk?" A Lama at Kaelang, on being spoken to on this subject,

admitted that he had observed that even at Lassa the pure Chinese did not take any milk; and he said the reason they gave for not doing so was, that milk makes people stupid. I fancy there is some truth in that assertion; but possibly the Chinese may have got the idea from the fact that the Tartars, who are necessarily milk-drinkers and eaters of dried milk and buttermilk, are a very stupid people. Sir Alexander Burnes mentions a similar opinion as existing in Sind in regard to the effects of fish. There, a fish diet is believed to destroy the mind; and in palliation of ignorance or stupidity in any one, it is often pleaded that "he is but a fish-eater." Yet this diet, more than any other, if our modern *savants* can be trusted, supplies the brain with phosphorus and thought, so it is calculated to make people the reverse of stupid.

The next day we started before daylight, and camped again at Namgea Fields. The view over Tartary, from the summit of the pass, was somewhat obscured by the rising sun, which cast on it a confusing roseate light; but the great outlines of the rolling hills and windy steppes were visible. I should be glad to try Chinese Tibet again, and in a more serious way; but meanwhile I had all the Western Himāliya before me, from Lío Porgyúl to the 26,000 peak of Nunga Parbat, besides the Afghan border, and I had satisfied my immediate purpose by seeing some of the primitive Turanians, and looking on their wild, high, mountain home.

INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

NO. VIII.—GLORY.

As Irish postboys used, in former times, to "keep a trot for the avenue," so, on the same principle of reserving a flourish for the finish, has Glory been held back for the final chapter of this series. In its military form it is so immeasurably the vastest of all the vanities of nations, that the temptation to talk about it sooner has of course been great; we have resisted, but need resist no longer; we can now indulge our pent-up longings, as children at last consume the central jam of tarts whose circumferential crust they have first devoured.

Glory! The name resounds like a surging sea. It dazzles us with a blaze of splendid meaning. It is the end and object of all the triumphs that human power can achieve. It has been fiercely fought for by nations and by men; it has been pursued throughout all time; it has been sought more passionately than even love or money. And it tempts not only actors, but lookers-on as well, for it corresponds to an imperious necessity which acts on every one of us; it satisfies that irresistible disposition to be sometimes enthusiastic about something—no matter what—which is at the bottom of all natures, however ponderously placid they may be. The world is of a single mind upon the subject; and, on the whole, the world is right to be unanimously convinced, for glory has been so singularly useful to its progress, that we may reasonably doubt whether we could possibly have arrived at our present state without it. Its rarity, and the extreme difficulty of attaining it, have so largely added to its value, that no reward on earth can be

compared to it. Most other prizes may be competed for by any man who has ambition, strength, and intellect: wealth, rank, and power may be won single-handed, by personal capacity; but glory, unlike those easier summits, cannot be climbed alone; no solitary traveller can reach its brilliant heights. The reason is, that while each of us can fight our way alone—on the one condition of being strong enough—to every other success in life, no man can seize glory for himself. Glory is not a diadem which any aspirant, whatever be his force of arm or will, can lift unassisted on to his own head; it must be placed there by applauding nations, and the whole earth must ratify the crowning. And if individual claimants can acquire it only by the acclamations of mankind, so, inversely, nations are dependent for it on the actions of their citizens. It is as essentially a joint product of men and states as a baby is of its two parents; neither of them can create it without the other's aid. It must be earned by them collectively, and be bestowed by them reciprocally; its sources and its nature are, consequently, identical in each of its two forms, personal and national; it is only in its consequences and its applications that differences arise. This unity of its elements facilitates its study, but still it is so huge a subject that the attempt to discuss it here is like trying to put the Mediterranean into the dip of Piccadilly. We can, however, imitate the voyagers who offer to their friends at home a phial full of sample water from the Bay of Naples, and assure them that

"all the rest of it is just like this."

But before beginning to exhibit the little specimen for which there is space here, it will perhaps be useful to put a preliminary question. Are we obliged, in talking about glory, to make up our minds beforehand that it is our duty to remain incessantly awe-stricken before it? Are we of necessity bound to speak of it as we should of some illustrious princess whose faults are all forgotten in the contemplation of her dignity and her greatness? Obligations of that description are particularly inconvenient; they strangle free discussion; they suffocate the pleasant smiles which are frequently such useful aids to the digestion of ideas as well as dinners. Besides which, we do of course intend to be most deferential: no decent Englishman could possibly be impolite to glory; and, furthermore, it is too high up above us to be accessible to our rudeness if we tried it. However much we may incline towards independence, we shall never fall to the condition described by Tacitus when he said that "to despise glory is to despise the virtues which lead to it." That state of mind is outside the possibilities of our generation; and though we must suppose that it existed in the year 100 (for, otherwise, Tacitus could have had no object in alluding to it), we are too well brought up now to be capable of despising anything so eminently respectable and grand. But, at the same time, the influence of our political education makes us naturally wish to retain full freedom for our homage, and to be able to treat glory, not as an Eastern autocrat whom we can approach only on our knees, with much trembling and emotion, but as a constitutional sovereign who does not pretend to be above the range of respectful criticism. For this reason we may,

without tenuity, answer the above question in the negative. And now, after this expression of dutious and becoming principles, we can go on in safety.

A nation's glory is a complex product; it is composed of many elements; all sorts of national successes contribute to it; nothing great or noble is excluded from it; everything that has been brilliant in the nation's history assumes a place in it; it knows no limits of time or distance; it unites the present and the past; it includes both memories and realities. The halo of old victories, of bygone merits, of ancient pride, may suffice alone to keep it up in vigorous existence, even though there be no sort of actual foundation to base it on: the situation of France just now supplies evidence of this; her glory is still bright and real, but no one will pretend that it is a product of to-day. Or it may be a gleaming of the passing moment, a fresh instant growth, with no background of recollections, with no associations, with no home to rest in; such was the glory of the Southern States during the Secession war. Glory may be strengthened, or even be suddenly originated, by causes of a totally new kind, which, previously, had never aided to produce it; it is, however, necessary to add, that this is true of modern action only, and that ancient notions about the origin of fame were most exclusive and unelastic. In these days we have grown less difficult; but though we take our glory now wherever we can lay hands on it, it has suffered no loss of prestige, no lessening of its royalty, from the tendency to popularise and multiply its sources. And, to all its elements, whether old or new, a nation adds, as has been already said, the individual glories of her

children; she takes them proudly as her own, and joins them to the common stock as the property of all. Was not the glory of Cœles, of Fabius Maximus, of Cincinnatus, the glory of Rome itself? Does not the memory of Thermopylæ and of Marathon belong almost more to Greece than to Leonidas and Miltiades? And, in our own small modern way, do we not, each one of us, claim ardently for England the fame of Newton and of Shakespeare, of Marlborough, Wellington, and Nelson? The rewards which great citizens receive from a grateful country go down to their descendants as a material testimony of their deeds: but their glory is no heirloom in their family; it becomes the heritage of their land; it remains associated, ideally, with their name, but the State alone makes profit of the power which that glory has created.

And yet this glory, universal and all including, wide, lofty, and effulgent, as it is, has no proper innate life; it can do nothing for itself; it has no existence without history. Homer invented glory for Hector and Achilles, whose names we should have never heard if there had been no Iliad; such people as Herodotus and Livy gave fame to Greece and Rome; and the glories of to-day are made ready for our use by special correspondents. It is most unpleasant to have to own that merit, however huge, has never obtained renown unless publicity has been good enough to grant it aid; that, throughout the centuries which stretch backwards from the 'Daily Telegraph' to Thucydides, heroes have been brought into repute by other people's poetry or prose; that their own good swords have only served to sharpen the pens of

their historians; that glory has always been, and continues still to be, impossible without advertising. The parallelism of conditions which is indicated by the last sentence between the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" and Epps's Cocoa—between Charles the Twelfth and Dr Morrison—between Galileo and Messrs Moses—is so obvious and striking, that it is difficult to comprehend how it has escaped the notice of modern critics. It is to be hoped that they will now give serious attention to it, for it contains, perhaps, significant suggestions and hidden meanings, which may throw a totally new light on historical research.

And yet, though glory depends on history as thoroughly as sailingships depend on wind, its dependence has never in any way affected its nature or career. The means by which it is attained have increased and multiplied; its sources have become various and conflicting; but the effects which it produces have remained unvaried since it was invented. History, with its thousand tongues—history, "the experience of nations,"—has been able to add nothing to the qualities and results of glory since it first burst out before the walls of Troy. Through thirty centuries it has endured unchanged; it is, probably, unchangeable; at each new birth it reproduces the same unvarying features; it rests as solid as the bottom of the sea, uninfluenced by the motion of the waves of time. It has always been a fruit of "virtue," in the great, universal meaning of the word; it is so still—the one difference between past and present being, that "virtue" is now more varied and abundant, in consequence of the extension of the power and knowledge of which men dispose. Glory, as Seneca observed, "follows virtue like its shadow;" it is a public ad-

miration founded on brilliant deeds, on great intellectual results, or on vast public services; it is reserved exclusively for those who work for the public good. Montaigne says it is "the world's appreciation of great actions;" Voltaire adds that "it presupposes grave obstacles surmounted;" La Fontaine supports this last opinion by asserting that "*aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire*;" and Corneille confirms it in his famous line—"à vaincre sans péril, on triomphe sans gloire." It is, therefore, an illustriousness attached to doings in which the grandeur of the object is united to difficulty of execution; "it is better than celebrity, and more than honour; celebrity may result from bad actions, good ones only can give honour: but glory cannot be acquired except by doing more and better than all the world." Still, like other splendours, glory contains degrees; it is not a race in which all the runners come in first. As happens generally with sovereignties, its thrones are of unequal height; its value varies with its motives and its attendant circumstances: it cannot reach its fullest lustre unless, to quote Seneca again, its sole object is the useful, the honest, and the just. Greece fighting for its freedom was more glorious than conquering Rome; the glory of the great Alexander was feebler than that of Hercules, for Alexander sought for personal satisfactions, while Hercules was the protector of suffering humanity, the Don Quixote of mythology. Brutus was superbly glorious when he condemned his son, but Virginus was not glorious when he killed his daughter—the latter acted for the honour of his family, the former for his country's good: Virginus was a good father and an honest man, but Brutus was a grand citizen. And a hundred other similar com-

parisons might be made between the sorts, the shades, the looks of glory; each country supplies examples, each age affords us types, of the varying intensities of renown. It is quite true that, as the Romans put it, "glory enlarges life," but it enlarges it most unequally; sometimes it simply stretches it a little, with a pressure so soft and gentle that no appreciable disturbance is produced; sometimes it forces back the walls which enclose our small existences, and loudly claims more space and light for those it honours; and sometimes it uproots and clears away all limits, destroys all obstacles to its voice, calls upon the amazed world to listen, and then proclaims that another name is written on the first page of the great roll of fame. Then life is "enlarged" indeed; but, fortunately for quiet people, this does not happen often.

The means by which glory can be obtained are quite as numerous as the forms which it assumes; they are abundantly sufficient to largely stimulate ambition. Indeed it would be somewhat imprudent to assert that any cause whatever, provided it be of public interest, is incontestably and absolutely incapable of producing glory. There is no certain reason, as things are going now, for excluding any of the higher works of men from the chance of winning it. It might, in such a case, be limited and special, but still it would be, in a small way, a member of the family, a poor relation, looked down upon, perhaps, by its grander cousins, but with the same blood circulating in its veins, and with as much real right as they to stand out before the universe. And this possibility seems likely to increase; for as throughout Europe the tendency of our epoch is to overthrow monopolies, to open life to competition, to

encourage all the talents; and as we are simultaneously acquiring a keener sense of the value of success, a clearer appreciation of the relative importance of the great acts and objects of national existence,—it follows not only that we have more candidates fit to contend for glory, but that we are offering to those candidates new fields of action. We see these influences at work around us; examples stand up vividly before us; the representatives of new action are coming to the front and claiming their share of fame. Watt and Stevenson have attained true glory; other labourers of our century have almost deserved it too; and most of the careers of men are followed now with a vigour and a brilliancy which elevate and ennoble, and which promise brightly for the progress of our children. There was a time when glory was mainly won by war; but that time passed long ago, and, though war is still a fertile source of vigorous renown, it has abandoned all pretension to monopoly. Literature, religion, science, art, have claimed and have acquired the larger share in the formation of this great product. Lycurgus, Plato, St Augustin, Michael Angelo, Columbus, Goethe, Beethoven, have gained a glory which is as great in quantity, and purer far in quality, than any that mere battle has ever won. Even in those early days when fighting was the serious occupation of the world, a doubt arose as to the sufficiency of slaughter to constitute real glory. Most of the great conquerors were evidently convinced that battle was not enough; and that if they were to become really grand, they must add to it some other claim on the admiration of mankind. When we look through the glorious periods of the world's history we find that, with rare exceptions, warring is not their chief

characteristic; there is a good deal of it in some of them, it is true, but there are generally other things as well, and in one or two of them there is no victory at all.

Solomon, for instance, who was the first glorious monarch that we know much about, was certainly not a warrior. He seems to have done no fighting, and to have gained his remarkable reputation by wealth and wisdom only; unless, indeed, the story that he had a thousand wives in any way contributed to it. But even if it did, it would only show that he was very brave towards women—which form of courage has not, thus far, been usually regarded as a ground for glory.

Pericles, who has given his name to the second famous period, was certainly a soldier, and a good one too; but he was a grand administrator as well, and a great lover of the arts. Even his peculiar defect of getting his accounts into horrible disorder has not prevented the duration of his renown; it only serves to comfort public functionaries whose ledgers do not balance.

Alexander, however, was a conqueror, and little else besides; for though he did not habitually destroy, and rather tried to civilise and preserve, he did so only as a consequence of his theories of the use of conquest. He had no pacific virtues; on the contrary, he was a most offensive, murderous brute. It is true that he was friendly with Apelles; that he refused to burn up Athens; that he spared the house of Pindar at the sack of Thebes; that he treated Porus and Darius with generosity when he made them prisoners, and that he "took from them nothing but glory;" but, notwithstanding these exceptions, he was little more than a half-savage soldier, and he supplies the one example of a purely military glory.

The Augustan epoch of Roman

history was literary and brilliant far more than conquering.

Carl the Great (let us respectfully agree with Mr Freeman that, as he was not a Frenchman, it is absurd to call him Charlemagne) was a true captain; there is no room for doubt about it: but he was a famous law-giver as well; and, considering his education and his surroundings, he had the soundest notions about literature, and was singularly strong on crops and culture.

The splendid century of the Renaissance, with which the name of Leo X. has become associated, was full of political disorder; and the coming of the Reformation gave to it a character of religious struggle and excitement. But how easily we forget that Pope Leo went to war—how easily we lose sight of his anxieties and his worries; to most of us he is solely the great Medici, the patron and the godfather of a new period, when glory budded in the closet and the studio, and not on battle-fields.

Ferdinand and Isabella made Spain one nation, and drove the Moor across the seas; but their true glory is that America was discovered in their reign.

In recent times, have not the glories of the great Peter, and the greater Frederic, been based on civil merits as well as on military successes? And, to close the list with the greatest name of all, was not Napoleon something else besides a soldier?

These examples appear to be conclusive, and to show that, however largely war has been an origin of glory, other causes have produced it oftener and more largely still. And, in addition to the proof positive thus supplied, there is abundance of proof negative as well; for history is crammed full of soldiers who were always fighting splendidly,

who really did great things in combat, but who never thereby earned a place in the catalogue of true fame. The various barbarians who upset Rome, the Arabs who mastered Africa and Spain, the Turks who destroyed the Eastern Empire, were certainly good fighters and rude conquerors; but never did any one of them win standing-room amongst the great warriors of the world. We look at them as fierce bull-dogs rather than as out-shining governors of men. They augment the proof that arms alone, however successful they may be, do not invariably and of necessity bestow eternal greatness. Whatever be our prejudice in favour of military glory—and, until we really know what war is, that prejudice seems natural and justifiable—we cannot help acknowledging that more than half of the accepted glories of the world have sprung from civil sources.

This is a satisfactory result to reach; for it would have been mournful to be obliged to own that evidence and experience incline the other way, and that warfare really is the one great progenitor of glory. And our regret would have been based not only on the insufficiency of the cause, but also on the unsatisfactory character of the effect; for of all the categories of glory, that which is won on battle-fields is the only one which really constitutes a vanity. No other glories stoop to self-esteem (though they do like a little flattery), but the pride which a people feels in conquest constitutes by far the largest element of its international conceit; and conceit of that sort invariably takes a shape which is at once aggressive and offensive. The bumptiousness of victory presents the most colossal form of selfishness and impertinence; the bully of our school days and the Prussia of to-

day are examples of the fruit which it produces. We may indeed rejoice that time and knowledge have generated new seeds of glory, and that, though the flower retains its old perfectness of form, its ancient brilliancy of colour, the plant itself has discovered how to grow on other soils than those which were once supposed to be essential to its development. Even material progress may now be classed amongst the possible origins of glory; national prosperity, successful trade, great fleets of merchant-ships, increased production of the taxes, inventions, and the advance of comfort and wellbeing, may all be counted, in the actual condition of the world's opinions, as elements of the glory of a state. It is well that we have reached this intelligent comprehension of the true nature of renown; for it would have been strange indeed if glory, the child of virtue, had remained inaccessible otherwise than by war, a process which is absolutely contrary to virtue. It is true that there are around us many instances of such dissimilarity between origins and results: bright butterflies are hatched from caterpillars; sweet perfumes are now extracted from the residues of gas-making; paupers grow sometimes rich: on this showing, consequently, there ought to be no essential reason why, in principle, unworthy causes should not occasionally produce fame. But, whatever be the theoretical considerations on the point, it is manifest that, in practice, glory is unlike butterflies, sweet smells, or money; it positively will not take birth in dirty places; it is too high bred to accept low contacts; and if it not unfrequently sprouts up in blood and battle, it is from mere force of habit and from ignorance of the fact that war is atrociously unvirtuous. This last assertion renders

it advisable to look at war a little, in order to see how it really is composed; the explanation will enable us to better judge the nature of the relationship between it and glory.

What is this war which seems so grand; this war whose echoes fill the earth, whose fire-flashes dazzle onlookers; this war which agitates us beyond all excitements? Enough, in all conscience, has been written about its grandeur, its ferocity, its horror. We have all been told a thousand times that it has exercised more influence than any other cause on the history of the world; we are aware that it has made and unmade nations; we know that it produces slaughter, suffering, starvation, and disease; and that in no case, however necessary it may have been, has it done real good to men. We are conscious that it has never caused lasting benefits to either conquerors or conquered; that it has invariably, in the long-run, damaged both sides; and that the one argument which can be invoked in favour of it is, that we cannot do without it. But, notwithstanding all these convictions, we go on admiring it and building glory on it. We are divided into "the bad who think war a pleasure, and the good who think it a necessity;" but, whichever way we take it, we respect in it the sovereign tribunal of the earth. Now, here begins our blindness; here we indulge the sort of fallacy which Lord Stowell called a "wild conceit;" for how can respect be due to a tribunal whose first act is to suppress all law, to annul all right, to put an end to justice? This is what war does, for war cannot coexist with justice, right, or law; and the evidence thereof is wofully abundant. We find it everywhere. Marius exclaimed that "the din of arms prevented his hearing the laws;" the bashful Pompey, who

was so timid that he blushed when he had to speak in public, asked, "Am I, who am in arms, to think of laws?" Ennius said of soldiers, "They have recourse to arms and not to right;" and Tacitus informs us (though we were aware of it without his attestation) that "in the highest fortune what is strongest is most just." If from this purely Roman evidence we turn elsewhere about the world, we find great mounds of proofs to the same effect. The books on the Law of Nations are brimful of it, and we may consult them usefully and safely, for they do not touch the sentimental phases of the case, or even analyse its moral elements; they confine themselves to principles, practices, and precedents; they indicate the rules which ought to guide belligerents; they acquaint us with the principles on which war should be conducted.

They tell us that the first consequence of war, in its action on right and justice, is to abrogate all treaties which previously existed between the warring nations. Now "abrogating treaties" is a euphemism for doing away with law, for treaties are the law by which nations regulate their mutual relations; and though it may be urged that, as war puts an end to all relations, there no longer remains anything to regulate, that argument is illusory; it neglects the substance for the shadow; it considers only the result, and fails to justify the cause. The fact remains unaltered that the instant consequence of a state of war is to destroy all former legal bonds between the parties, including, besides treaties, all the unwritten rules and usages which are habitually applied between friendly states, and to free them from all further care for the obligations which, to that moment, had served to guide their mutual

attitude. But here again it will be said that those cancelled obligations are at once replaced by other duties fitted to the new conditions which result from war, and that these latter duties constitute a new legal bond as strict and real as that which rested on the previous obligations contracted during peace. Such reasoning is, however, in contradiction with all our ideas of right: we have been taught to think that right is based on truths which cannot vary; that it is unchanging always and for ever, in principle and in application; that robbery and murder, for example, are invariably wrong. If this be a correct impression, how can it ever become right to legalise robbery and murder? How can it be justice, to use the words of Cato, "to put private robbers into prison, while public robbers are seen in purple and in gold"? If the commandments do not mislead us, and if the code which we have based upon them is not altogether childish, it really is and always will be wrong to kill and steal. The question is, of course, open to discussion, like all other questions; and ingenious minds may find subtle reasonings to show that nothing can be more beneficial to humanity, or more in harmony with the objects of creation, than to assassinate and rob: but notwithstanding the considerations which may be invoked in favour of that view, the popular impression is at present the other way. There is a general feeling not only that robbery and murder deserve punishment, but that they never can under any circumstances become acts of virtue. Common-sense joins justice in insisting on the soundness of this view, and in protesting that the laws of war are powerless to change axioms which are as immovable as the north star. Of course, both robbery and murder

and all manner of ill-treatments are necessary in war, and of course war is indispensable and must go on; but let war be recognised as it is, and let us cease to attribute to it the imaginary faculty of conferring upon wrong the qualities of right. We are not making the absurd attempt to prove that war in itself is bad, or that it ought to be suppressed; that insensate effort may be abandoned to the excellent enthusiasts who are pleased to waste upon it their energy and their time: our object is very different; it is to show that, however needful war may be, it is utterly unworthy of moral approbation, and ought not consequently to be admitted as a source of glory. Material admiration it may legitimately provoke; but glory is supposed to derive its breath from other parents than physical endurance, brute strength, or successful violence. If this last idea be wrong, then the remains of Cribb and Sayers should be transferred at once to Westminster Abbey, a vote of thanks should be addressed by Parliament to their memories, and town and country houses should be bought by national subscription for their descendants.

All this is not much like virtue, but at all events it is truth; and yet, though truth and virtue meet here once more, according to their old habit, they cannot travel on together in agreeable friendship, but must separate at once, with a distant bow, as if they were mere casual acquaintances. Truth sometimes obtains permission to follow a campaign and to write home letters to the newspapers; but virtue has no place in camps, and no general would allow rations to so embarrassing a follower. Virtue would therefore starve if it tried to stop; for though truth can pillage for subsistence (as it often pillages for

news), poor virtue could not condescend to feed itself by such unworthy means, and would have to look on hungrily and die. So it wisely recognises that it had better stay away.

One glance at war has thus sufficed to show us that its first step is to renounce all relations with those two venerable personages law and virtue; and, as we go on, we shall find it break with so many other worthy principles that we shall end by being unable to discover any moral merit, excepting sometimes truth, with which it remains on speaking terms. And yet it has always been a source of glory. It deludes us by its dangers, its brilliancies, its results: its cruel splendours dazzle us; the sufferings which it causes startle us; its vast consequences impress us; and, in our hot eagerness and emotion, we give no thought to the underlying falseness. We fancy that we know what war is, that we judge it, and appreciate it; we imagine that we understand it and measure it exactly; and that, though sad indeed, it really is grand and noble. It does seem so from the standpoint whence we habitually perceive it; but regarded at other angles, looked at especially from beneath, with a clear view of its foundations, it becomes the most tremendous sham, the most incomparable imposture, which men have hitherto invented. There is no other such example of the successful covering up of the black side of a big subject; nowhere else are all the moral principles on which life habitually rests pitched coolly into a corner to lie there behind a gorgeous curtain until they are once more wanted; vainly should we look elsewhere for a second case of huge iniquity kept out of sight by a radiance of deceptive majesty. Nearly all of us are so blinded by this

coruscating brightness that we take it to be good honest light; and under that erroneous conviction we form our notions about war. It would be useless to define the popular impression on the subject; to describe the conflicting sentiments of horror, admiration, tumult, pity, fascination, applause, and awe which war usually provokes amongst spectators: we have passed recently through that state of mind; we know it well, and do not require to be reminded of it. But what we rarely think of, what indeed we scarcely realise at all, is the moral blank which war creates, the suppression of all right and conscience which accompanies this glory. We stare at its material consequences; we mourn over the material price at which the consequences are bought: but somehow we lose sight almost entirely of the inversion of all the rules of morality and duty which it entails. Indeed we fancy that all sorts of conscientious changes have been introduced latterly into the ordering of war; and that we have carried it, after centuries of improvements and reforms, to a singularly high state of combined gentleness and destruction. The so-called Laws of War will enlighten us as to these improvements.

The first point which strikes us in these laws is the separate and special character which they assume, and the absence of all kinship or relation between them and ordinary laws. Their essential object is to confer on fighting nations a new class of rights which did not exist in time of peace, which are in total contradiction with all other rights, and which seem consequently to lead us to the absurd conclusion that right is not a principle but a mere matter of time and place, and that there may be two

rights on the same question. However much we may repeat to ourselves that all this is necessary, no necessity can persuade us that it is licit: we feel instinctively that these Laws of War are not laws at all: we see that they contain absolutely none of the conditions which are indispensable to legality; that they are nothing else than arbitrary, temporary rules, adopted, in the absence of all law, because any rule, no matter what, is preferable to anarchy. It may be said that what they enact is lawful, but that it is not legal; for there is certainly a difference in the meaning of the two words, although the dictionaries do not state it. Lawfulness apparently implies that an action is authorised by a law, whatever be that law, and whatever be the action authorised; but legality seems to indicate "the inward principle as well as the external form, the spirit as well as the letter" of the law. If this distinction be correct, the word legality can apply only to such provisions as are in harmony with eternal right and justice: and as the object of the Laws of War is to regulate proceedings which are in opposition with right and justice, it seems to follow, logically, that they are themselves illegal. For instance, these laws lay it down that all citizens of a nation become the personal enemies of all citizens of a hostile nation, and are bound, in theory, to kill each other whenever they meet face to face; and by another article of the same code, enemies continue enemies everywhere, the whole world over, with the one satisfactory reserve that they cannot fight on neutral territory. This principle applies so copiously that women and children are included in its action, and are, putatively, "enemies," like men; though belligerents are now good enough not to shoot them indiscrim-

inately, but limit their responsibility to the acts of war which they may personally commit. According to these definitions, war ought to render contending countries very like that odd cave in Florida in which countless myriads of rattlesnakes are continuously eating each other up. Another honest edict is, that when hostilities begin, all private debts are immediately suspended between subjects of warring States; bills of exchange remain unpaid, and contracts become void: for traders with liabilities abroad a rupture of the peace may consequently be a delightful incident, while it ruins those unlucky persons who have money to receive. And then comes that curious abomination privateering, by which energetic sailors are permitted to turn pirates without being hung; by which private individuals acquire the power of carrying on sea combat for their own account, as if they were emperors or sharks. It can scarcely be pretended that prescriptions such as these are "legal," for they are in opposition with the whole essence and signification of legality as it is understood and practised in every other circumstance of life. It cannot be asserted that the exceptional situation created by the breaking out of war suppresses fundamental truths, enables States to upset moral axioms, and empowers them to change the entire substance of their responsibilities and duties. It cannot be alleged that what was quite wrong yesterday can grow quite right to-day; that what was false can suddenly become true; that fixed principles can change at the sounding of a trumpet. Either there is no reality in anything, or else the Laws of War are an absurd and lying mask under which the world is mean and weak enough to try to hide its consciousness that war is a

foul evil-doer, knowing neither honesty, nor sincerity, nor virtue.

And it is on foundations such as these that men build glory!

There is plenty more of the same kind to say. Thus far we have talked only of the theory: let us look a little at the practice: let us contemplate these soldiers whose deeds fill history; what we shall observe in them will not modify our opinion. Is it not a curious commentary on the idea of military glory, that, since wars began, warriors have been paid for fighting? Is it not rather contradictory that fame and booty should associate together, that pillage and renown should march in company? And is it not more fantastic still that these laws of war, which allow military money-making without stint on land, should suddenly become so frightfully particular, when they turn to sea, that no naval prize is good until it has been verified and condemned by special judges? It is amusing to take note of this violent reaction towards seeming honesty; it shows us that, even in the midst of battle, there remains a memory of the old fancies about fair play, and that conscience has insisted on the partial application of those fancies as a homage to the suspended laws of peace. It must, however, be particularly vexing to sailors and marines to think, that while they are obliged to ask leave of lawyers before they can comfort themselves with their takings, their colleagues in the other service enjoy their perquisites unchecked, and can appropriate, without control or hindrance, all the loot they can get hold of on battle-fields or in stormed towns. Sailors, it is true, have one advantage which compensates them for this restriction; they can seize prizes wherever they can find them, in all latitudes; while the official

plundering of land combatants is now limited, by usage, to conquered Africans and Asiatics. Europeans seem, of late years, to have politely ceased to strip each other's dead, and to sack each others citadels and cities: they have substituted another form of pecuniary profit, less exciting but more advantageous; they have adopted, in place of the elementary system of authorised individual rapine, the larger, cleaner, and more scientific spoliation of requisitions and indemnities. This modern progress does not, however, really affect the question: the bandit practice of pillage and marauding has changed its shape; but the old principle of making money out of war remains in fuller force than ever. If we are to believe historians, kings simply fought for glory in the early days: we are assured that, until the time of Ninus, warriors "did not seek empire, but glory; and, content with victory, abstained from empire." If this be true, the ante-Ninus period may have merited much undisputed fame, only the want of a contemporaneous chronicler has prevented our knowing enough about it to judge with certainty. According to this story it was Ninus who, by inventing conquest, destroyed pure military glory. Since his day war has become a trade in which the firm, the managers, and the clerks, all seek for profit: in that respect it is like upholstering or making nails, only it is less comfortable and more dangerous. Ninus is the first example (supposing always that the legend is exact) of what we now call "a practical man of business:" he thought mere glory quite absurd; he was not content to "fight for an idea," so he employed victory to win lands, gold, and subjects; and his example has been largely followed.

It is now followed more than ever: the theory of extracting profit out of battle is growing all around us: campaigns invariably finish by a payment in cash or territory; it is in hope of a compensating gain of some kind that Europe keeps up countless armies, and feverishly goes on improving armaments. The effort to develop force is, however, not a new one: in this odd trade of fighting, "ou, pour vivre, on se fait tuer," the world has been constantly advancing: we have got on, by degrees, from the most elementary, to the most scientific forms of mutual destruction; the intellectual character of the means of war has risen in more than equivalent proportion to the development of intellect in other callings; as Mr Bagehot says, the progress of the military art is "the most showy fact in human history." And, during recent centuries at least, it has been aided by the marked change which has been occurring in the influence of our civilisation as compared with that of ancient times. Civilisation no longer makes men unwarlike or effeminate; on the contrary, it has become an invigorating, fortifying power, both to mind and body; it renders us more fit than ever to discharge the functions of a soldier. But, while it has improved both men and weapons, it has simultaneously confirmed the money-making tendencies of war; indeed, after the example we had four years ago, it is rather frightening to look forward to the fate of the conquered country in the next struggle which comes off. We may be quite certain that tons of gold will be demanded as if they were cigars or *allumettes*; and that the character of ill-tempered commercial speculation which war is more and more assuming, will come glaring out with a ferocity of

purpose of which we have had no example since the time of Shylock. We shall hear no more of generosity: no one will ever think of imitating the conduct of the Romans to the population of Camerina; indeed, it will probably be denied that there is any truth in the story told by Grotius, that after the Camerinotes had been defeated, seized, and sold by Claudius, the Roman people, doubtful of the justice of the proceeding, sought out the recent slaves, repurchased them, restored their liberty and their property, and gave them a dwelling-place on the Aventine. Modern war is not conducted after that foolish fashion; it winds up now, just as a police case does, with a fine of five milliards and costs.

These considerations seem to prove the soundness of the view which has been advocated here; they lead us to admit that, whatever be the utilities of war, it never has been, and never can be, an honest process; and that, consequently, it is an unclean origin for glory. As that is what we have been endeavouring to establish, we can now change the subject, and lift up our eyes to purer sources of renown.

The genius of creation confers a very different glory from that which the faculty of destruction is able to bestow: the originators of human knowledge, the great teachers of mankind, have a vastly higher and brighter claim to our admiration, than all the chieftains of the hosts of war. The progress of the sciences, the letters, and the arts, has raised up a larger mass of spotless fame than all the world has known from war; fame of a sort that we can all applaud without distinction of nationality, for we all gain equally by its causes, whatever be our country. That glory illuminates the whole earth; it has opened for

us new conditions of existence and sensation; it has raised us nearer to eternal truth by enabling us to better understand that truth. That, indeed, is glory undeniable, whether it be won by studying the living things around us, the rocks beneath us, or the stars above us; whether it rests on abstractions of pure thought, on the analysis of man himself, or on the display of mind in art or letters. To celebrate it we need no battle-pieces and no trophies, no soundings of the trumpet, no laurels and no cannon; it can be duly honoured in one form only, by the gratitude of all society, throughout the centuries, for the immensity of the service rendered. This glory is complete, unsullied, unattackable; for it has been gained without inflicting suffering or practising injustice. Of each of those who have acquired it we may say, in the words of the inscription on the bust of Molière at the French Academy—"Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il manquait à la nôtre."

The purity of the sources of non-military glory suffices, singly, to authorise these big descriptions of it; but there is about it a special characteristic which justifies them further still. Nations usually become wildly vain of their successful soldiers; but their pride in their great civilians never stoops to vanity—it remains high, wise, and worthy. Soldiers rouse up a feverish excitement which civilians, luckily, do not provoke. The crowd is always ready to feel personal conceit about the warrior; while civil virtue causes a calmer but far nobler emotion. The pride of nations is less permanently served by triumphant wars than by great uses of the mind for public good; but that pride remains strictly national in the latter case, while it becomes singularly individual in the former. Each member

of a nation associates himself with the heroic deeds of his fellow-countrymen, and fancies, half unconsciously perhaps, that he personally had some share in them; but never does he picture to himself that he has assisted in discoveries or in great works of thought. We Englishmen all imagine, for example, without much difficulty, that we have helped, indirectly, by our character, to win England's battles; or, at all events, that we could help seriously if we tried; but very few of us suppose that we could have aided to find out the laws of gravitation, to paint Reynolds's pictures, or to write Childe Harold. It naturally results from this wide difference of impression that, while the military glory of a state is appropriated, in small fractions, by each of its enthusiastic citizens, its civil glory remains always condensed and national; it continues to be the undivided property of all, with no individual claim to any part of it. Consequently, as vanity is, after all, a purely personal product, as it cannot become national unless—as, however, is frequently the case—the members of the nation unite their own prides in a concrete form, in order to create a common stock, it follows that, as no single citizen feels vanity for himself in the civil glories of his land, that land can have no vanity about them either. They stand up, therefore, above and beyond all vanity; and that is a quality so rare, that it would suffice alone, even if they possessed no other, to endow them with matchless value, and to entitle us to say all good of them.

But civil glories are so rich in other merits that even this striking excellence can scarcely amplify them; it cannot largely add to what is so large already; it consequently serves for little except to

prove that the superiority of civil glory over military fame is not limited to the greater purity of its sources, but that nations take a higher attitude about it too. And if, from origin and attitude, we pass on to uses, we find civil glory more admirable still; for each and every one of its employments is an encouragement and a counsel.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;"

and certainly, no example is more stimulating or more strengthening than the one they set before us. Not that it has any application to the persons of our ordinary selves; but it authorises us to indulge the hope that, after Aristotle, Bacon, and St Thomas—after Raphael, Mozart, and Canova—the world may some day see successors of their power rise up to brighten coming ages.

And yet, though in origin, in attitude, and in uses, the peaceful elements of fame possess all these exclusive merits, it must be owned that the outer aspects of glory remain, as has been already said, exceedingly alike in each of its two forms. The varieties are all virtually the same to look at: they vary in brilliancy and force, but that is the only external difference they present; each glory that exists, whatever be its source, is like all other glory: no special type of it exists for civil merit, and it only remains for us to regret once more that success in war and success in peace should still continue to stand on the same level in the world's eyes.

And now, if we behaved properly, we should put back glory on its pedestal, dust it carefully, surround it with flowers, lights, and music, make a profound bow to it, and withdraw. But, as we have got hold of it, we will keep it a little longer and will profit by the op-

portunity to offer to it one small, respectful observation. We reserved at the beginning the right to speak out frankly: let us use it.

Glory is so great, so high, so distant and so different from all other privileges, it is so thoroughly itself, and nothing else, that one might reasonably suppose it to be uncopyable, and an imitation of it to be inconceivable. Such, doubtless, would be the case if glory always held itself in its lordly place; if it never forgot its sovereign dignity; if it refused to stoop to make acquaintances. But glory is only human after all; it is like all other powers, its grandeur bores it somewhat—it finds imperial solitude rather stupid, so it surrounds itself with a court. So far, however, glory simply gives in to a not unnatural weakness, and can scarcely be reproached for not having the mournful courage to live all alone, like Simeon the Stylite, on the top of a solitary pillar. It is in its consequences, rather than in itself, that relationship with the outer world becomes damaging to glory; it is in the neighbourhood of parasitic envies and toady parodies, in the facility of imitation which easy contact gives, that the true danger lies. The wish to make cheap copies of real glory—to create, by impudent reproduction, an unauthentic and ungained fame—is frequent enough in history; so frequent, indeed, that we see almost everywhere, side by side, the reality and the sham, and perceive how the little counterfeit has endeavoured to struggle into existence beneath the shade of its mighty model. Glory has, from all time, permitted assimilators to get close to it: they did not wait for the invention of photography; they began to simulate the features of the original as soon as it first stood out in the

light of day. Icarus flying upwards to the sun and melting his waxen wings in its contemptuous heat; Phaeton madly striving to share Apollo's glory and tumbling headlong from his car; Erostrates setting fire to the Temple of Diana with the sole object of making known his name,—are instances of sham glory in ancient times. Constantinople pretending to replace Rome; Amerigo Vespucci standing sponsor to the new world; John of Leyden setting up as monarch of New Sion; Louis XIV. assuming as his own the victories of Condé, Villars, and Turenne,—are more modern cases. And recently we have contemplated George IV. professing to be the first gentleman in Europe, and M. Thiers regarding himself as King of France. This last example is the most tremendous and the most conclusive of the list. M. Thiers had written so much about the Empire, he had lived in such intimacy with the glories of Napoleon, that he could not help attempting, as soon as he got a chance, to play at glory for his own account; but, in his presumption, he got too near the sun, and there, like Icarus, singed off his wings, and, parallel to Phaeton, upset his coach. And yet there are people who pretend that history does not repeat itself!

The lamentable story of the late President of the French Republic ought to be a lesson to real glory, as well as to aspiring quackery. It leads us to remark to glory, that if it had always stood away on its own high throne, it would not have turned the ambitious head of M. Thiers; and that France might, not impossibly, have obtained a government by this time. It renewed towards him its old habit of making love to history, and thereby encouraged the envious historian to imagine that it was not impractica-

ble to acquire, in his own small person, some portion of the fame which it was his duty to describe. This example ought to impress on glory that it is really time to leave off stimulating small vanities second hand, and that is the advice which we presume to offer to it. Of course it is quite evident that in venturing to blame glory for foolishly condescending to provoke third-rate candidates to run after it, at any cost to the people round them (as Phaeton grilled up the earth in his upstart folly), we are, in fact, blaming nobody but ourselves: we speak of glory as an existing personage, in the same sense as happiness, enthusiasm, disgust, or rage, may be called living entities; but, like them, it is nothing but a sentiment of our own making, for whose qualities and defects we are answerable ourselves. It is we who have created it, who have rendered it what it is, who have assigned to it its merits, and have attached to it its faults. It is the most superbly brilliant of our creations; it seems indeed almost to lie beyond our power of production; and yet, with all its gorgeous attributes, it remains helplessly under our control. Dependent on contemporary approbation for its birth and baptism, dependent upon history for its preservation and transmission, it is forced to follow the caprices and the weaknesses of successive ages. The responsibility of misleading it is therefore ours: in pretending to remonstrate with it we are discussing with ourselves; but we are talking on a subject so infinitely noble, that we should be both foolish and ungrateful to listen carelessly. Our interest and our dignity are alike concerned in the maintenance of glory unparagoned and unspotted; to keep it so we have but to lift it higher still, above the reach of little hands that can but

finger-mark it, and little tongues that can but smear it. What we should do is to decide unanimously, throughout the world, that, henceforth, glory shall be guarded from the profanation of impertinent approach; that everybody, as heretofore, may win it if he can: but that no one shall, under any pretext, be allowed to copy it, and that all new yields of it must be original. We have had too many struggles for fictitious fame; it is time to put a stop to them for good, and to insist that, for the future, we will admit nothing but authentic types. Plated work is bad enough even when limited to forks and spoons; it is altogether inadmissible for glory. False hair, false teeth, false eyes and noses are excusable on the ground of physical necessity; but imitation glory corresponds to no need whatever, either personal or national, and we ought all to swear that we will have no more of it. False great men are not, however, easy to demolish; and even if we make up our united minds that we will suppress them, we shall not find the task a simple one. But that is no reason for not trying; and certainly the result, when once attained, would confer an enormous service on posterity. An Index Expurgatorius of spurious renowns should be attached to all school histories, so as to prevent inexperienced students from being any more deluded. It would naturally commence with that first sham glory, the Tower that was built at Babel; and would finish, for the present, with the sea-serpent, Thiers, and the open ocean at the pole.

It is worth observing that the longing for usurped celebrity has been, almost invariably, confined to men, and that women have but rarely stooped to it. From Semiramis to Mrs Somerville, from Deborah to Joan of Arc, all famous

women have fairly won their fame. Even such minor lights as Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, and Catherine of Russia, had honest claims to the small positions they assumed. This is probably because, with their finer instincts, women see and feel, as men do not, that no faithful likeness can be made of glory, and that when we foolishly attempt to produce a portrait of it, we never get beyond caricature. Caricature!—A startling thought comes into us. Have we ourselves fallen into that same disaster without knowing it? We stop with a shiver of alarm.

But we stop about glory only; it would be most discourteous if, under the sudden influence of this emotion, we were to leave the vanities of nations without wishing them good-bye. Whatever we may think of them, let us, at all events, be polite. We have made acquaintance with them in some detail; we know approximately what they are, and in what fashion they behave; and we are aware that, notwithstanding all their outrageous faults, they have an excellent position in society. So let us conduct them to their carriage. Another reason for offering them our arm for the last time is that they are so wonderfully like certain painted, over-dressed, old women that we all have met, who persist in youth and sprightliness despite their years, who try hard to get us to make a little love to them, who are particularly ridiculous and absurd, but who give good dinners, and to whom we are, in consequence, civil from pure selfishness. Their gowns are riotous and show too much faded skin; the diamonds on their fingers attract too much attention to their shrivelled hands; their talk is simultaneously amorous and spiteful: but with all these repulsive peculiarities, they are so full of experience of the world, so crammed

with amusing stories, so well up in social scandal, and so excessively insinuating, that one supports them as an inevitable nuisance which has its pleasant side. We don't respect them, though we dine with them: we think they might just as well expire at once, and leave their fortunes—which are very large—to less deceptive candidates for public admiration: but we should shrink from killing them, even if we could do so without being caught; for our ill-will against them is scarcely deep enough to tempt us on to crime. International conceits are much of the same nature as these old ladies, and inspire the same sort of sentiments; but as they do not act for their individual advantage—as they operate in no way for themselves, but for all of us collectively—they differ, morally, from worldly dowagers. The likeness, therefore, does not go beyond outside similarities of features and of manner. The vanities of States wear rouge and ostrich-feathers, just like the others, and go to Court, and have themselves announced by tremendous names, and make so much noise that they oblige everybody to turn round and look at them; but they do it all with a good intention, and are, for that one reason, more edifying than the wizened dames with whom we have been comparing them. But still we can imagine no equally correct similitude for the antiquated pretentious mannerisms by which each nation manifests its self-esteem. It would be far pleasanter, of course, and more patriotic too, to liken them to charming children, full of grace and truth and innocence; and to comfort ourselves, on taking leave of them, with the thought that they have, deservedly, before them a long career of brightness, usefulness, and teaching. But, alas! we cannot

imagine that at all: it is quite the other way. These vanities will continue to last on—their duration will, according to probabilities, be terribly persistent; but they will not lead the cheery, lightsome, laughing life of well-taught girls, who are fitting themselves to become useful women. There is nothing for them but the pertinacious though propped-up existence of frivolous, affected, rich old females, whose early education has been neglected, and who have never recovered the lost ground.

Yet nations hold on solidly to their vanities. They do not appear to be at all ashamed of them, or to think that they are either comical or inutile. They treat them very seriously, and do not generally see anything to laugh at in them,—which utter want of the sense of the ridiculous makes one sorry for the nations. When we look back at them, they seem scarcely worthy of the respectful treatment they everywhere receive. We have glanced at Titles, Ceremonial, Decorations, Privileges, Forms, and surely we cannot urge that any of them are essential to our progress or our honour. Some of them are occasionally useful; that is undeniable: but when they do happen to be useful, it is always in small ways; there is absolutely nothing in them, even in their best shape, which elevates or ennobles. It is

in the Flag alone that we find a great idea; it is in Glory only that we find a noble pride. The others, without exception, are little and unworthy. But they are like war in one respect—we can use nothing else instead of them; so apparently we shall go on employing them, as we go on fighting.

Yet, after all, why should we desire to suppress them? It is no particular concern of ours if other nations are rather foolish; indeed it might be advantageous to us that they should be so, if only the United Kingdom were a model of superior wisdom. But there again arises an objection; superior wisdom is often such an insufferable bore, that we should probably get quite tired of it in a fortnight, and should wish ourselves back once more amongst the general average of foolish people. Perhaps things are better as they are than they would be otherwise: we are not invariably safe judges of what suits us; and in this case, as in others, we might make a considerable mistake by purifying too much.

And now we say farewell to International Vanities. Not with emotion or regret, but with civil, calm indifference, as one salutes a fellow-traveller (on the Continent) at a journey's end. They have not gained much by being better known; they still deserve to be described as little subjects with great names.

THE PARLIAMENTARY RECESS.

FOUR months have elapsed since the prorogation of Parliament, and the prevailing characteristic of the recess has been extreme quiet, almost stagnation, at home; and a restless growing distrust and disturbance abroad. Sooner or later the influences at work in Europe react on our own political and religious world, bringing to us issues to decide similar in character to those which occupy the Continent, but, fortunately for us, less portentous in their degree and consequences. The silver streak of sea which separates us from Continental nations frees us from a conscription, and marks off a home for freedom and peace against the millions of armed men who have turned Europe into a vast military camp. It helps and favours us in other ways also. We are not drawn into the vortex of Continental strife, whether political, military, or social; we work out, in our more compact community, and in insular security, our own domestic problems for ourselves, with the advantages derived from observation of our neighbours; difficulties come to us in a less aggravated form, and they assail a people of established rights and liberties, inured for generations to habits of self-government and self-reliance. Whatever storms assail the nations of Europe, at times almost threatening their very existence, we have hitherto managed, with some variations of fortune, to secure tranquillity and progress.

In a military point of view, the most striking circumstance of the recess has been the calling out an additional force of about 175,000 men from the reserves of the German military organisation, in order to swell its effective army. The

state of the Continent is such that, after all the Germans have achieved,—having triumphed over Denmark, crushed Austria, and for a time at least destroyed the whole power of France,—they do not feel secure unless at a few weeks' notice they can muster in the field 1,800,000 men. France is rapidly developing a reformed and powerful army; Spain is torn by civil strife, of which no one can foresee the end; while Russia reluctantly follows German lead in recognising her Government; and France, probably under German encouragement, is addressed by that Government in firm, but unusual language. The great military achievements of Germany are reacting on their national sentiment, and Prussian arrogance is perhaps not easily compatible with a general goodwill amongst European nations. The enormous development of her power has probably created distrust and dislike in the east and south, as well as permanent hatred in the west. The ominous passage at the close of the speech of the German Emperor at the opening of his Parliament, discloses the policy of his Government. After referring to his pacific and amicable relations with all foreign Governments in the usual language of international courtesy, he uses the following words of threat and defiance, which betray the apprehensions of danger, chiefly aroused, let us hope, by the language of the French press, and the necessity of preparation and caution: "I know myself to be free from all tempting thoughts to employ the united power of the Empire for other than defensive purposes. Conscious of the power at our disposal, my Government can afford to pass

over in silence the suspicions unjustly cast upon their policy. Not until the malice and party passion to whose attacks we are exposed proceed from words to actions shall we resent them. In such an event the whole nation and its Princes will join me in defending our honour and rights." Prince Bismark, powerful as he is, is alert to detect and punish opposition, even in men of the rank and influence of Count Arnim. He probably feels that he, like Czar Nicholas, "sits upon a volcano;" that the struggle to consolidate Germany comes at a time full of difficulty and perplexity; that the conflict between Legitimism and Republicanism, between Ultramontane bigotry and the first principles of social order, pervades the whole of society; and that its most flagrant manifestations are on a sufficiently broad theatre to give him constant anxiety and alarm. Germany has had to face the difficult problem of defining anew the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority, and of recasting the relations between Church and State. Its Government declared war against Ultramontanism, and the battle was strong enough to convulse society in the struggle. The hostilities aroused are not mitigated by any common principle or sympathy between the combatants, who daily drift further apart into open and avowed antagonism. Between those who rally round the last decree of papal infallibility on the one hand, and those who bring science to the support of every doubt, or who recognise civil authority and civil allegiance as the ties which bind States together, there must be increasing division. The contest between them breaks out upon every topic and almost every institution, and increases in vehemence and bitterness. The spirit of national hatred and hoarded vengeance is also

abroad, and those who rule the destinies of nations have every stimulus to watchfulness, and every cause for anxiety.

We in England have similar anxieties; but at present, though perhaps equally threatening, they are on a smaller scale. The echoes of the strife speak through Mr Gladstone's recent pamphlet. He says that one-sixth of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom hold doctrines which, after the Vatican decrees of 1870, if logically carried out, are "incentive to general disturbance, a premium upon European wars." Roman Catholic Peers who place a different construction on the decrees from that which justifies Mr Gladstone's language, are immediately disavowed by their co-religionists and threatened with excommunication by Monsignore Capel. In reference to those decrees, it should be borne in mind that they were issued by the Papal Court just three days after the declaration of war by France against Germany. They convert the Roman Catholic Church into a political institution within every constituted State. It is a terrible rift in the panoply of Germany. It may at any time become no small cause of dissension and disturbance to ourselves. Then, in lieu of intense national hatred and jealousy, we have growing class animosities, which are fostered for political purposes. The strikes which have been so frequent are signs of a growing desire upon the part of the working-classes for more prosperity and greater independence than they have hitherto enjoyed; and the results in the future depend upon whether that desire is encouraged and stimulated in the direction of attaining greater capacity for labour, and greater capabilities for industrial organisation, or whether it is perverted into mere hostility to the class or classes immediately above

them, and into efforts to reduce those classes to their level. Growing experience is gradually unfolding the lesson that the friends who teach them that political changes and the spoliation of others are the true remedies for their ills, have more to gain than themselves from the delusions which they spread. The truth must gradually force its way that any advancement in their condition, or improvement in their general surroundings, can only result from increased efficiency, increased self-control, and more sustained efforts; more reliance upon themselves, and less repining at a lot which no one but themselves has the power to alter or elevate. Then in Ireland we feel at every turn the influence of that Ultramontane spirit, which is full of hostility alike to the existing condition and the future development of States. The influence was felt alike in the introduction and in the rejection of last year's Irish University Education Bill. That Bill was thoroughly retrograde and Ultramontane, but failed to satisfy the intolerant party whom it sought to conciliate. The movement for Home Rule is for the present discouraged, but it may at any time increase in activity and threaten injurious and important consequences. The spirit of aggression has been aroused, and it is matter of deep congratulation to all loyal subjects that the aggressors no longer hold the balance between political parties and command the bidding which such a position attracts.

Whatever disturbing elements may be beneath the surface of society, and whatever convulsions may have stirred the Continent, no one can deny that England remains tranquil and content. The working-classes do not yield a ready credence to those who endeavour to spread disaffection amongst them, or if they do they learn their mistake

and acknowledge it. According to a recent theory, no one without land or capital has anything to conserve, and is bound to be a Radical and revolutionist on pain of being denounced as an "anomaly." The English operatives fail to see the matter in that light; and the new constituencies protected by the Ballot have placed England in a position of vantage and tranquillity which she has not occupied for many years.

A harvest of unusual plenty throughout the world is an item in the events of the recess which all must regard with satisfaction. It has, no doubt, had something to do with the prosperous and contented condition of the country, and must have been especially welcome to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We were especially glad to note in Mr Disraeli's speech at the Mansion House the following passage:—"There is a considerable revival of trade and a great promise of increase in our commercial transactions. And speaking on this subject, I hope I shall not disappoint those who have offered premature conclusions as to the state of the revenue, if I take the liberty of saying it is realising all that we anticipated." It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the prospect thus held out; no Conservative would have seen with patience the whole of the immense surplus of 1874 followed by a deficit in 1875.

The parliamentary recess has, as usual, been fruitful of extra-parliamentary utterances. Dislodged from their habitual supremacy, the Liberal party has not displayed any great originality or resource, or any increased evidences of capacity to mind either their own or the national business. The bitter and apparently increasing feuds in their ranks were by no means healed by the temporary pertur-

bation caused by the Endowed Schools Act Amendment Bill; the Radicals persist in regarding the more moderate Liberals with an aversion greater than they bear to Conservatives; and the Secularists in regarding Mr Forster and the exponents of the recent education policy with almost fanatical hatred. Mr Gladstone under these circumstances maintains an unwonted and judicious silence, except upon those ecclesiastical matters which are so dear to his heart, and are assuming in the present state of opinion a great importance. In answer to a memorial which complimented him upon hostility to Establishments, he accepted the compliment, but denied the use of the particular expression to that effect, which was attributed to him. In the 'Contemporary Review' he has explained away the hostility to the principle of uniformity which his six resolutions clearly expressed; but he was silent on the one question which Parliament and the nation are attending to—the extent to which ritual in the English Church may be conformed to that of Rome, with the view of establishing doctrines and worship which were abolished, or believed to be abolished, at the Reformation. In his recent pamphlet he has done a great political service; nor are we amongst those who discern any ulterior object in view beyond that of calling attention to a serious position of affairs, and of having a thorough explanation with those upon whose support he has so long and, as we think, so disastrously relied. Upon no one point of cardinal importance, either in reference to present political or ecclesiastical institutions, or in reference to future dealings in regard to them, or in reference to the leading principles of Irish, Educational, or Electoral policy, can the Liberal party point to

essential agreement in their ranks; or to any symptoms which indicate a tendency to unite; or to the existence of any authority which can enforce submission to discipline, and the suppression, temporary or total, of existing disputes. The personal precedence of Mr Gladstone himself is apparently in dispute, if we may judge from certain oratorical exhibitions last session, and the frequent discussions of his fitness and title to the post of Opposition leader, which his friends, with singular indiscretion and forgetfulness of party custom and etiquette, persist in conducting in public.

Under these circumstances, the speeches of the prominent members of the party must possess a mournful interest, both to themselves and to their followers. It has been deemed necessary, so we are often told in the Opposition organs, "to raise the spirits of the party;" and wake it up from its extreme and exaggerated despondency. Several speeches have been made with that view, notably by Mr Goschen, who has been making praiseworthy efforts to work his way to the front, but whose speeches have been irreverently described by malcontent Liberals of one class as mere "whistling for the wind;" whilst, on the other hand, they fail to charm even Liberals of Mr Bouverie's class, who persist in lamentations which make the task of "raising the spirits" of the party exceedingly difficult and complicated. It is beyond the power of Mr Goschen, or anybody else, to administer a restorative to men who talk in this way. "I have ever belonged to that great Liberal party, moderate in its views, and desirous of improvement and advancement; and I was spared by not being in the House of Commons the being a witness of the

consummation of that great catastrophe which, at any rate for a time, has pretty nearly annihilated that Liberal party in the House of Commons. We were led by our generals with drums beating, trumpets blowing, and flags flying, into the jaws of destruction, into the Caudine Forks, where we were practically annihilated." This does not say much for Mr Goschen's powers of consolation, or his success in reanimating the Liberal party. For Mr Bouverie proceeds in anything but a cheerful or even a resigned spirit. "I can't but mourn and lament the chaos which seems to have fallen upon the Liberal party." And in regard to the future policy of that party he says: "It is a mistake to suppose that the business of the Liberal party in this country has been historically, or is now, one of perpetual alteration and change. . . . A notion seems to possess a great many people, that if you are a Liberal you are ultimately to contemplate the destruction of the Monarchy, the abolition of the House of Lords, the annihilation of the Established Church, and the redistribution of property throughout the country." He expresses the view that an epoch has come in the history of Liberalism when the "national" Liberals (a new epithet, equivalent perhaps to Lord Hartington's imputation of "educated") must separate themselves from a certain Mr Bradlaugh and others who appear to forget that "extreme democracy, the sway of numbers, in any civilised country like ours, is likely to end in despotism."

Successful oratory in this country has immense power and commands everywhere unlimited applause. But it may not, perhaps, be an ungraceful act to turn aside for a few moments to pay a tribute of cour-

tesy to oratorical performances, which, whether regarded as whistling for the wind, or as attempts to stop the flow of tears as plentiful as those of Mrs Gummidge, must certainly be regarded as unsuccessful applications of the art. The "spirits of the party" have not been raised; and it seems to us that the stimulants which have been applied for that purpose have been of that weak and watery description that not even Sir Wilfrid Lawson could condemn them as unduly exciting.

The two best speeches were those of Mr Goschen from the official, and of Mr Fawcett from the non-official, ranks of the party, and may fairly be taken to disclose the present attitude of the Opposition.

We may refer to Mr Goschen first, partly because he speaks with authority as an ex-Cabinet Minister, partly because, by comparing his speech at Frome in the first half of August with his speech at Bath in the last half of October, we can not merely analyse the present condition, but understand also the recent growth, of the official Liberal mind. At Frome, Mr Goschen was "willing to concede that there might be strong reasons why the recent change of Government might be advantageous to the country." Their hands, meaning his own and Mr Gladstone's, he said, were not upheld; "the executive on some points were extremely weak;" and "the Liberals did a great many things at which the public grumbled excessively." Apparently, all that was left to them was their principles, and even these, unfortunately, were "enshrined in the breasts of the men now in office, in the measures, the estimates, and the budgets of Conservatives." At Bath, however, there was a change of note and tone. The achievements of the Gladstone Government were then written in the Statute-Book; and

"the fact is, that the Liberal Government were lied out of office," was an observation which he did not "endorse" (whatever that barbarous Americanism may mean), but "which he thought very curious," apparently regretting that he had at Frome spoken in a manner ludicrously inconsistent with that bright idea. There was a chance even of recovering their principles, which he had recklessly thrown away at Frome; it was all a mistake to suppose that they, in all their sanctity and purity, "were enshrined in the breasts of their opponents." They "reigned with the power of a despot," which Conservatives could not shake off. Either way, therefore, Mr Goschen's principles are in no danger, and he may "rest and be thankful." The only thing to occasion him any disquiet was Mr Disraeli's expression last year at Glasgow—"Do not mumble the dry bones of political economy;" it is, he says, "strong and solid food," and not in the least "dry." What Mr Disraeli really said on the occasion referred to was to deprecate "munching the remainder biscuit of an effete and stagnant Liberalism." The country has taken the advice, and Mr Goschen would do well to follow the example.

The difficult task which Mr Goschen had to perform was to answer the question so often put to a Conservative Opposition—What is your policy? When in office, Mr Goschen and his friends are apt to say to their foes—What is it you want; surely you are not going to reverse all our measures with your reactionary views? Now their turn is come, and their Radical allies retort—And what is it that *you* want; surely you don't want to be taken back and no questions asked, just as if impunity was your object, and simple restoration ours.

It is a difficult position; and meanwhile the all-important principles are, it appears, enshrined elsewhere. So we observe that at Frome the differences in the party which have torn it in pieces, and threaten to keep it distracted and divided, are delicately alluded to as differences respecting "the rate and direction of progression," which Liberals must endeavour to sink, and "work as far as possible for a common end;" not the faintest indication being given of what the "common" end may be. The Radicals say that the end is office for you and disappointment for us, and for that end we won't stir a finger. Accordingly, two months afterwards, at Bath, the idea of sinking differences is for the present abandoned. The Liberals have plenty of thankless work to do in securing the continued triumph of principles which, if not "enshrined" already, "reign with the power of a despot" over those in office. "They must not sacrifice principles for union; conviction must succeed union. Conviction would come; but let it not be said that they were unable to face defeat, and that they were like an army which wanted to storm a citadel every day." It is due to Mr. Goschen to admit that he "munches his remainder biscuit" like a man. Something of the flavour of Cabinet-pudding still hangs about it; whilst Mr Bouverie, whom his party has long fed "with the bread of affliction and the waters of affliction," is scandalised at the disappearance of all the victuals. Still the two speeches taken together form but a lame and unsatisfactory party manifesto. The legislative measures of the existing Government, it appears, are all successful, their administration is worked harmoniously with the services, and is approved by the public. They carry out the very principles which

Mr Goschen regards as the salvation of the country, with far greater credit and success than Mr Goschen's colleagues could achieve, and yet Mr Goschen and his friends must combine to turn them out, and strive for that "common end," in the name of those very principles which, in the hands of Her Majesty's Ministers, are in his opinion triumphantly carried into execution. The fallacy that pervades Mr Goschen's deliverance was, that those excellent principles—viz., those which have hitherto been applied by her Majesty's Ministers—are his private property. Our view of it is, that in his hands, and those of his colleagues, the principles which he admires so much were caricatured and rendered odious by maladministration, and all hope of their beneficial application was lost.

One or two of the Ministers apparently were scared at Mr Goschen's assertion that they had carried out successfully enlightened principles, and modestly denied the charge. "Put a little more starch into your collar," was Lord Palmerston's advice on one occasion, and never apologise for anything which is not condemned. This bluster about principles is no new device. What the Conservatives undertake to give the country is sound policy and good measures; as long as they succeed, their opponents will claim the principles for their own. As long as Conservatives are confident in their measures, it matters little by what epithet others may find it convenient to distinguish them. Lord Palmerston, when he first became Prime Minister, coolly told Sir James Graham, in the House of Commons, rather than give him a weapon of attack, that the principles of the new Government were those of Lord Aberdeen. All he meant was, that, strong in the confidence of the country, the Peelites might

call his principles what they liked, so long as they only voted straight, and supported the Government.

The chief feature, however, of Mr Goschen's speeches, which is also observable in those of several of the leading and more responsible members of the party, and honourably distinguishes them from the reckless rank and file who want new Reform Bills, or else that "Parliament should make its teeth meet in the Church," and also from speeches like that of Sir Henry James, who adroitly left himself uncommitted upon any topic of serious interest, is that they boldly and unhesitatingly refuse to pledge the Liberal party to a sensational programme. It is, no doubt, by far the wiser course to adopt in view of the party interests; that, however, is not our affair. It is an honest course to take as regards the country; and we believe that, when the wheel of fortune brings Mr Goschen's party to the front again, as sooner or later it is sure to do, he and they will find their task easier, and their difficulties lessened, if they employ the interval of opposition in teaching their Radical allies, whose voices it is that are to predominate in their councils. "National" Liberals, as the new section is called, differ very little from "national" Conservatives. The one has to lead its party; and the other to hold its party back. The rivalry between them must be that of sound measures and wise administration undisturbed by those "nincompoops of politics," whose understanding is completely lost in the seductions of notoriety. The power which these latter hold in reserve may be easily read in Sir Henry James's carefully balanced speech, which establishes his position as an excellent Vicar of Bray. It contrasts amusingly with that of the Solicitor-General, who certainly is not given to "hedging," and who

argued the case of the licensed victuallers with an *abandon* which leaves a shadow of regret that the learned gentleman is not a licensed victualler himself.

The next Liberal of note who assayed to "raise the spirits" of his party, was its returned prodigal son Mr Fawcett. Whilst receiving from his former constituents at Brighton an acknowledgment of his services, and a testimonial of their regard, he took occasion to describe the political position from the standpoint of a member of the non-official rank. Like Mr Goschen, he did not "consider the accession of the present Government a very serious misfortune." He expected that under its auspices there would still have been progress, though at a somewhat slower rate. And certainly no one member of the Liberal party in the House of Commons is more disqualified than Mr Fawcett from bewailing in any terms, extravagant or otherwise, the fall of the late Government, or from applauding either its measures or its administrative acts. After, however, describing his disappointments, which on the face of them had sprung in each case from the apprehension rather than experience of evil, he, like many other orators before him, worked himself round to a totally different point from that at which he started; and forgetting that there had been no "very serious misfortune," he deplored "the mischief which ensues, and the danger which is incurred, when a party that is in opposition secures office by raising expectations which cannot be fulfilled, and by creating hopes which cannot be realised." Clearly this was oratorical exaggeration, or else we should like to know what on Liberal principles constitutes a "serious misfortune" to the country. According to Mr Fawcett the Conservatives "lied"

themselves into office; according to Mr Goschen they "lied" their opponents out of it. Yet both these Liberal orators, on their own showing, regard the transaction with qualified approval, admit its necessity, describe the moderate hopes of progress with which it fills them, and never cease to congratulate themselves, notwithstanding temporary alarms, that it is their own principles which perpetually triumph. Certainly the history of Liberalism for the last twenty years and more, from the fall of Sir Robert Peel to the Reform Bill of 1867, was marked throughout by raising expectations in opposition, which were never fulfilled in office. It has evidently demoralised the political judgment of the party, for they regard the practice, even when erroneously imputed to their opponents, as "no very serious misfortune" to the country. When the Government is complimented on its Liberal principles, they may naturally reply, that approval is always welcome, and it is officious to look a gift horse in the mouth. But this device of raising the wind in opposition and allaying it in office, is so extravagantly Liberal in its origin and character, that such a compliment can only be accepted at the expense of those to whom it exclusively belongs. When, however, in respect of the substance of this speech, as compared with that of Mr Fawcett's addresses in Parliament and early in the year to the electors of Hackney, we find that in the judgment of a Liberal of non-official but considerable standing, a Liberal Administration is loudly condemned as powerless for good, while a Conservative Government is only held up to scorn as powerless for mischief, we do not, looking to the quarter from which it proceeds, quarrel with the criti-

cism. Nor do we think, having regard to its present distractions, that the Liberal party will be united, if no other policy is recommended for their adoption than the expedient which Mr Fawcett suggests of freedom from electioneering expenses.

Taking these speeches of Mr Goschen and Mr Fawcett as typical of the mental condition of the party, both official and non-official, the obvious conclusion is that the Opposition has at present very little to thrive on, and that the Government maintains utterly undisturbed its great authority. There has, however, been one eccentric exhibition of irrepressible mischief. Mr Stansfeld and Mr Mundella have apparently organised a crusade against the Contagious Diseases Acts. The former is reported, we trust erroneously, to have laid down these scandalous doctrines on his own authority as an ex-Cabinet Minister. First, that Acts of Parliament passed without sufficient discussion have no claim on our obedience, a doctrine which is plainly subversive of public order. Second, that men and women should meet together to protest against these Acts, the latter "being kept to the front;" a doctrine which is subversive of public decency, and, unfortunately, is not unlikely to be obeyed. These Acts are condemned on two inconsistent grounds: first, that they have not checked the spread of disease; second, that they facilitate the practice of vice.

The rapid legislation of the last few years has led the country to the distinct and determined conclusion that a period of legislative rest, at all events in respect to organic changes, must be endured. The "row of extinct volcanoes" show no signs of renewed disturbance; and the lesser prominences of the party can con-

sume their own smoke in unsuccessful elections at Nottingham and equally unsuccessful articles in the 'Fortnightly.' A review of the parliamentary recess cannot omit to notice the remarkable production of Mr Chamberlain, entitled, "The Next Page of the Liberal Programme." Last year a whole creed, "free land, free church, free schools, and free labour" was published on the authority of the same gentleman, who has since been elected by Birmingham as its mayor, and rejected by Sheffield as its representative. It has the common property of most creeds of being somewhat unintelligible; and so its author has since compressed it within a single "page," in the hope that what it gains in brevity it may lose in obscurity. Everything free, gratis, for nothing, is a policy which will soon empty the pockets of taxpayers and ratepayers. It certainly requires no refutation. Mr Roebuck, whom Sheffield with wise discernment preferred to Mr Chamberlain by a large majority, took occasion the other day before his constituents, not perhaps without some reference to this rhodomontade, to hope that the working-classes would be "free men, free not merely in body, but free in their action, politically, socially, civilly; and free in the far higher and important consideration—free mentally." Otherwise—and here his late opponent surely sits for his portrait—they "may be swayed to anything and anybody by a mere word, by the mere voice—and I will use a word which I have used before, and I fear given some offence by so doing, but I will repeat it—and that is, by the mere word of the unworthy demagogue."

It is no part of Mr Chamberlain's mission to "raise the spirits" of the party, or to promote union in their ranks; and it will be a long

time before he will figure, to use his own expression, as its returned prodigal son. He accordingly scoffs at the notion of the accumulated discontent of several years being wiped out by the speech of "a young and inexperienced member of the Ministry." He pointedly remarks that a Liberal victory will bring office to the Liberal leaders, but that he, Mr Chamberlain, and his friends, will derive no advantage. It is nothing to him whether a Roman Catholic marquis or a prosperous Dissenter controls the working of the existing Education Act. The Advanced Liberals are sure to be ignored, but they at least serve "to differentiate the Whigs from the Conservatives," a task which under existing circumstances is, doubtless, one of no ordinary difficulty. They at least give all the flavour to their party, and without their re-union with their leaders office is impossible; and that re-union will never be obtained unless "a cry" is got up which Mr Goschen, as the representative of the official leaders, and Mr Bouverie, as the representative of the non-official leaders, both denounce as impolitic.

He notes that moderate Liberals support and welcome these indications of wisdom, and he steps forward to warn them that they will never regain power on moderate terms, but that he and the Radicals are in favour of "extreme measures and extreme men," and that in any new Liberal Government they must have some guarantee that both will be represented. Otherwise they will be condescending to take Mr Gladstone back as they recover a stolen watch—viz., on the condition that no questions are asked. They are "impatient of small changes and intolerant of infinitesimal reforms." The harassing legislation of recent years is denounced as "nagging" legislation. By abundance of small legis-

lative provisions the late Government alienated the country, and in its great measures the spirit of compromise disfigured their acts and destroyed the enthusiasm of their friends. The absence of any definite programme intensified the disaster of the general election, and half-a-dozen different leagues which were silent in 1868 are described as everywhere producing anarchy and confusion. "A cry" is the absolute condition of the separate existence of the Liberal party. We have always insisted ourselves, in these pages, on this characteristic of Liberalism and the Liberal party, and we deduce from it the conclusion of its total unsuitness to guide the destinies of the country, or even to serve as a political machinery for the purposes of government. Mr Chamberlain draws from it the conclusion that the single duty of a Liberal leader when in opposition is at once to select a new cry utterly regardless of any consequence except a party advantage; and he suggests the completion of the reform of the representation as the most favourable question ready at hand to supply the needs of the party. But he says, "We can hardly be surprised if the responsible chiefs shrink from inscribing this part of their programme at the head of their list." Another little matter which his leaders might, in his opinion, confidently take in hand and speedily settle, is the "re-casting of our land system." But if Mr Gladstone is not ready to undertake it, it had far better stand over for a time than fall into the hands of Mr Forster, who is apparently regarded with a malevolence which is perfectly insatiable and hardly sane. Running over these and other momentous questions with an ease which assumes that he is master of all of them, he comes at length to the conclusion that the most prac-

licable crisis to create is the crisis of disestablishment; and if Mr Gladstone feels that he has done his work, the crisis cannot wait for leaders, but must create or do without them. If the country cannot take its time of day from Greenwich, Birmingham is the chosen spot out of which all good things will come. Everywhere the Church is felt by Reformers and Radicals to be hostile to progress. Everywhere the secular and ecclesiastical authorities are coming into collision. The party which disestablished the Irish Church has thrown the principle of establishment overboard, and in order to ascertain whether it is wise to apply the practice to the English Church, it is only necessary to consider two things—(1.) whether the reform is practicable; (2.) what will be its probable result on the fortunes of the Liberal party. Even the principles on which it should proceed, let alone its probable consequences to the nation and to the cause of religion and social order, are beneath consideration. The task of discussing the effects of disestablishment in Ireland, and of showing whether they are beneficial or the reverse, and if beneficial, whether the different circumstances which exist in England would allow of similar benefits resulting from a like disestablishment here, is a task which ought to be accomplished by the projectors of such a reform. If an experiment has been tried, one would think that, before it is adopted as a precedent, its results ought to be tested, and the circumstances of a fresh application considered. But this would require labour, knowledge, and judgment; and Mr Chamberlain's *forte* lies in issuing programmes, and recommending cries, and pining for great crises. Accordingly, when the time comes for details, he is content with arguing that the proposal will have "attrac-

tions"—with recounting instances of want of sympathy between working-men and parsons—and with quoting a few foolish and reprehensible expressions towards Dissenters on the part of members of the Establishment. The existence of parties and occasional scandals within the Church are then glanced at, and the grounds are discussed for assuming that a crusade against it would be popular with the working-classes.

In all this there is not a pretence of an inquiry whether the continued existence of an institution which for centuries has played so great a part in English history, is likely to prove injurious, or whether such injurious influence would be increased or diminished by its becoming a voluntary association; what are the difficulties in the way; whether the consequences of his scheme, if successful, would compensate the country for the enormous effort it would have to make; and whether its success would have any appreciable effect in improving the moral or physical condition of the people, which we are glad to see, in another part of his paper, he regards as the Conservative Government regard it—as the great question for the consideration of statesmen and philanthropists. Mr Chamberlain is evidently but a drawing-room politician; he knows nothing of the labour involved in settling great questions, and in disestablishing Churches. Mr Gladstone, with all his powers, unrivalled as they are for mastery of principles and details, found the task of carrying the Irish Church Act, with a majority of more than one hundred behind him, to be a work which tasked his capacity to the utmost. But that was as nothing compared to the task of disestablishing the English Church. The distribution of the plunder, also, is still an unsettled difficulty. It will be high time to talk of an-

other policy of disestablishment when the first has been completed. This accomplished "friend to humanity," however, waits for neither time nor tide; the needy knife-grinders of the party have nothing to tell, and he can rectify, at a moment's notice, all deficiencies. Mr Herbert Spencer, in his 'Study of Sociology,' tells us that, in seeking after political truth, one should make as much allowance for one's "personal equation" as the inquirer into physical truth—*i.e.*, for "the enormous errors which his own nature, variously modified and distorted by his conditions of life, is sure to introduce into his perceptions." Mr Chamberlain should endeavour to adjust his "personal equation" by experiment and observation. His condition of life, which we are told is that of a prosperous manufacturer of screws, would afford him an easy method of correcting his perceptions. Let him add "free screws" to his programme, and reduce it to practice, while Liberalism is eclipsed, and in a short time he would appreciate the full bearing of a policy of everything free, gratis, for nothing. The next page in the Liberal programme would then be its last. His perceptions, we fear, are at present distorted by total inability to anticipate results. One step forward in experimental science would cure this defect. It would "reform" his views, "develop" his understanding, and give him a practical taste of the advantages of disendowment. Canning's "friend to humanity" was, however, as little likely to part with his sixpences as Mr Chamberlain with his screws. These prodigal sons of the party scatter abstract philanthropy in profusion, but in its more concrete shape regard it with discreet aversion.

It is amusing to contrast this wonderful performance with an article on the Session and the Minis-

try which appeared shortly afterwards in the 'Edinburgh Review.' The writer is evidently a Whig of a very old school, one which has long since passed away. Years ago the Review was complimented upon having completed the "entombment of Whig principles." It now presents itself as a sort of political Witch of Endor, an ancient Whig summoned from the grave to rebuke alike the Government and the Radicals for "having disquieted her to bring her up." With regard to the former "it throws up its hands in astonishment;" with regard to the latter, they "have received some few lessons, which they much needed, to teach them that progress is unlikely to be made well, wisely, and safely" by other than Whigs. The Liberal leaders, moreover, "have too frequently allowed Radical men and Radical doctrines to override those Whig principles of progressive improvement which are the only safe basis for a Liberal party in this country." In other words, if this basis is impossible, the Liberal party should cease to exist. So far from agreeing with Mr Chamberlain, who says that the Liberal party will never regain power on terms like these, or with Mr Mitchell Henry, who writes on Home Rule, "disguise it as they may, the Liberal party can never return to power until they make their peace with Ireland," and that "the Irish people have the cards in their hands if they play them properly,"—its one counsel to its distracted readers is to revive Whig principles. If those principles "can be better secured and advanced under an Administration nominally Conservative, it has very little objection to such a state of things;" otherwise the Opposition leaders, "grown wise by experience, must avoid the errors which destroyed the Gladstone Government." Under those circumstances.

there is not much to tempt Mr Gladstone from retirement ; nor is it difficult to discover who holds the cards in his hands. The upshot of it is, that the nation in an overwhelming majority has determined upon a prudent and progressive policy, and looks to the Tory or national party to interpret its will. The Whigs of forty years ago may "hold up their hands in astonishment" as much as they please ; they at the same time appeal to the Government to save them from their worst enemies, who, associated with a leader always squeezable and sometimes enthusiastic, have ruined their party.

The result of the parliamentary recess, whether exhibited in extra-parliamentary utterances, or in the current literature of the period, is that all classes and parties are turning their attention to two subjects—the condition of the people, and the position of the Established Churches. Measures on the former of these two subjects have been promised with more or less distinctness. The public mind is being gradually formed, also, upon the latter. Few would deny the powerful agency of the Church of England in developing our previous history. And at the present time, with the forces of materialism and mediæval superstition both actively at work to disturb and agitate the public mind, the healing influence of that famous institution must be maintained and strengthened. It is in its present form, and must, if it is to remain the national Church of England, continue to be the child and representative of that free thought which it has ever since its birth assumed to guide, though not to control. It was founded upon the right of private judgment, and associated with the State in a spirit of protest, on the one hand, against implicit sub-

mission to authority, and on the other against that wanton disruption of human life into separate spheres which is impending over Europe, and threatens ourselves. The union of Church and State seems to harmonise liberty with religion, and to place in accord the two powers which regulate between them the most vital of human relations and interests. The blending of these two powers has been and is distinctly beneficial. Government cannot afford to rest for its support on brute force alone ; it requires the aid of religion, and the sentiments which religion teaches. And certainly, we are perpetually reminded, and never more so than at the present time, that a religious organisation needs secular control, and is apt, especially in the case of a Church which rests on long tradition, to grasp at too great and despotic power. The Church of England is one of the few great things left in the land, and to render it truly the Church of the people is a paramount object of public policy. In all Catholic countries the divorce between intellect and literature on the one side, and religion on the other, is complete ; and in Germany the separation between civil and ecclesiastical authority, and the growing divergence of their aims and interests, have produced the most violent hostility. In England some dally with mediæval superstitions without an idea of the baneful spirit which lies beneath them ; others listen to doubts regretfully, and with the wish to remain loyal to their faith. Those who know what mediævalism means, and those who believe that however able, and vigorous, and cultivated an atheistical society may be, it has within itself the seeds of anarchy and corruption, and is powerless to develop a permanent civilising influence, must regard the relation of the State

to religion, the mode in which temporal and spiritual authority is fused, and the spirit which dominates in the English Church, as matters of primary importance and interest. The present is doubtless a favourable time for settling the questions which have been raised concerning the Church of England, which imperil both her liberty and her Protestantism. For our part, we have no hesitation in saying that the only principle on which its influence should be founded, should be hereafter, as heretofore, the utmost comprehensiveness of doctrine consistent with the principles established at the Reformation. The primary political principles are—that religion is a public and national concern, and is not entrusted for all time to an exclusive *caste*, and that the power of Parliament is supreme over the whole clerical system, public worship, and religious teaching. The spirit in which they should be applied is that of conciliation, with a view to the fusion of two authorities, whose harmonious co-operation is essential, and can only be secured under the restraining influence and ultimate control of the State. The world, unfortunately, does not outgrow its most famous controversies. Science is as busy as ever with the eternal atoms, and uses the influence of its recent rapid discoveries to assault as unsuccessfully as ever the authority of revealed religion. The Papacy, on the other hand,—notwithstanding that its temporal power is dethroned, and Rome is in possession of the heretic—notwithstanding that every year it becomes more and more at variance with the philosophy, literature, laws, and politics of even Catholic countries,—does not diminish one jot of its pretensions. The Vatican decrees of 1870, recently and wisely brought by Mr Gladstone

into extraordinary prominence, at least reassert, if they do not exceed, its most authoritative claims in times past, to fetter human thought and action, and to control absolutely and without appeal the most sacred ties which mankind can form in the state or in the family, in this world or in the next. The whole tendencies of modern thought and literature render the attitude of both these rival powers, strange to say, of real political interest even toward the close of the nineteenth century. The process of levelling down, of weakening the influences both of loyalty and religion, has gone on, till everywhere the cry is raised, that mankind are drawing off into two opposite camps, freethinking on the one hand, and servile submission on the other; and a deadly encounter is foretold, if it is not already beginning, between the temporal and spiritual power.

To those who believe that it is of primary importance that the faith of this country in an active Providence should not be impaired, and that the free exercise of its religious spirit should be maintained, the present position of the Established Church is of extreme interest. The stream of the Reformation is broad enough to absorb all that love of ceremonial, enthusiastic devotion, or free inquiry, may bring to the service of religion. It flows from an open Bible and the right of private judgment; it is essentially violated by any attempt to substitute the voice of a Catholic Church interpreted by a single clique as the arbiter in questions of faith and conscience. It is further violated when, in order to enhance the priestly office and power, the Articles and Ritual of the English Church are sought to be identified with the teaching and worship of Rome.

Nothing that has happened during the recess has served to throw any doubt upon the wisdom of the

policy which the Public Worship Regulation Act is intended to effect —namely, to prevent impunity for wilful violation of law by certain ministers of the English Church who are not in harmony with her spirit and teaching, and to prevent Protestant money being paid to disseminate Catholic doctrine and practices. Difficult as it is to interfere in questions of this kind, we trust that the same Parliament which unanimously passed this measure, and which represents all but the unanimous feeling of the country, will persevere in a purpose which it has already more than half achieved. It is a sufficiently humiliating reflection that, in spite of all the advances of knowledge and science, Englishmen and the English Parliament should be obliged to turn their attention, with a pressing sense of its extreme importance, to the subject of sacerdotal pretensions and superstitious observances. Yet the present position of affairs is the inevitable result of a religious struggle and movement which has been going on for forty years, and which the current number of the '*Quarterly Review*' rightly describes as "only second in importance to the Reformation itself." That movement was headed by Dr Newman, and throughout has exhibited a more distinct proclivity to the Church of Rome than has ever before been developed within the pale of the Establishment. Many of its promoters, including Dr Newman, seceded; others pretend to find an impassable barrier in the thin and flimsy pretext of denying papal infallibility. It seems only reasonable that an infallible Church should have an infallible mouth-piece; and those who uphold the former might easily acquiesce in the latter, and the difficulties about civil allegiance can apparently be

cleared at a bound. All the promoters of this disastrous reaction have laboured to show that the Articles of the English Church do not condemn the authoritative teaching of the Roman institution, but, on the contrary, square with its creed, and establish the position of the national Church as a branch of the latter. Added to that, the most persistent efforts have been made during the last twenty years, in spite of the censures of bishops, the prohibition of the Privy Council, and the indignation of all sensible men, to square the ritual of the English Prayer-Book with the worship of the Romish Church, and especially to assimilate the Holy Communion of the one with the Mass of the other. It has been shown that when once the Acts of Uniformity are openly set at defiance, and their object and spirit lost sight of, the widest licence will reign in their stead.

Starting from the position, which no sophistry can obscure, that the Reformed Protestant Church of England was established by Parliament, under the supremacy of the Crown, in distinct rebellion from that of Rome, that the Mass-books were swept away, the altars abolished and tables put in their places, the Privy Council has laid it down that the directions of the Prayer-Book must be strictly observed, and that "no omission and no addition can be permitted." The Act of last session has simply provided a cheap and summary method of repressing and punishing wilful violation of the law after such law has been finally ascertained and declared; and can only be condemned by those who would emancipate priests from subjection to temporal law, or, as an intermediate position, secure them a vested interest in all hindrances to its due execution.

Unfortunately, the recent practices and extravagant doctrines of a small

clique, which have led to measures for the speedy enforcement of law, have raised the question of the degree in which uniformity should be permitted, and of the limits within which nonconformity within the pale should be allowed. That is the difficulty—surely a lesser one than that which was successfully solved by the recent Act—which awaits solution during the next session. Hitherto it has been left entirely to the discretion of each clergyman in charge, controlled only by the operation of a tribunal which, with its expensive procedure, has found it easier to create martyrs than to secure obedience. Hardly any arrangement could be worse. That discretion will soon, when the recent Act comes into play, be more easily guided and controlled; but the further question remains, within what limits its more fettered exercise is to be allowed its scope. This is supposed to raise insuperable difficulties; but from the readiness with which Mr Gurney pledged himself to legislation, we may assume that the plan has been matured, and that the same tact and resolution which secured unanimous support to the Bill of last year, will be equally successful with the measure of next.

The primary object in view is to maintain and extend the influence of the National Church as the Church of the people, and to prevent its teaching from being set at variance with all the intelligence of Englishmen, and its ritual from offending alike their common-sense and self-respect. In the present distracted condition of men's minds the Church of England has a great work before it, to bind together various disjointed agencies, and to prevent in an age of transition a premature—perhaps unnecessary—disruption of life and thought amongst us. It was never more important that it should work

harmoniously with the State; and it would be disastrous in the extreme if, from timorousness on the part of statesmen and bishops, it were allowed to fall under the guidance of a party which obstinately, without intellect or learning to back it, pursues its practices and pretensions in opposition to the remonstrances of the laity, the hostility of Convocation, and the condemnation of bishops. The real impotence and miscalculation of that party were never more manifested than by the unanimous vote of last session; which, we trust, has abolished, at least within the limits of the Establishment, a movement which, if successful, would certainly subvert the character, the faith, the ritual, and the purposes of the reformed Church of England.

It is no part of our business to speculate upon the details of the promised legislation. We can, however, call to view the present position of men's minds upon the subject, so far as the parliamentary recess has hitherto afforded the opportunity of observing it. There is no man in England whose attitude upon this question would be more interesting than Mr Gladstone's; and no man whose course in reference to it is more difficult to divine. Political resentments are not without a certain influence upon his course. There was a tone of exasperation in reference to the Roman Catholics in his article on *Ritualism*; and his recent pamphlet evinced a determination to bring home to the Irish Catholics who defeated his University Bill a charge of disloyalty and disaffection upon the strength of decrees, which a Roman Catholic Archbishop immediately demonstrated imposed no new obligation, and a Roman Catholic Peer thought himself justified in disavowing as a dead letter, and of no binding force. No one wants

a casuistical argument from Catholics as to the mode in which they reconcile civil allegiance and religious duty. The legislation of forty years has proceeded on the footing that they do effect the reconciliation; and it seems somewhat late in the day for the responsible authors of that legislation to ostentatiously doubt its sincerity, and divert the public mind to that subject, in lieu of those which more immediately affect our own Church. The pamphlet brings before the public mind at the hands of the Liberal leader an existing peril; it also brings out in strong relief Mr Gladstone's hostility to the Roman Church on grounds which every Ritualist can readily adopt. Both the pamphlet and the article, however, are entirely beside the immediate political question which at the present moment interests so deeply the people of England. The article, too, is content with discussing the relation of ritual to a due cultivation of æsthetic sentiment in the people, a fervent worship in the congregation, and perhaps, may be intended to explain the limits within which the hostility shown by his six resolutions to the whole principle of Acts of Uniformity is to be understood. It is quite silent upon the question, how far there have been attempts in fact to assimilate by means of ritual the Church of England to the Church of Rome; how far such attempts are sanctioned or condemned by existing law; and how far it is his present policy to uphold or to discourage them. The author admits that it is impossible to bring the country back to Romanism; and so far, at least, he does not give way to any spirit of undue Protestant panic; but there is no condemnation of the men whose boast it is that Rome may come to them.

The subject has not received much elucidation at the hands of extra-

parliamentary orators; indeed, we are somewhat surprised that the disestablishment advocates have made so little capital from what at first sight is a promising subject for them. One of the most hopeful signs has been a general spirit of moderation in the comments made and advice given in reference to the subject within the Church; and we are not without hope that some way of retreat from their more extravagant pretensions may be found for the ritualistic clergy, and that they will confine their doctrines and their practices within the limits hitherto observed by those who are known as the High Church party. Meanwhile, if the alliance between Church and State is being strained, the whole country is interested in the question with whom the ultimate control rests; and as long as the Church remains established and endowed, there can be but one answer to that question. We are glad to observe the agreement of opinion upon this question. We have already referred to the outspoken article in the 'Quarterly.' The press is fairly unanimous on the question.

The 'Edinburgh Review' is at one with its rival. It discusses the subject of Convocation, Parliament, and the Prayer-Book. It argues that the National Church must be upheld, and that this can only be done by maintaining the historical Protestantism of the nation. It traces the unwillingness to touch religious questions which Parliament in recent years has displayed, to the belief, which experience has shown to be erroneous—first, that the political Nonconformists were the strongest support of the Liberal party; second, that extreme sacerdotal theories have been spreading. The recent action of Parliament is hailed as a revelation to the country which makes it conscious of unity and

power, and which gives new life to the National Church; and in reference to future legislation of the same class, it argues, and we entirely agree with it, that the moral offences of the clergy should be tried by the ordinary procedure of the common law; that doctrinal offences should be tried as at present; and that matters of ritual should be treated mainly as administrative details, the law first being made absolutely plain.

Then upon the subject and position of Convocation, which may shortly be of more public interest than hitherto, it gives a useful sketch of its history. It points out that, by a recent Bill introduced by the Bishop of London, it has been attempted to secure to Convocation the initiative in dealing with the rubrics; to transfer—that is, from the nation to a class—the settlement of the rules which are to regulate public worship. Upon that subject it speaks with no faltering tongue. From 1717 to 1853 the Convocations were never assembled. For nearly a century and a half any powers they might have possessed were in complete abeyance. In 1853, they were revived by a Ministry of which Lord Aberdeen was the Prime Minister, and in which Mr Gladstone, as member for the University of Oxford, exercised the prevailing ecclesiastical influence. A more retrograde measure was never attempted by a Liberal Government. Every one recollects the unsparing sarcasm with which Lord Chancellor Westbury dealt with some of their proceedings, and inveighed against the folly of reviving their establishment. That it is unwelcome to many of their party we fully believe; and the Edinburgh Reviewer has discussed the relations of Convocation to Parliament and the Prayer-Book in an article which, in tone

and spirit, does not differ from that in the 'Quarterly' on the ritual of the English Church. It discusses the early history of Convocations to show that, although they started fair by the side of the House of Commons, they have had throughout but a shadowy existence, while the Commons year by year grew in strength. When the separate taxation of the clergy was given up in the middle of the seventeenth century, Convocations lost the chief constitutional ground for their existence, and became an empty pageant. They are mere Councils of the Metropolitan; they are entirely under his control, and their Acts often run in his name alone. At the Reformation, the supreme power of Parliament over the whole clerical system was asserted and maintained. Parliament enacted that the clergy should not meet without the king's authority; that they should not make canons without his consent, nor promulgate them without his sanction; while the existing canons were partly abolished, partly re-enacted, entirely by royal authority. The essence of the Reformation was to transfer the supremacy over public worship and religious teaching from the clergy to the laity. Lay persons were appointed ecclesiastical judges, and laymen dealt with matters of doctrine and worship. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the primer which contained the rudiments of the Book of Common Prayer was issued by the king alone. The first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. apparently was not submitted to Convocation; nor was the second Prayer-Book of that reign, which is in all substantial respects that which we now use. It was put forward by the authority of Parliament, and Convocation was not permitted to pass judgment upon it. At the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, the great Acts which

re-established the Reformation, and restored the whole power over religion to the Crown, were passed without consulting the Convocations. Parliament passed a Bill on public worship, not merely without Convocation, but while Convocations were inhibited from making any canon, and were passing resolutions in favour of the Papacy.

From the Reformation to the Great Rebellion, the power of Convocation was *nil*, except so far as it framed the canons of 1603 and 1640; the former of which are nearly all obsolete, opposed to subsequent Acts of Parliament, and therefore inoperative, or sanctioned only by excommunication, which there is no procedure for expressing; the latter of which are repudiated. From the meeting of the Long Parliament for nearly two centuries, Convocation was not allowed to meet for despatch of business, except (1.) in 1689, when at the time of the Revolution, and after the Toleration Act had been passed without consulting them, they were invited to co-operate in a measure intended to give greater comprehension to the Church, and responded to the invitation by inactivity and sullen resistance; and (2.) during the first seventeen years of last century, after which it was laid aside, and remained closed with the universal acquiescence of the nation for one hundred and thirty-five years. Even since their revival in 1853, Parliament has passed Acts relating to the Church and public worship without reference to them.

It ought to be remembered that Convocations are simply assemblies of the clergy; that they are provincial and not national: they do not even represent the clergy, and their relations to the laity are utterly indefinite. From the nature of things they are only fitted to discuss and consider clerical interests.

Now, in respect of this summary of the history of Convocation and its constitutional position, it is certainly worth while to recall it, if there is any settled design to assert the exclusive right of Convocation or the clergy to deal with the rubrics and the ritual of the Established Church. If a collision is to occur, it ought to be clearly understood whose voice is paramount, and the Edinburgh Reviewer may in that view have done good service. But Convocation is now an established institution, and the circumstance of Parliament including members of all denominations, and of no denomination at all, militates against its fitness to legislate upon these subjects without the means and opportunity at least of consultation with ecclesiastical authorities. Whenever we come to Church matters, we cannot too strongly deprecate the raising of any unnecessary party division, either as between Liberal and Conservative, or as between lay and clerical, with regard either to the maintenance or the government of the Church. We cordially agree with Sir S. Northcote that it is undesirable to give a party character to any proceedings in defence of the union between Church and State, and very wise to take every occasion to diminish any occasions of friction between them. It is easy to believe that, with ordinary wisdom on both sides, both in Parliament and in Convocation, the existence and co-operation of the latter may greatly facilitate the progress of the promised settlement of 1875. Convocation has not placed itself on the side of the Ritualists; nor has it shown any undue eagerness to question the supremacy of lay power. It allowed the Judicature Act of 1873 to pass without any protest, under which a purely secular tribunal will be the ultimate court of appeal in ecclesiastical cases, in lieu

of one which is partly lay and partly clerical. With a lay court of appeal, and a new lay court established by the Act of 1874, and a Parliament composed as at present, there will be no disposition to dispute the just influence of Convocation in Church settlements; and the strong attack of the 'Edinburgh Review' will probably, in the result, only be useful so far as it may impede any attempts to assert any extravagant and untenable claims. The fusion of parties and interests in sup-

porting and maintaining the existing Church of England is the object to aim at, if we wish, in Mr Disraeli's language, to exhibit "to Europe the example of a State which has solved the great political problem, by combining order and liberty; and which, if some of those troubles which are anticipated may occur, will, while it still vindicates the principle of religious liberty, not shrink from proclaiming the principle of religious truth."

AGATHON.

AWAY with me to Athens, Agathon !
 Again we pause in idle mood to see
 Great Pheidias' pupils shape the marble fair,
 Where perfect forms by Art from chaos won,
 And garments broad and free
 Stand cool and clearly limned in violet air,—
 Statues and workmen in such beauty clad,
 We cannot pause to judge but are divinely glad.

Bright Agathon, once more I challenge thee ;
 The shade has reached the wrestlers, 'tis the time
 For merry play and contest. Hark ! with sound
 Of laughter rippling, pausing daintily,
 What shouts of welcome chime !
 Young Charmides methinks doth take the ground,
 Or naked Lysis fresh from eager game
 Draws down the strigil light o'er breast and limbs aflame.

There will we lie and listen, too, for know
 I spied but now amid the olive-trees
 That strange old face you loved a while ago ;
 Ay, it was Socrates !
 Or else a satyr by some god's gift wise
 Leered through the dusky leaves to mock our dazzled eyes.

O that gay supper when he lay by me,
 And talked and talked, till I was wild with joy
 Of thinking bright new thoughts, nor cared to see
 The dancing girl from Corinth nor the boy
 Who bore the wine-jar to us,—and 'twas good
 To see thee lie and laugh at my unwonted mood.

O Agathon, and how we burned that day,
With Æschylus' great chorus in our ears,
To see our queenly vessels far below
Ride down and dash to foam the quiet bay,
And thine eyes turned to mine were filled with tears,
And thy fair face aglow,
For the old bard who fought at Marathon,
And that our sires were brave when Salamis was won !

My friend, canst thou call back our friendship's dawn,
What time I checked my horse on yon steep road,
Where the slow pageant moved in order mete,
And boys from lowland lawn
Passed upward to the shrine with fragrant load,
When 'mid all voices thy voice sang so sweet
That as I heard my joy was almost pain,
And many deemed I was Harmodius come again ?

Vain, vain—the hope is vain !
Our skies are dull, and through the ragged firs
A slow cold wind is blowing. Far away
From driving clouds and rain
A joyous breeze the rich Ægean stirs,
And o'er the dimpling waves light sea-birds play ;
But no queen Athens in her beauty bare
Bathes warm with golden hue in the deep violet air.

The city of the pleasant gods is cold ;
No more the mellow sunlight streams
On naked rocks that spring to marble rare ;
Temples and legends old
Are empty as a poet's vanished dreams ;
And though we hear the dawn was wondrous fair,
Yet by no flash of art nor labour slow
Can we bring back the light that faded long ago.

Bright Agathon, we cannot strive with time ;
The shadows steal around us, and from far
Grows in our ears the moan of ocean gray :
Weak hand nor feeble rhyme
Can charm again that spirit like a star
That rose awhile o'er Hellas. Stay, O stay,
Sweet friend ! I cannot bear the days to be.
Ah ! Hermes, give him back ! Must he too fade from me ?

THE FRENCH CHAMBER AND THE SEPTENNATE.

FRENCH politics always present a certain interest, and, at the moment when the Chamber meets again after four months of holiday, that interest becomes temporarily greater, if it be only from curiosity to see what new surprise is to be administered to spectators. We are told that there will be a message from the President insisting on the immediate adoption of the Bills which are to fix his powers; but, as the attempt to regulate those powers has been made already and has altogether failed, it seems scarcely likely that it will be made again, or that, if made, it will succeed better than before. France is, however, as has often been remarked here, the country of all others in which probabilities are never realised, and in which unforeshadowed events are precisely those which habitually come to pass. According to the successive probabilities which have arisen since the war, Monarchy ought to have been proclaimed at Bordeaux; then a Republic ought to have been proclaimed at Versailles; then M. Thiers ought to have remained President; and then Henry V. ought to have become king. But all these coming events disappeared one after the other; and at this moment we are left with only two eventualities before us—the Republic or the Empire,—all else have vanished out of sight. At least all else *seems* to have disappeared; for on the same principle of the regular occurrence of impossibilities, used-up chances may float again—Henry V. may yet be crowned at St Denis, M. Thiers may be appointed Doge, or the Comte de Paris may move down the Faubourg St Honoré from his present house to the Elysée. Not one of these

results is likely; but who shall venture to assert that not one of them will occur?

It happens, however, that just now the French Chamber is thinking of the present a good deal more than of the future. The Left wants a dissolution—the Right refuses; the Left thinks that new elections would open out the future to a declared republic—the Right thinks it may just as well sit on in the present Chamber. If it were safe to prophesy at all, it might be predicted that the first light of the session will take place on this point, and that the Left will probably be beaten, as it has been already beaten on the same question. This probability that the dissolution will be once more vigorously rejected, gives a special interest to the precisely contrary idea of “septennialising” the Chamber which was first formed in August by one of the ablest members of the Right Centre. By that scheme the Chamber would declare that it intends to go on sitting as long as the Septennate lasts; and, curious as such a notion seems at first sight, the arguments invoked in favour of it by its author are worth examining, for they give an insight into the situation from the stand-point of a French Liberal Conservative. As they have not yet been published anywhere, we may usefully state them here, especially as, though they express only individual views, and though a good deal may be said against them, they have at all events the merit of setting forth very frankly a new suggestion which everybody can understand.

On the north side of the Channel all political movements are effected

by reforms ; on the south side they are invariably produced by revolution. Reforms leave distinct results behind them, which nobody attempts to alter ; but the most violent and unexpected reactions are the usual fruit of revolution. This latter fact is not sufficiently understood in England. Last summer, for example, when the law on universal suffrage was being discussed in the French Chamber, several amendments were brought forward proposing various restrictions of the suffrage. The result was that the English press, applying English theories to France, strongly disapproved these amendments, on the ground that they attacked a definitely acquired principle. This disapprobation was the consequence of a confusion. Universal suffrage is simply an electoral process which sprang into existence with a revolution ; it is not a political institution worked up patiently and laboriously into permanent existence. The English press mistook an accident for a principle. As it knows of no such accident in England, it imagined, without taking account of the violent transformations which France has had to support, that universal suffrage is an indisputable right, whereas it is nothing but an instrument of ambition for a party. The Legitimists first invented it, but turned against it directly it began to send Republicans to the Chamber ; then the Republicans took it up, but they too became disgusted with it when it elected no one but Imperialists ; it is possible that the day may come when the Bonapartists also will find that it no longer serves them, for to them, as to all the others, it is nothing but an expedient, a more or less well-regulated instrument, which they would try to employ hereafter as they did before, but which might not render them the same services

as they have hitherto extracted from it. But universal suffrage does exist for the moment, whatever may become of it in the future, and it is exercising a grave influence on the immediate destiny of France ; it would consequently be worth while to examine its inner nature, in order to appreciate the motives which guide its action. Scarcely anybody, however, is really in a position to make such an examination with precision, and the French press, to which English newspapers naturally refer for information on it, is peculiarly unfit for such a task. Two-thirds of the electors who compose the universal suffrage of France live in country districts, and, in reality, it is they who decide the elections ; but the press knows only the voters in the towns. It is with the latter only that newspaper writers are in communication—it is for them that newspapers are made. Newspapers have a very small circulation in the country, and scarcely ever receive from the rural population any indication of its thoughts, its wishes, or its preferences. In the town districts, and in manufacturing neighbourhoods, a large party has grown up recently—a party of moderate opinions, which has nothing in common with the Radical group ; but which, having become tired of the Empire, and confounding all other monarchical institutions with it, has taken up the Republic, under the impression that nothing else is possible. This group is deceptive, in consequence of its marked qualities ; those who compose it are honourable and intelligent ; but it does not possess the first main element of success in an election—it has not number. The same movement of opinion has also taken place in the large villages, wherever local manufactures have drawn together a community, however small ; and the growth of these two groups

has led the press to think that Republican opinion has spread into the country districts. Nothing is more incorrect.

In the rural communes, where the population is thin and scattered, everybody knows everybody else; from birth to death everybody leads the same existence as his neighbour, and lives under his neighbour's eye. The result is that two sets have naturally formed themselves, not according to political opinion, but according to the personal habits of each one. All those who are respectable and decent hold together, while the black sheep make up a band of their own; *ce qui se ressemble s'assemble*. The same families have lived for years in the same circle of habit and old acquaintance; friendships and hatreds date back often for several generations; and the one effect of political revolutions on such a state of society is to aggravate social and personal dissidences and hostilities by suddenly conferring municipal influence and power on each of the two camps alternately. The second camp has adopted the Radical Republic, because it promises socialism; the first group, by instinct of self-preservation and by fear of the other band, has become Conservative, which means anti-Republican. The real key to the future action of universal suffrage lies in the dispositions and intentions of these rural anti-Republican electors, for they at all events have number on their side. The destiny of France depends on them just now.

Before 1848 there really was a Conservative party in France, with leaders, organs, and a powerful organisation based upon the community of conviction of its members. That party was earnestly attached to constitutional monarchy, which it considered to be the only possible form of parliamentary government;

and it sincerely endeavoured to insure its regular working by ministerial responsibility, by electoral liberty, by freedom of the press. The Revolution of February drowned that party in the sea of universal suffrage; the wreck seemed to be complete: but, notwithstanding the Revolution, the Conservative party remained strong and powerful. It was naturally hostile to the Republic, first, because it had upset a state of things to which the Conservatives were attached; secondly, because the attempt to establish the Republic produced all kinds of disorder in the country, and caused legitimate apprehension to everybody who had anything to lose. The result was that the larger portion of the Conservative party threw itself into the Empire; not because the imperial constitution pleased it; not because it saw in the Empire any satisfaction for its opinions or its wishes; not because it was content or satisfied with the acts of Napoleon III.; but because it found in the establishment of the Empire a momentary security which it could not obtain from the Republic. The events of four years ago once more rallied the Conservatives; they clustered around those of their representatives who had protested, throughout the Empire, against the destruction of public liberties; the elections of 1871 supplied evidence of this movement. The turn of the party seemed to have arrived at last; the entire country carried to the front place one of its former chiefs, from whom it expected—and from whom it thought it had a right to expect—a new reconstitution in some monarchical form. M. Thiers did not realise the hopes then formed; he refused to make a Monarchy, and he turned towards the Republic; but the prestige which surrounded him, the esteem which his experience provoked, were so

real and strong, that the Conservatives, still trustful, though astonished, continued steadily to follow him. They were at first so strong that the Republicans were obliged to flatter them, and to try to get round them by their old weakness—fear of revolution. The Republicans said to them: "The chief of the State is with you; you have the direction of the affairs of the country; we do not wish to take it from you; we are satisfied to live under a government of the form we desire; we ask no more. Observe, however, that if you vote against the Republic, which exists *de facto*, you will change the situation; it will be you who will then become revolutionary, and we who shall become Conservatives." The greater part of the Conservatives responded amicably to these advances; but one day, at a certain election, the Government and the moderate party were vanquished together by the Radicals; and then, to the astonishment of everybody, the Government suddenly became fast friends with the very people who had just beaten it. Thereupon the Conservatives abandoned M. Thiers, and replaced him by Maréchal MacMahon, the only president whom the Legitimists would accept. The Maréchal belonged to the Legitimists by his family; but he had been the fellow-soldier of the Orleans Princes in Africa, and he was indebted to the Empire for his military dignities and for the honorific distinctions which he possesses. All the Monarchical parties could therefore hope something from him, for each of them had contributed to his career. The Legitimists tried immediately to use him as their Monck; the rest of the Conservative party, hesitatingly and unwillingly, consented to join in the attempt, which might possibly have succeeded if it had not broken down by the will of the Comte de Chambord. Then

the Septennate was proclaimed; it still constitutes the legal political formula which everybody accepts or professes to accept, excepting the Radicals. What will be its future?

At the elections of 1871, the Bonapartists were beaten everywhere; the few of them who got into the Chamber managed to do so by concealing their opinions; and when, later on, M. Rouher was elected for Corsica, the event attracted but little notice. But the nomination of Maréchal MacMahon, and the breakdown of the attempt to found a Monarchy, largely served the Imperialist party. The great majority of the Conservatives had accepted the Septennate, although they did not at all like the title of President of the Republic which was preserved by the new chief of the executive power; but the proposal to definitely proclaim the Republic, which was made soon afterwards by several deputies, who protested that they were devoted to the Septennate and to the person of the Maréchal, excessively annoyed the Conservatives, who imagined that the new Government which they had created was going to imitate that of M. Thiers and lean towards the Republic. The proposal was rejected by the Chamber, but the effect on the Conservatives was produced; they grew suspicious and discontented, and began to look about for another basis on which they could establish themselves with security, without the constant fear of further surprises. Legitimate monarchy had made itself impossible; constitutional monarchy had abdicated; but the Conservatives were more and more decided not to accept the Republic, and a great many of them leaned once more towards the Empire. The Bonapartists had naturally recognised the advantage they would derive from the election of the Duke

of Magenta to the first post in the State; and, profiting by social relations and old friendships, got hold of the *Maréchal* in spite of himself, as soon as Henri V. withdrew. "He is with us," was the cry which they adopted, and which they unceasingly repeated to the Conservative party. They carefully abstained from all attack against the *Maréchal*, his position, or his powers; on the contrary, they stated that his position constituted a useful and advantageous mode of transition, leading pleasantly and naturally to a restoration of the Empire. The Empire was to come back cured by misfortune of all its faults, but bringing with it, in triumph, complete security for material interests and a new era of prosperity. All fear of another revolution being thus suppressed, and the odious Republic being thrown aside, what better solution could the Conservative party desire?

Towards the Democrats, however, the Bonapartists used another language: they told them that the principles of Democracy were identical with those of the Empire; that the Empire had done more for Democracy than all the Radicals in the Chamber put together; that Democracy could not hope to gain so much in any other way as by an Imperialist restoration.

Aided by lucky circumstances, the Bonapartists have, in this way, obtained a success which it would be puerile to deny. The Pas-de-Calais, the Nièvre, the Calvados, have recently elected Bonapartist deputies; the Oise did the same on the 8th November; others will doubtless be elected elsewhere, and we are therefore obliged to ask ourselves a question. As M. Thiers was not a sufficient rampart against Radicalism, and was consequently turned out, will *Maréchal MacMahon* be a sufficient rampart against Bonapartism?

Obstacles of two kinds oppose themselves to a triumph of the Bonapartists; one class of difficulties is inherent to their peculiar position; the other class is created by the general circumstances of the case. Without speaking of the causes which pulled down the dynasty (the blame of which causes it has to bear), that dynasty rests to-day on the head of a child. What will that child be? Nobody can pretend to say; and the doubt is a very grave one in a case where it is proposed to restore by a child, and for a child, an authoritative *régime*, a *régime* in which the will of the master must be preponderating, if not exclusive. The mother of this child is unpopular; the ministers of his late father are not respected; his hangers-on are needy. These objections are all serious. Furthermore, if the Conservative party prefers heredity to election as the means of selecting the chief of the State, it is because heredity seems to prevent those sudden changes of persons which, in France, have brought about the establishment of the Republican form of government; and a young man, not twenty, cannot be relied on to possess the stability necessary to insure this result. He must marry and have children before the Conservative party can see in him any certainty that this condition will be realised. Until then a monarchy reconstituted in his person would remain exposed to all the uncertainties of life, and would offer no advantage. And this is not all: the French people are so eager for security and quiet, that one of their constant preoccupations is to think about the death of those who govern them, or may hereafter govern them, and to speculate as to their possible successors. That was one of the reasons—the only serious reason perhaps—which was advanced in

favour of the adoption of the "Septennat Impersonnel." If this same calculation be applied to the Napoleon dynasty, it creates a new and special difficulty; for after the Prince Imperial appears Prince Napoleon, the mere mention of whose name is enough to provoke a shiver. Furthermore, the enlightened part of the nation foresees all sorts of new perils following on an imperial restoration; it knows that the Bonapartes, notwithstanding the three invasions to which their defeats have exposed France, still owe such renown as they may continue to possess to the fact that they represent a military idea. What would the nation think, then, if the son of Napoleon III. were to accept the painful consequences which result from his father's faults, if he accepted as a natural hereditary responsibility the obligations which his own father has imposed on France? Such a situation would morally destroy him, and he could get over it in no other way than by preparing for France "a new epoch of adventures." It is not forgotten that all the foreign policy of the Second Empire was directed to the recovery of the Rhine frontier; Napoleon III. never disguised his conviction that he should not consider himself and his dynasty to be solidly established on the throne until the Empire had obtained the Rhine for France. This dream has disappeared, and is replaced by vain regret at the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. But as the Imperial Government disturbed Europe for twenty years with its aspirations after what it called the "natural frontiers" of France, could it wait in peace and patience till the moment comes to win back the provinces which it lost? Even if it wished to wait, could it possibly delay? It would be pressed upon all round; it would stagger under the responsi-

bility of the recent dismemberment of the soil; it would be fatally dragged on to a premature war, of which, unhappily, it is easy to prophesy the issue.

Finally, it may be remarked that, in the actual situation of France, an Imperial restoration could only be brought about by a *coup d'état*—that is to say, by employing force against existing legal powers. Such an attempt would not be easy; it has succeeded twice already, because the Bonapartists have either obtained strong accomplices beforehand, as was the case on the 18th Brumaire, or because they had the keys of the house in their pocket as on the 2d December; but this time the conditions would be different. Neither *Maréchal* MacMahon nor the present Chamber can be expected to become an accomplice or a traitor; and that is why the Septennate is a real barrier in the way of the Empire. It must not, however, be imagined that this barrier would retain its force if the form of the Septennate were modified—it is the Septennate in its present state which alone can secure temporary security; new elections might change the dispositions of the Chamber, and then all would once more become doubt and danger.

The Septennate has not been established exclusively as a bar to a restoration of the Empire; M. Thiers, when he was President, was in the habit of painting, in very vigorous colours, the character of the different parties which divide the country against itself, and of adding somewhat triumphantly, "I am here on purpose to prevent them from eating each other up." This same thought actuated, on the 24th of May, the deputies who upset M. Thiers, because M. Thiers was manifestly sacrificing to one single party, which had gained him

over, all the other parties which he had promised to respect; and the same thought decided the majority on the 20th of November 1873 to create the Septennate. By this last act the Chamber has abandoned a portion of its sovereignty; but this sacrifice appeared to it to be necessary in order to obtain a sufficiently long truce between the hostile parties which were fighting for power. Having called the Septennate into existence, the next best thing to do was to organise it, to adopt certain laws, without which it would remain little more than a name; and the Ministries which have succeeded each other since the 20th of November have endeavoured to persuade the Chamber to vote that organisation. M. de Broglie and M. de Fourtou failed, one after the other, in this attempt; it remains to be seen whether the present Cabinet will be more successful. In order to form an opinion as to the probability of this, it is essential to look at some elements of the object which we have not yet considered.

Amongst the questions which have been most frequently discussed in France during the last eighty years, is that of the nature of the Constituant power; but nearly all that has been said about it would have been unnecessary if it had been recognised that that power ought to be essentially different, in its origin and its authority, from legislative power properly so called. A legislative Assembly coming together after a Constituant Assembly, elected in the same manner as itself, necessarily asks why its powers should be limited, while those of its predecessor were unlimited. It asks how it can be that it, just elected, and therefore representing the exact present state of popular opinion, should not exercise the same power as the Assembly whose place it has

taken. The electors who have chosen the second Assembly will be quite disposed to support its claim to exercise the same rights as its predecessor; for universal suffrage is absolute, and can produce none but absolute results: it is the manifestation of the will of everybody, and its rights extend to the representatives whom it elects. The will of universal suffrage admits no limits either in its origin or in its expression; it admits neither restraints nor counterpoise; it is a resolute unity, which absorbs everything, contains everything, and leaves out nothing. The result is, that every Assembly elected by universal suffrage is thereby invested, theoretically, with every kind of power, both Constituant and legislative; and that is why M. Naquet said, with much exactness, that if the Republic were established on the basis of universal suffrage, it would only be a "provisoire permanent." No constitution can be considered to be safe under such conditions: the momentary inclination of the Assembly becomes the sole principle of everything; all sorts of power become mixed up together. The Left felt this when it refused to vote a constitution for the Septennate, and insisted on a dissolution of the present Chamber, and on new elections, which would produce another Chamber independent of the Septennate.

To constitute the Septennate at all, it is essential to maintain the next Chamber in a purely legislative capacity, and to prevent it from becoming Constituant; and how can that be managed if the next Chamber has identically the same origin as the present one, without any difference in the manner of election? Why should this one be Constituant and the other not? Having the same origin, they ought to possess the same facul

ties, and this is so evident to everybody that no one seriously pretends that the next Chamber will respect the decisions of this one; on the contrary, every one believes that its first act will be to upset all the barriers which the disappeared authority of the present Chamber will have sought to set up in the way of its omnipotence. It is evident that if the majority of the new Chamber is either Legitimist, Bonapartist, or Radical, that majority will instantly proclaim the Monarchy, the Empire, or the Republic, and will put an end to the truce called the Septennate.

That is where the danger is, and the danger is so real that it has been proposed to bestow on the chief of the State the power of dissolving the Chamber; that is to say, to give to him a truly royal prerogative, contrary to the theory and practice of republicanism, but in which it is supposed that the only possible check to the sovereignty of a Chamber elected by universal suffrage would be found. It is, however, difficult to comprehend how any real value can be attached to such a combination. It is all very well for hereditary monarchs to exercise the right of dissolving Parliaments: they have on their side both tradition and the constitution of their country, and the Chamber which they dissolve is not elected by universal suffrage. The late Emperor, it is true, by the constitution of 1852, could dissolve the Corps Législatif, which was so elected, although he, the Emperor himself, was also a product of universal suffrage; but then, he had been elected by a vastly larger number of votes than had been given to any member of the Assembly, and consequently possessed a dominant position towards it. No comparison is possible between him and the President of a Republic appointed by a

defunct Assembly, but who would pretend to dissolve another Assembly just fresh made by the universal choice of the country. If, under such circumstances, a conflict arose between the Chamber and the chief of the State, it is evident that, though the latter would have in his favour the text of a law, that text would be of very little value in opposition to the will of the entire people expressed distinctly in a recent general election, and represented by a sovereign Chamber supported by public opinion. The chief of the State would either have to give way, or to act on a doubtful right and to employ force against the Chamber, which would probably entail civil war. The disproportion of authority between the two opposed powers would be so evident, that, in order to diminish it, the authors of the project of a constitution for the Septennate have proposed to create a Senate which would share with the President the responsibility of ordering a dissolution. But that scheme is a bad one; for the authority of a Senate created under such conditions, would be annulled by the existence of a new Chamber really representing the country. The one practical and probable result would be the triumph of an omnipotent Convention established on the ruins of the Septennate.

All this, however, in no way means that it is impossible to found a durable constitution for the Septennate. That end would be attained by modifying universal suffrage in such a way that the new Chamber would be unable to assert that it is the *sole* expression of national sovereignty, and that it alone has the right to govern the country. Such a modification could not, however, be carried through the present Chamber excepting by assuming a distinct mastery of the

situation. If the Government itself had threatened to support the dissolution movement, the majority would probably have obeyed it, and would have voted the requisite measures for changing the conditions of suffrage; but that plucky policy has been abandoned, and all that now remains is for the Government to scrape together, if it can, a majority to support its views. The extreme Right and the three Lefts will accept no change in the present organisation of universal suffrage, and the Government has vainly endeavoured to soften their opposition by promising to allow the new Chamber to be elected on the present basis. It has gained nothing by this foolish and unnecessary concession; the extreme Right remains exclusively monarchical, and the Lefts continue to insist on the immediate declaration of the Republic. The three groups of the Left, though they quarrel with each other on so many points, agree, at all events, on this one, that, if they can prevent it, they will not allow the Republic to wait for seven years at the door. So, as the centre Right and the moderate Right do not form a majority against the four other portions of the Chamber, it follows that it is hopeless to attempt to organise the Septennate at all by any of the means which have hitherto been proposed. Every member of the Chamber is convinced of that impossibility, and the Government itself is perfectly aware of it.

There is, however, a plan which would prevent the dissolution of the Chamber, and the possible fall of the Septennate; that plan is the prolongation of the present Chamber for a time equal to the duration of the Septennate. No one can pretend to predict what form of Government would result from a general election; the two currents of opinion which exist upon the question point

to two absolutely different results; the Empire and the Republic are each considered certain by a portion of the population. But in the midst of the struggle between two equally violent parties, what would happen after the fall of the present Government?

The desire for a definitive solution of some sort is scarcely a sufficient motive for risking the possible consequences which might occur; and, furthermore, it is by no means certain that new elections would inevitably lead to a definitive solution. It might be, after all, that the prophets would be quite wrong, and that the next Chamber would be cut up, like the present one, into helpless portions, no one of them strong enough to override the others; if so, new elections would only make the situation worse than it is now, because the one hope of a possible solution would have disappeared.

For these reasons it is fair to urge that the Septennate and nothing else can keep things quiet; that dissolution would mean either a revolution or a continuation of the present dead-lock in a worse form still; and that the Septennate can only be maintained by retaining the present Chamber, and by making its existence correspond with that of the Septennate itself. If this last view be once admitted, certain consequences ensue. The first of them would be the absolute necessity of restricting new elections for vacant seats; for if those elections are to be continued indefinitely, some party or other will end by obtaining a majority in the House, in which case all the dangers which have been set forth here as a consequence of the convocation of a new Chamber, would arise in the present one. A reasonable argument may be advanced in favour of the suspension of supplementary

elections. This Chamber was elected by *scrutin de liste*; that manner of election is its essential basis; but as no such form of voting is possible when there is only one deputy to elect at a time, it follows that all the single deputies who are elected, are chosen on a totally different basis from that on which their colleagues, the original members, were named. To avoid this inconsistency, all partial elections should be delayed until a certain minimum number are required in a department, so that the *scrutin de liste* can be once more effectively applied.

But as the permanence of an omnipotent Assembly is contrary to all regularity of Government, the duration of the sessions ought to be reduced, the Chamber should limit its discussions to real business, and should stop the salary of its members while they are not sitting.

To all this, however, there are numerous objections. It will of course be argued that the suspension of all further elections amounts, in fact, to a confiscation of the national will for the benefit of the present Chamber; it will be said, that as the temper of the country is showing itself by separate elections to be hostile to the present Chamber, that Chamber coolly suppresses those elections because they are disagreeable; it will be asked how the *Maréchal* and his Government, who have constantly insisted on the necessity of organising the Septennate, can suddenly abandon that idea and join the majority in doing nothing; it will be argued that, even if such an impossibility were to come to pass, even if the Chamber were to decide that it will sit as long as the Septennate lasts, no solution would have been obtained—the difficulty would simply be postponed; it would come up again in six years in a still worse

form—for, at that time, both Chamber and Septennate would be dissolved together, and what would happen then? For these reasons it will be urged that the Septennialisation of the Chamber is an unrealisable idea.

To these objections there are answers. The powers which this Assembly holds are unlimited both in duration and in nature. The position of this Chamber is altogether exceptional, for no law applies to it. It can do precisely what it likes, for it is not bound by precedents, rules, or usages. If it is in opposition with the will of the country (which pretension is in no way proved), it would not become more so by continuing to sit for six years longer. The argument that further elections could be suspended because their supposed results would be disagreeable to the majority, may be fairly answered by again referring to the regulation of the *scrutin de liste*, which was imposed at the last general election by the Government of the 4th September, which has been abandoned since, and which can only be applied once more when several elections are to take place in the same department. The Right may therefore logically tell the Left that its motive in stopping further elections is not at all because they are "disagreeable," but solely because it wishes those elections to be made in conformity with the only rule which refers to the present Chamber, that of enforcing the *scrutin de liste*. As to the abandonment of the project of giving a constitution to the Septennate, that, after all, is a question of material possibility; if the Chamber refuses to constitute, no influence can force it to do so; but if it will not *constitute* it can *organise*, and can carry out in that lesser form the engagement which it has contracted towards the *Maréchal* to insure the proper work-

ing of his power during seven years. The Chamber is as much bound towards the *Maréchal* as towards its own electors; and it has no right to risk the destruction of its own handiwork—the Septennate—by new elections, if by prolonging its own existence it can honestly carry out the stipulations which it has made with the *Maréchal*. To do the contrary would be to imitate the man who jumped into the river in order to avoid getting wet in the rain.

The country requires rest, and by this means it would obtain six quiet years. And as for the parties who are fighting for power, they could not deny that such a plan would supply the fairest means of enabling the country to judge calmly and maturely what is the form of government which it shall ultimately adopt.

Such are the views of one of the leaders of the Right Centre. There is a good deal in them that is very true and honest: but there is a manifest holding on to the pleasant present, to the agreeable place of deputy; and it may be observed, in the most friendly spirit, that that disposition of mind is not quite a safe guide in such a position as that which France now occupies. It might be an excessively wise act to retain the present Chamber for six years longer, but the probabilities seem to tend the other way; for we, who are looking on from far, can plainly see that this Chamber is helpless and discredited: we are therefore less disposed than the members of the Right to desire that it should have half-a-dozen sessions more. Besides, as has been already said, it does not appear to be at all proved that new elections would really give a decisive majority to either the Radicals or the Bonapartists; it does seem clear—so far, at least, as anything can

seem clear in France—first, that the Royalists, of both sections, will have scarcely any voice in the next Chamber; secondly, that the Radicals are losing ground and that the Bonapartists are gaining votes; but that is about all that can be said with reason, and that does not suffice to justify the expectation that a fresh Chamber would necessarily attain either a Republican or an Imperialist solution. Why, then, do the Conservatives shrink so nervously from the idea of a general election? The reason is, that everybody in France who has anything to lose, has gradually acquired the habit of regarding with terror any change whatever. This feeling is carried to such a point, that these very Conservatives who now loathe even the name of a Republic would, in all probability, hesitate to throw over a Republic, if they had one. The whole essence of the ordinary Conservative of France is to let well alone, to keep things quiet for to-day; he has no convictions, he follows no line of action, he has no principles to guide him; his one cry is, "No revolution." (Of course he has large excuses for this timid, empty shuffling; he has gone through a good deal during the last eighty years, and he remembers it; but instead of growing vigorous and strong from his hard experience, he has been emasculated and enfeebled by it. In France the Conservatives have no party; the only rule they know is—each one for himself; although the Radicals and the Imperialists set them an admirable example of what party action ought to be, and merit by their energy the accusation that "they have replaced patriotism by partiotism.")

The arguments which we have just repeated here are a product of this state of mind; they are put forward by men of much intelli-

gence and high honour; but who are so habituated to the notion that their sole chance of peace is to keep jealously what little they possess, that they cannot make up their minds to go in energetically to the struggle, and to employ heartily and manfully the same means as their opponents use, in the hope that by pluck and resolution they will win even more than they have now. The system of hand-to-mouth is the only one they know; there is nothing long-sighted in their views; their imagination never produces anything bigger or better than a stop-gap.

It is indeed deplorable that a great cause should be served in this way; and, especially, that this miserable poverty of will and action should exist precisely in the very country in which Conservatives, if they did their duty, should show the boldest face, the completest organisation, and the most resolute policy. Nowhere is there more need of cohesion, order, and unity of purpose than in France, and yet it is the land where those qualities are most unknown. This scheme of septennalising the Chamber is ingenious, but its adoption would be, in our eyes, an act of useless poltroonery; we cannot comprehend that big difficulties can be got over by little means; our national temper leads us to go to the front and have it out; and as, after all, questions of this sort involve universal principles, and are not solely French, we may disagree with the author of this plan without exposing ourselves to the occasionally well-founded accusation which he makes against the English press, of talking about things that we do not understand.

And in addition to these general considerations, it seems to us that as the two royal heirs have left the field, and as no monarchical solu-

tion is open for the moment except the Empire, the French Conservatives might, practically and wisely, accept the Empire, and use their votes to bring it back. Ever since the war, we have expressed here the opinion that an Imperial restoration will take place, and even if it be only a temporary and not a final solution, it will at all events give momentarily to those trembling politicians a greater and more solid peace of mind than Septennates or Republics can bestow upon them. Furthermore, it is not impossible that the Empire might really turn out to be a good Government; it would be on its best behaviour for years to come; it could not afford to make mistakes: the very disasters through which it has just passed would pitilessly keep it straight. The Right Centre, and the group of electors which it represents, are, however, opposed to a third Empire, for the double reason, that they mistrust Imperialism, and that they continue to dream passively of a presidency or statholderate of the Duc d'Aumale, as a first step towards the revival of constitutional monarchy, in the person of the Comte de Paris, when his obstructive cousin, M. de Chambord, shall be no longer in the way. This vision is most respectable and most correct; in theory it is the one which fits in best with the principles of orderly government; but whatever be its merits, its realisation seems, just now, to be particularly difficult.

According to all recent experience, power can only be won in France by resolutely seizing it; it is not to be attained by standing silently out of sight and waiting till you are called for. During the last thirty years, the French people have allowed themselves to be laid hold of and appropriated by anybody who has had the skill or the audacity to declare himself their master; but

there has been no example since 1830 of their running after a pretendant to offer him the throne. That they will change their ways does not appear to be very likely; and if they did show any sign of readopting the inert Orleans family, the tendency would instantly be opposed by the combined forces of the Radicals and the Imperialists, who constitute the only vigorous, organised factions in the country. Great as are the qualities of the Duc d'Aumale and the Comte de Paris, they have no political position whatever; they have taken the greatest pains to avoid acquiring any position; they have no backers; for the timid theorists of the Right Centre, and the old friends who have remained faithful to the Orleans family, cannot be said to really constitute a party. These excellently-intentioned men go on, like Mr Micawber, expecting that "something will turn up," but they never make the slightest effort to twist luck their way; they look on in fear of what is coming, and trust to fate to avert danger somehow, and to convert it into success for their desires. And while they wait, their enemies are hard at work intriguing, organising, proselytising, and winning votes. The Constitutional Monarchists have put their boat ashore above high water mark, and, while their rivals are all out fishing actively, they sit sleepily on the beach like lotus-eaters, and sing, "There is no joy but calm." The crown of France is not to be won in that way.

Still, repeating what we have so often said about the uncertainties of events in France, this may, perhaps, after all, be the right road to follow. The more incomprehensible and insufficient be the means employed, the more fitted may they be to produce results. If the right centre

is acting on that conviction, then its persistent hibernation assumes the character of crafty policy, its torpor becomes vigour, its self-effacement conceals unsuspected skill. All this, however, is contrary to our experience and our notions; we remain under the impression that when energy is real we see it struggling, that when consequences are coming we see their causes working. It is that impression which has led us to believe that the future of France belongs to one or other of the only two parties who are seriously fighting for it, and that the Orleanists will be thrust aside without ceremony or civility.

It is a vast pity to be obliged to think so. It would be infinitely pleasanter to be able to anticipate the return to power of a Government somewhat like our own, of a Government which would respect all liberties, and be respected in return; but, can we reasonably look forward to anything of the kind? Of course, on the theory that impossibilities do precisely come to pass in France, this impossibility may come off too; but so long as chances can continue to be estimated and compared, there will be no crown yet for Louis Philippe II.

The Septennate may perhaps last on; the present Chamber may manage to subsist a little longer; more idle schemes may be put forward by honest men; but there will be no solution of the difficulties of France until the Conservative party is resolutely organised, and has taken resolutely its place in the strife. As, unhappily, there seems to be no prospect of any such event, all that we can do is to look on, with deep interest, at the fight between the Radicals and the Imperialists, and rejoice that the latter, at all events, do know how to defend their cause.

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